



SELECT SONGS *of* PRAISE



(Over) Read the next page

Dear Friend:

No description that we could give of "Select Songs of Praise" would do it justice. We are, therefore, sending you a copy of the book itself, so that you may see how good it is. If you will examine this sample, song by song, we think we know what your verdict will be.

Here is something **different**. On comparison it will be found that "Select Songs of Praise" contains fifty important songs not incorporated in other current books. Songs which, seem to us, are essential to the highest usefulness of a religious song book.

Mature experience and the best talent obtainable, are behind "Select Songs of Praise." Numbers 6, 29, 31, 54, 66, 77, 78, 80, 95, 99, 106, 116, 125, 130½, 147, 148, 151, 152, are a few of the favorites. Here is the book. Go Thro' it and do not miss any of the numbers. Some of the short songs are the best.

On the title page are given the prices (which are very low), the bindings and directions for ordering. Let us know your needs. It is our pleasure to serve you.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Points to be remembered about "Select Songs of Praise."

- (1) The unusual number of invitation songs.
- (2) The unusual number of "old timers."
- (3) The great number of important songs for general use not found in other current books.
- (4) The great number of "specials" that can also be adapted to general use, such as numbers 9, 13, 19, 37, 42, 57, 73, 100.
- (5) The number of splendid choruses not too difficult for general use, such as numbers 2, 12, 68, 92, 94, 98, 102, 104, 108, 114, 118, 120, 126, 129, 130.
- (6) We have not overlooked second coming songs. See numbers 15, 81 and others.
- (7) Much needed songs for burial service have been included. See numbers 6, 48, 66, 76, 116, 125.
- (8) A few old "spirituals" have been included, such as 61, 121, 157, 158.
- (9) The great variety of songs.
- (10) The dominant note of evangelism.
- (11) The very low price.

SELECT SONGS OF PRAISE

FOR
EVANGELISTIC SERVICES, CHURCH
AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
Samuel W. Beazley, John H. Jones,
Harvey E. Cressman, Charles L. Major,
Wiley J. Smith.

PRICES
To Any Part of the United States

| | Express Not Prepaid | | By Mail Postpaid | |
|------------------------|---------------------|--------|------------------|--------|
| | Hundred | Dozen | Dozen | Copy |
| Full Cloth Board..... | \$35.00 | \$4.25 | \$4.50 | \$0.40 |
| Good Grade Manila..... | \$20.00 | \$2.50 | \$2.75 | \$0.25 |

Special discount to Evangelists and Dealers.

*Printed in both round and shaped notes,
Round notes shipped unless shaped notes are specified.*

ORDER FROM
THE JUDSON PRESS
(THE NEAREST HOUSE)

1701 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
125 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
1107 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.
16 Asburton Place, Boston, Mass.
313 W. Third St., Los Angeles, Cal.
439 Burk Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
223 Church St., Toronto, Can.

For convenience of the public, this book can be ordered
from any denominational house, or book dealer at
the same prices.

(In this case say: "Select Songs of Praise, published by The Judson Press,"
to avoid mistakes-)

Copyright, 1923, by John H. Jones and Samuel W. Beazley.
Copyright, 1924, by Samuel W. Beazley.

Printed in U. S. A.

FOREWORD

IN compiling "SELECT SONGS OF PRAISE" the dominant idea has been (within certain space and price limits) to put before evangelists, choirs, and the general public, a book to meet every demand in evangelistic meetings and all other religious services.

In selection of the songs we have been liberal to popular taste without effecting either the dignity or utility of the book.

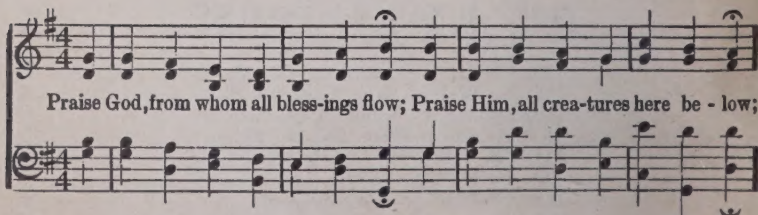
Here will be found the important old favorites (without which no gospel song book is complete) and an abundance of inspiring new songs and choruses—such as should take hold of the hearts of men.

That this collection may be used for the glory of that Name which is above every name—Jesus Christ the Lord is the prayer of

The Compilers, Editors and Publishers.

Doxology.

Louis Bourgeois.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

Select Songs of Praise.

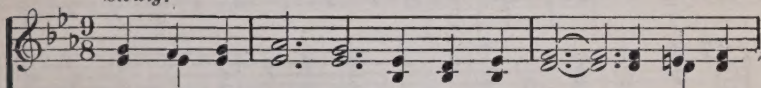
No. 1. Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

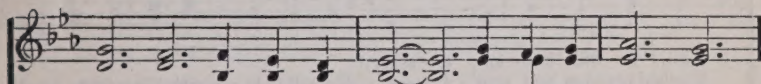
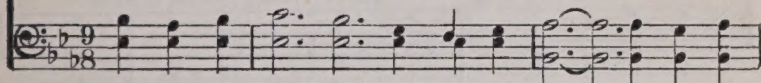
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

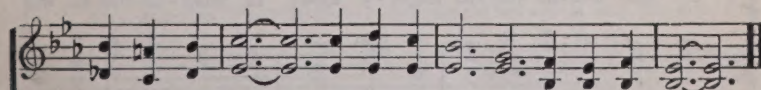
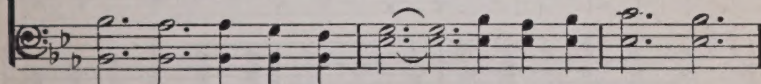
Slowly.



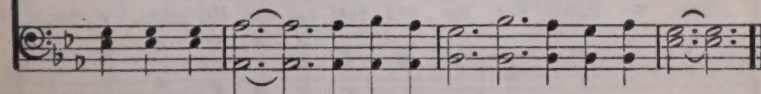
1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my



Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me
try me, Mas-ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it



Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing, Yield-ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-bly I bow.
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!



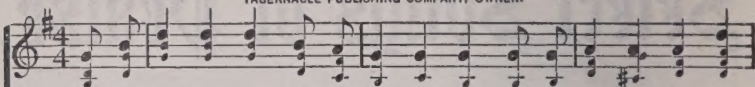
No. 2.

His Mighty Hand.

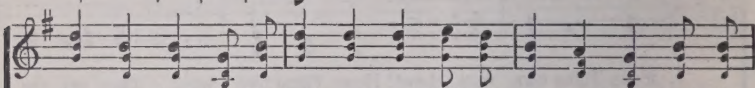
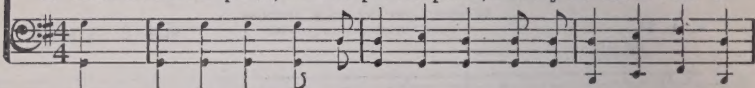
Geo. Walker Whitcomb. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY A. S. REITZ.
 COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY A. W. MC KEE.

Albert Simpson Reitz.

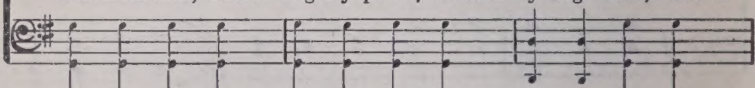
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.



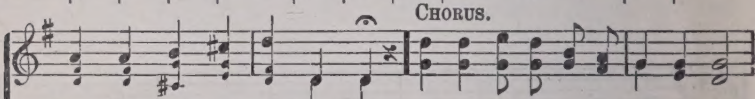
1. I am saved from sin, I have peace with-in, And I walk with Je - sus
2. Man-y passed me by, Heeding not my cry, But the Sav - ior heard and
3. There's a prom - ise sure, And it shall en - dure: "Lo, I will be with thee
4. There is sweet - er peace, There is per - fect peace, And my Fa - ther's word is



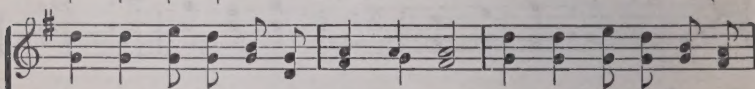
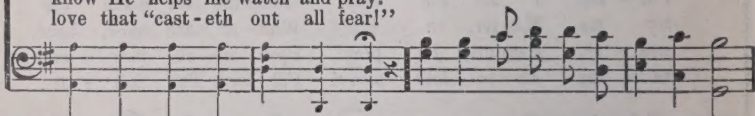
day by day; O His hand, so strong, Holds me all day long, And with
 res - cued me; I was lost and blind, Je - sus was so kind, Lo, He
 all the way;" And tho' foes as - sail, I shall still pre - vail, For I
 won - drous dear; There is might - y pow'r, For each try - ing hour, There is



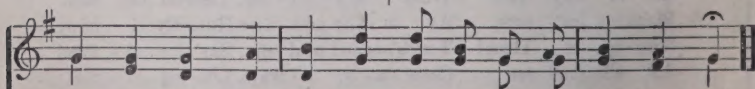
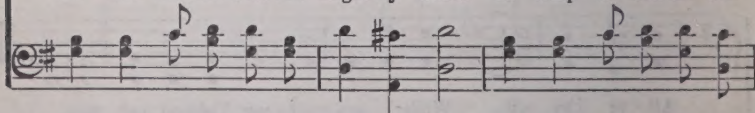
CHORUS.



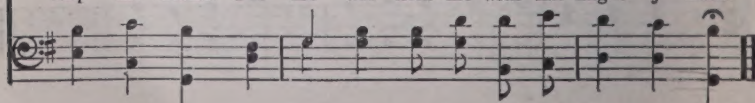
Him I will not go a - stray.
 touched my eyes and now I see. He will hold me with His mighty hand!
 know He helps me watch and pray,
 love that "cast - eth out all fear!"



He will hold me with His might - y hand! In temp - ta - tion He will



help me stand! For He will hold me with His might - y hand.



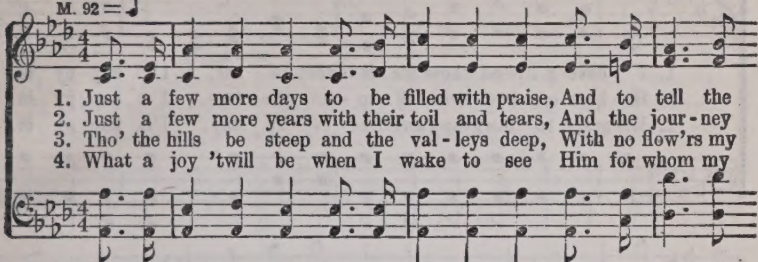
No. 3. Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

C. H. G.

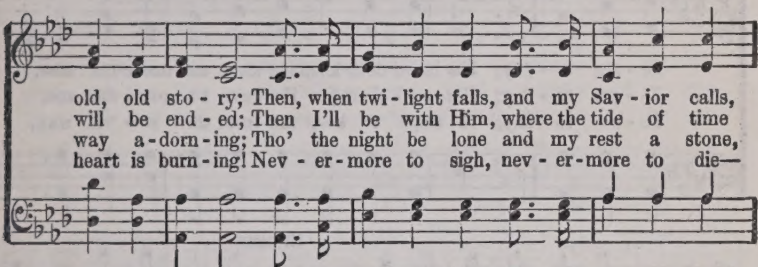
COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 92 = 

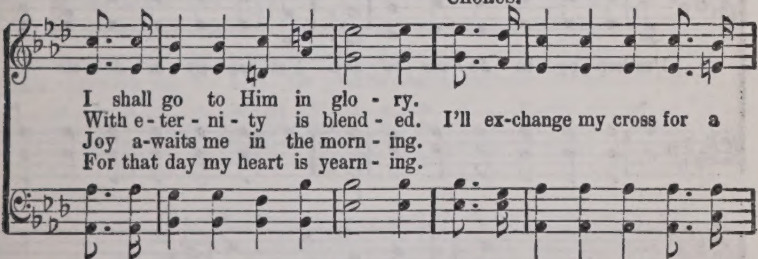


1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour-ney
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val-leys deep, With no flow'rs my
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my

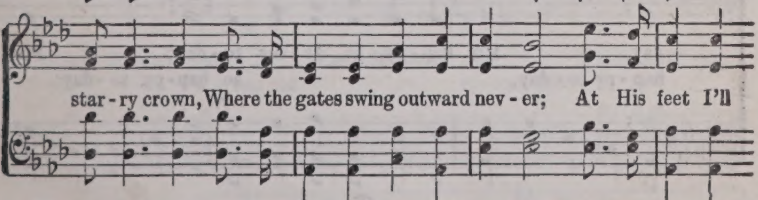


old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi - light falls, and my Sav - ior calls,
will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
way a - dorn - ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
heart is burn - ing! Nev - er - more to sigh, nev - er - more to die—

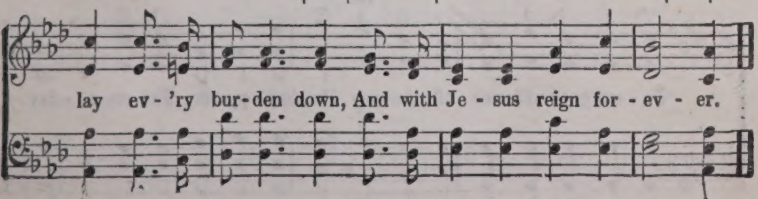
CHORUS.



I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. I'll ex - change my cross for a
Joy a - waits me in the morn - ing.
For that day my heart is yearn - ing.



star - ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev - er; At His feet I'll



lay ev - 'ry bur - den down, And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er.

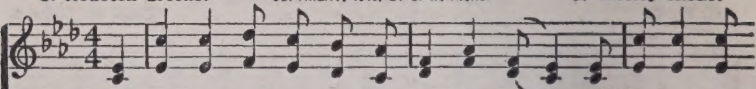
No. 4.

I'm Happy In Jesus To-day.

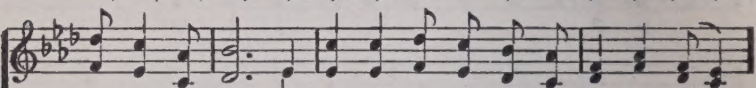
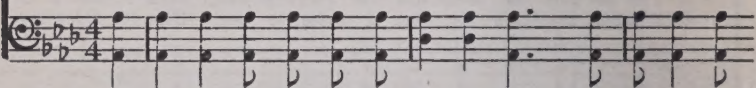
C. Houston Greene.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY C. W. HICKS.

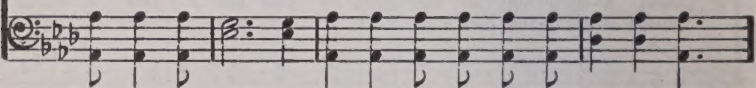
C. Wesley Hicks.



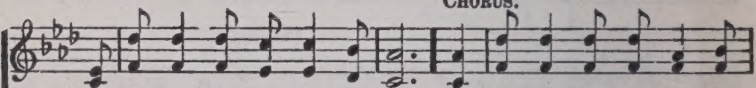
1. I have a Friend whose life is sweet to me, I'm hap-py in
2. He bore my bur-dens all up-on the tree, I'm hap-py in
3. His grace to me grows sweet-er ev-'ry day, I'm hap-py in



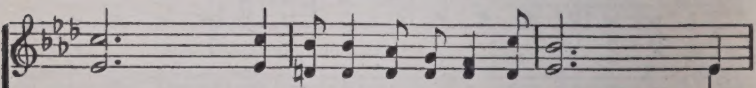
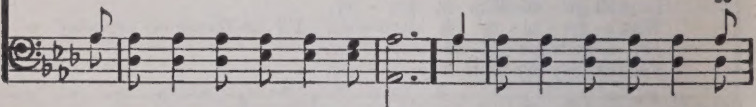
Je-sus to-day; His blood doth keep me clean and make me free,
 Je-sus to-day; His pre-cious life He gave to par-don me,
 Je-sus to-day; It helps to keep me from the e-vil way,



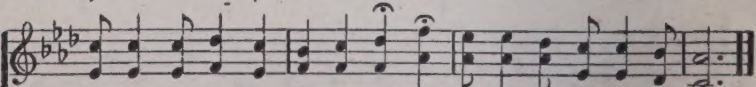
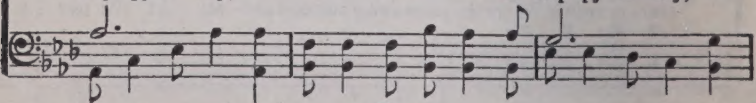
CHORUS.



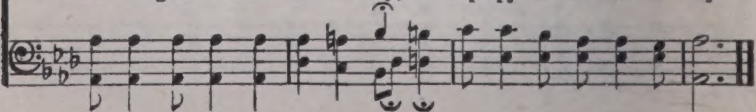
I'm hap-py in Je-sus to-day. I'm hap-py in Je-sus to-
 so



day, I'm hap-py in Je-sus to-day; For
 hap-py to-day, so hap-py to-day;



Je-sus goes with me all the way, I'm hap-py in Je-sus to-day.



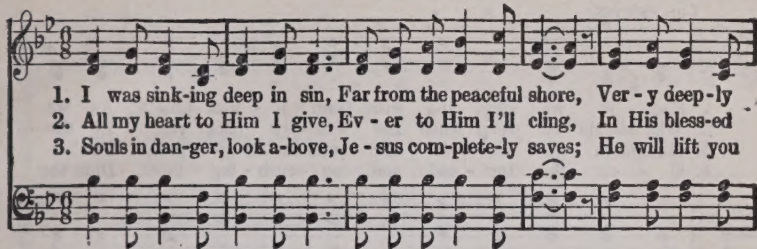
No. 5.

Love Lifted Me.

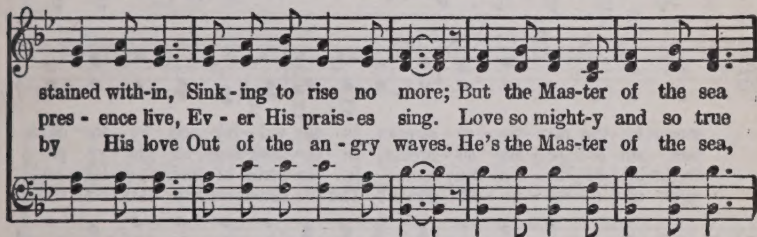
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

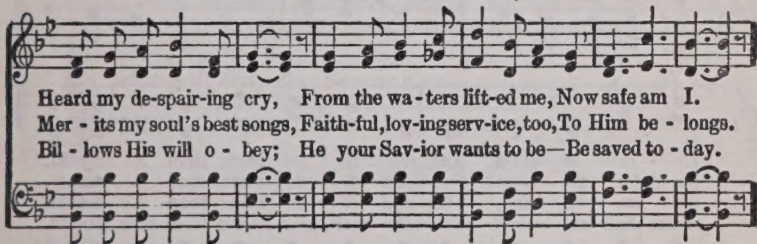
Howard E. Smith.



1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you

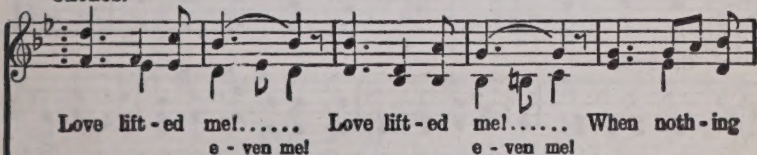


stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
 pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

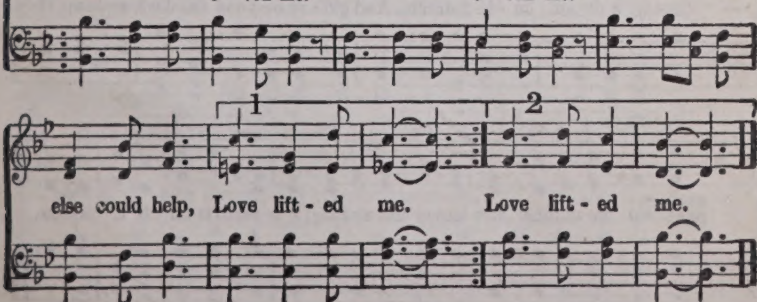


Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
 Mer - its my soul's best songs, Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
 Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.



Love lift-ed me!..... Love lift-ed me!..... When noth-ing
 e - ven me! e - ven me!



else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me.

No. 6.

Death is Only a Dream.

C. W. Ray.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY, OWNER OF ARRANGEMENT.

A. J. Buchanan.

(Good as a Solo.)

Con espress.

1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we
 2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest, In the
 3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it
 4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide Doth the

stand by the mys - tic - al stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
 bos - om of Je - sus su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -
 fright - ful - ly dis - mal may seem; In the arms of their Sav - ior no
 light of e - ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran - somed the dark - ness and

rit.
 riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
 pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
 ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
 storm shall out - ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

CHORUS.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, And glo - ry be - yond the dark stream; How
 peace - ful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is on - ly a dream.

I Am Coming Home.

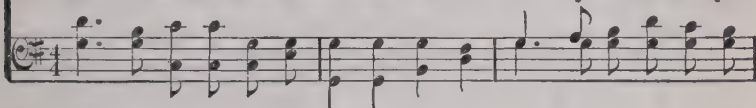
A. H. Ackley.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

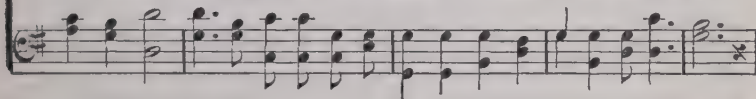
B. D. Ackley.

M. 88 = 

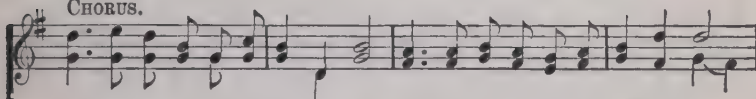
1. Je - sus I am com-ing home to-day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent-ant to Thy
3. O the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor-row
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom-ise, With no right-eous-ness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je-sus died! For all my sins His blood will



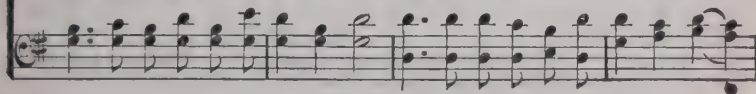
Thee a-lone; From the path of sin I turn a-way, now I am com-ing home.
throne I come; Je - sus o-pened up the way for me, now I am com-ing home.
I have known; Now I seek Thy saving grace and mer-cy, I am com-ing home.
call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je - sus, I am com-ing home.
still a-tone, Flow-ing o'er till ev-'ry stain is cov-ered, I am com-ing home.



CHORUS.



Je - sus, I am com-ing home to-day, Nev - er, nev-er-more from Thee to stray;



Lord, I now ac-cept Thy pre-cious prom-ise, I am com-ing home.

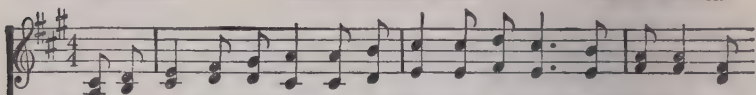


No. 8. Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

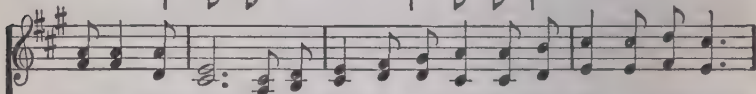
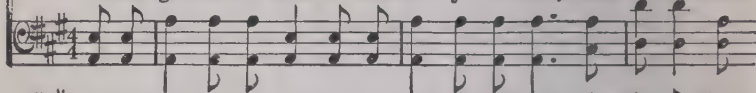
R. H. McDaniel.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
NOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

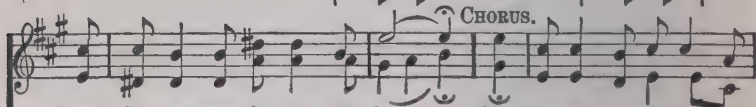
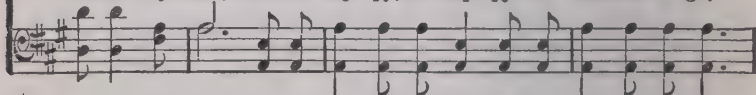
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je - sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a-stray, Since Je - sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je - sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je - sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know, Since Je - sus came



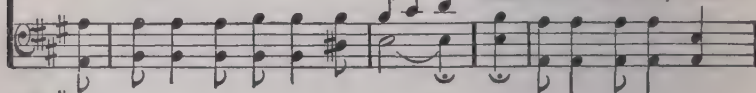
in-to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in-to my heart; And my sins which were man-y are all washed a-way,
in-to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
in-to my heart; And the gates of the Cit - y be-yond I can see,
in-to my heart; And I'm hap - py, so hap - py as on-ward I go,



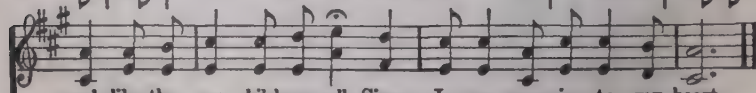
CHORUS.

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

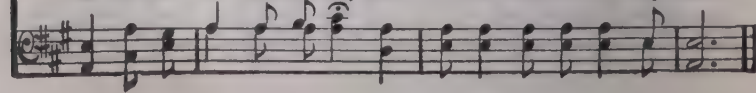
Since Je - sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came



heart, Since Je - sus came in-to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my
in-to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart;



soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

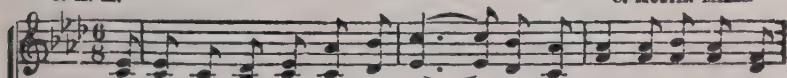


No. 9.

IN THE GARDEN.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILLS.

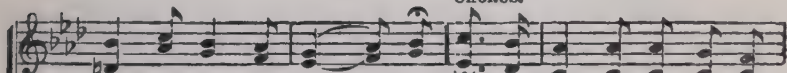


1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be




ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear; The
 sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With -
 fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His


CHORUS.



Son of God dis - clos - es.
 In my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call - ing.



talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the



joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

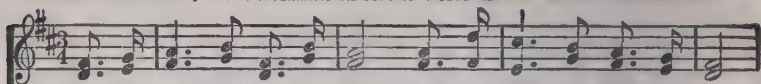
No. 10.

Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

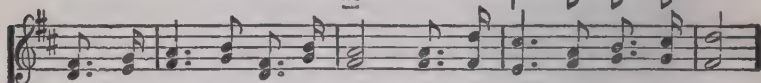
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY G. M. ALEXANDER. TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

Arr. from Neumaster, 1671. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

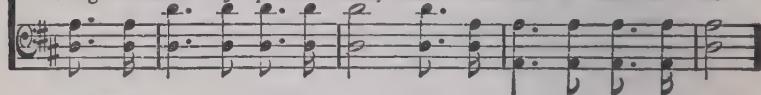
James McGranahan.



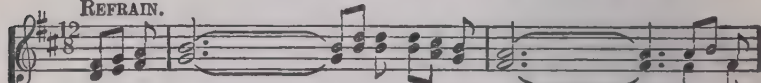
1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
 2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
 3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
 4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;



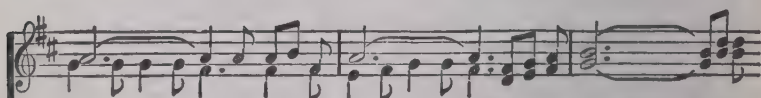
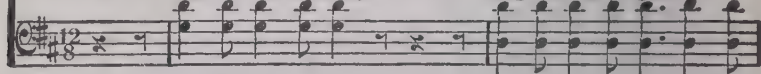
Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleans'd me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
 Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.



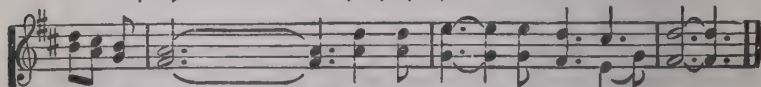
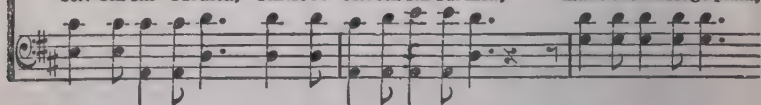
REFRAIN.



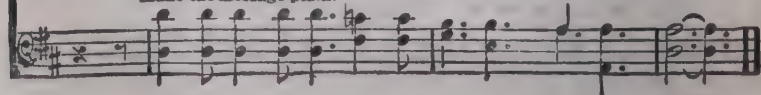
Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain;..... Christ re -
 Sing it o'er a gain, Sing it o'er a gain:



ceiv - - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - - sage
 ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiveth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,



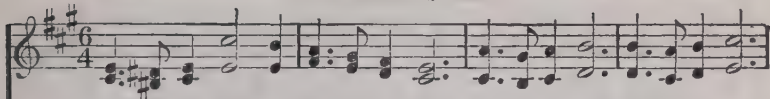
clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 Make the message plain:



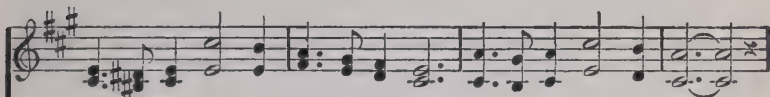
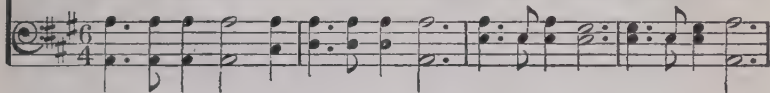
W. T. Sleeper.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

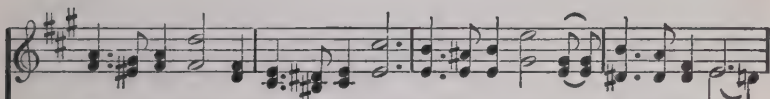
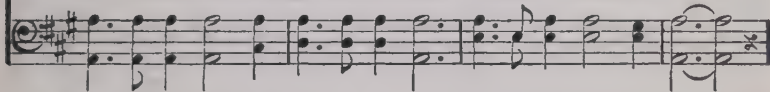
Geo. C. Stebbins.



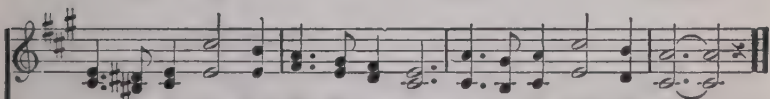
1. Out of my bond-age, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



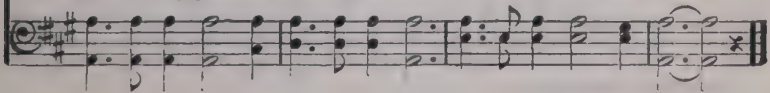
In - to Thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
 Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a-bove,
 Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy shel-ter-ing fold,



Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.



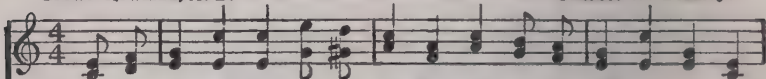
No. 12.

Take the Home-Path.

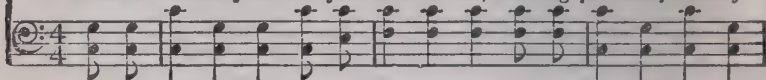
Brown Rowland, A. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

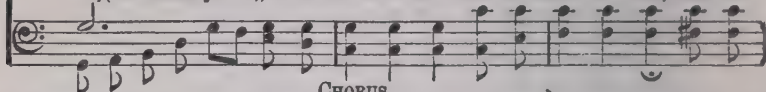
Samuel W. Beazley.



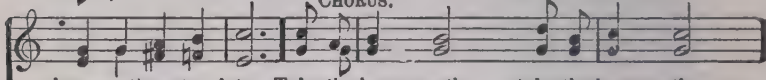
1. You have wandered far on the des-ert lone, And you face an aw-ful
2. You have been al-lured from the peace-ful way By your soul's re-lent-less
3. While the chance is yours turn your back to sin, Seek-ing par-don, hum-bly



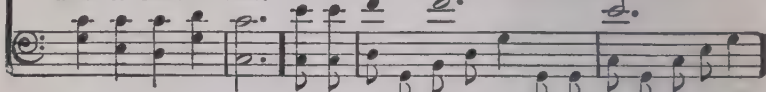
fate, (an aw-ful fate,) For a storm is near and the night comes on—Take the
 foe; (re-lent-less foe;) Let the Sav-ior true take your hand to-day, For He
 bow; (now humbly bow;) You've a soul to save and a crown to win, And the



CHORUS.

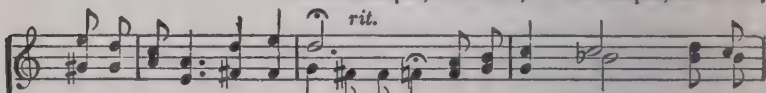


home-path ere too late. Take the home-path, take the home-path,
 knows the way to go. Take the home-path,
 time to start is now.

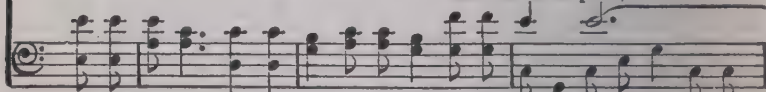


Take the home-path, take it now, take the home-path, take it now,

rit.



Night is com-ing, do not wait; (do not wait;) Take the home-path, take the
 Take the home-path,



Take the home-path, take it now, take the

rit.



home-path,

Take the home-path ere too late. (ere too late.)

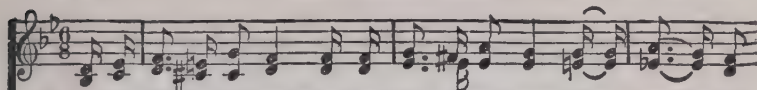


home-path, take it now,

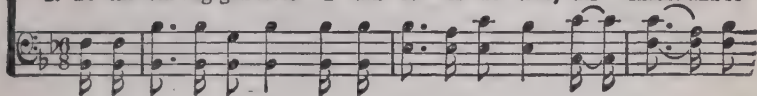
G. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY GEO. BERNARD. WORDS AND MUSIC.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

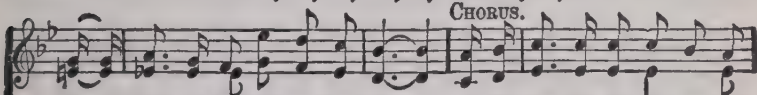
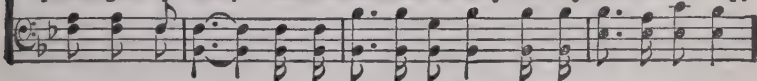
Rev. Geo. Bernard.



1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

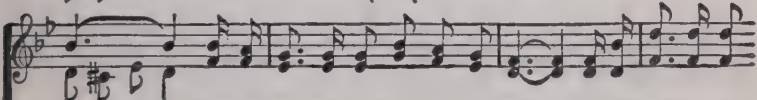
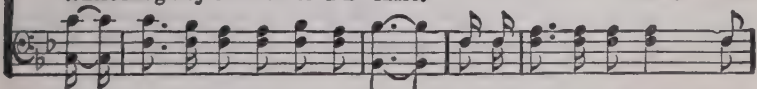


suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

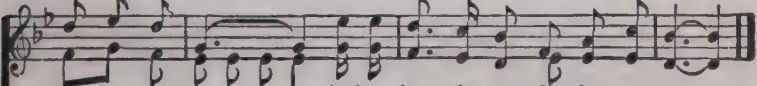
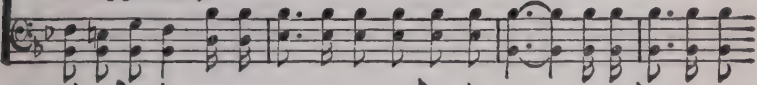


CHORUS.

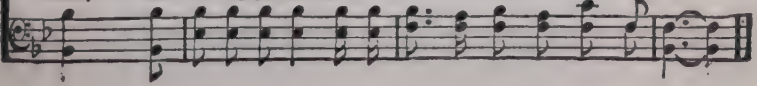
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the

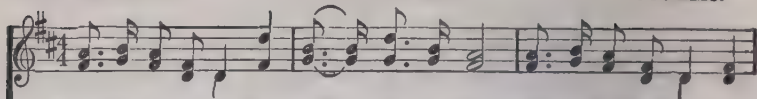


cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,

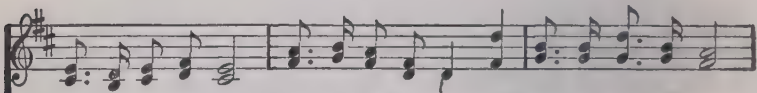
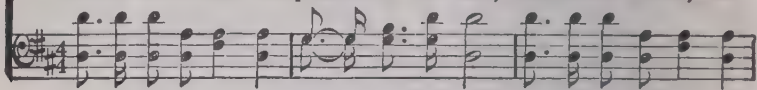


old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

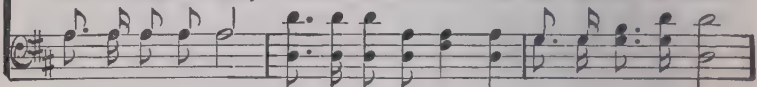




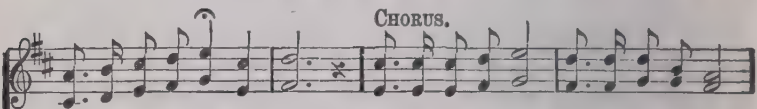
1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti-dings
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen,
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the prom-ise is se-secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for-



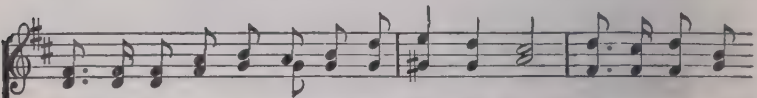
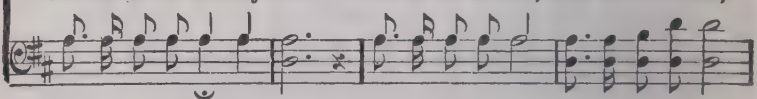
all the world a-round; Tell the joy-ful news wher-ev-er man is found:
en-ter while you may; Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
ev-er must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:



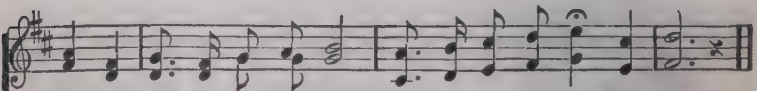
CHORUS.



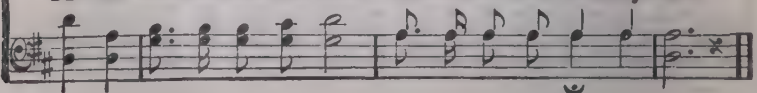
"Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will;"



Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing



Fa-ther calls the wan-d'rer home: "Who-so-ev-er will may come."



No. 15. Our Lord's Return to Earth Again.

J. M. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY MYLAND & KIRK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. M. Kirk.

1. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,
2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorr'wing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,

When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch His waiting Bride a-way; Oh! my
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
And in all His ho-ly mountain noth-ing hurts or shall de-destroy; Per-fect
In a glo-rious reign with Je-sus of a thou-sand years of peace; All the

heart is filled with rap-ture as I labor, watch and pray, For our Lord is com-ing
take a-way all sick-ness and the suff'er's tears will dry, When our Sav-ior shall come
peace shall reign in ev'-ry heart, and love without al-loy, Aft-er Je-sus shall come
earth is groan-ing, cry-ing for that day of sweet release, For our Je-sus to come

D.S.—will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, After Jesus shall come

FINE. CHORUS.

back to earth a-gain. Oh! our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain,
is com-ing back to earth a-gain,
back to earth a-gain.

D.S.

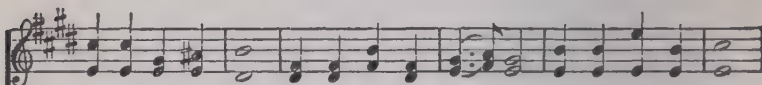
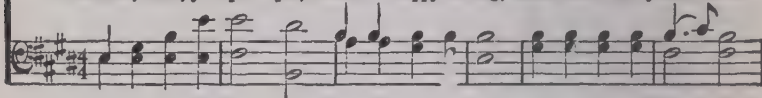
Yes, our Lord is com-ing back to earth a-gain; Sa-tan
is com-ing back to earth a-gain;

Sabine Baring-Gould.

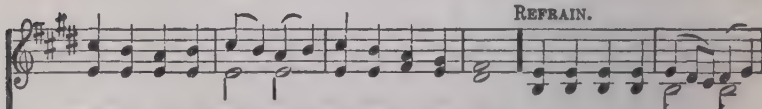
Arthur Sullivan.



1. Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are tread - ing
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic-es

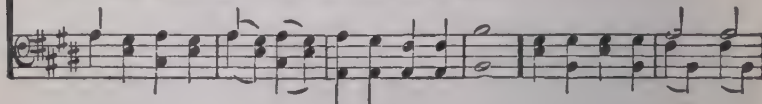


Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;
 On to vic-to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise,
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
 In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,

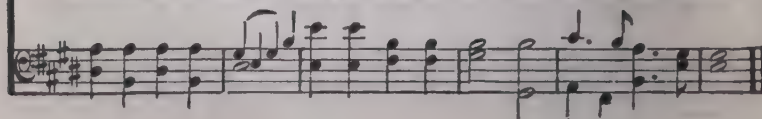


REFRAIN.

For-ward in - to bat - tle. See His ban-ner go!
 Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.




Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.




R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

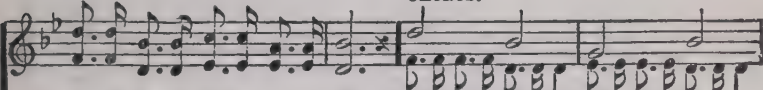
R. Kelso Carter.

- 
1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges
 2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of
 3. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
 4. Standing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment

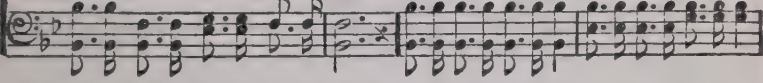


let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

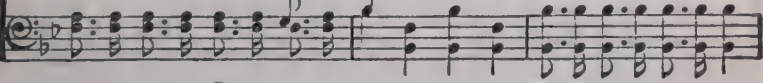
CHORUS.



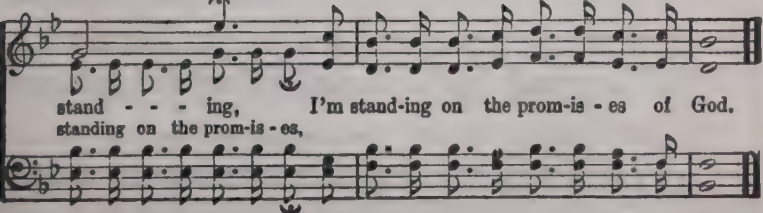
Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,



Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - ing,
Standing on the prom-is-es,



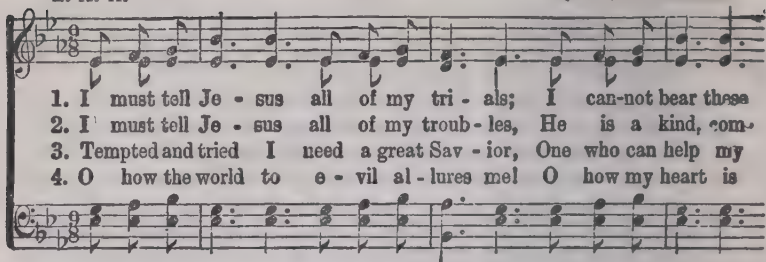
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.
standing on the prom-is-es,



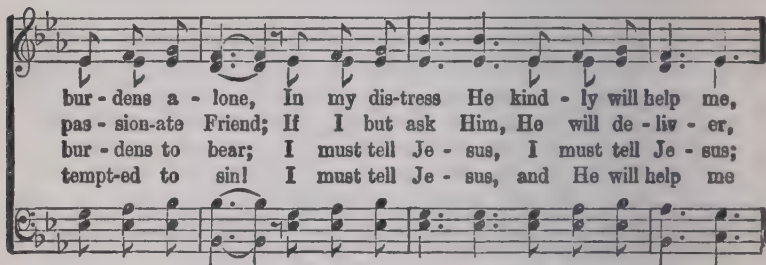
E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.,

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

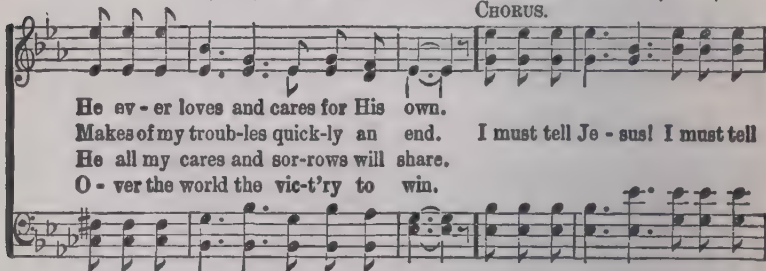


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les, He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

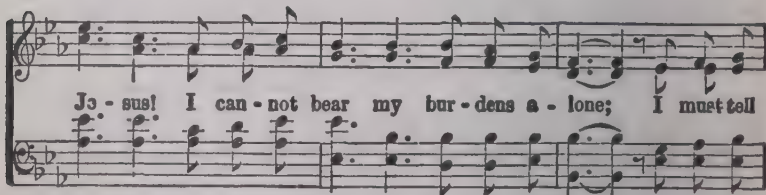


bur - dens a - lone, In my dis-tress He kind - ly will help me,
 pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

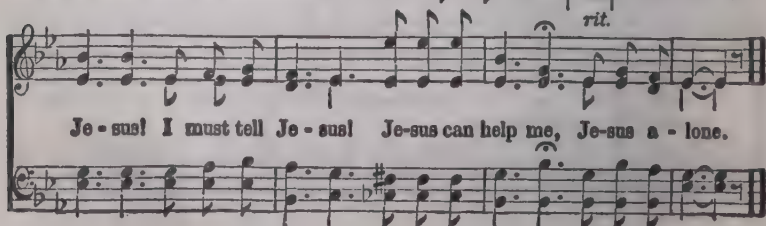
CHORUS.



He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Makes of my troub-les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
 He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.



Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

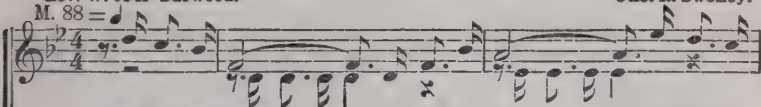


Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

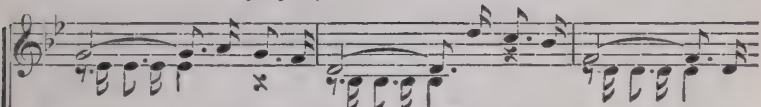
Rev. W. M'K. Darwood.

Jno. R. Sweney.

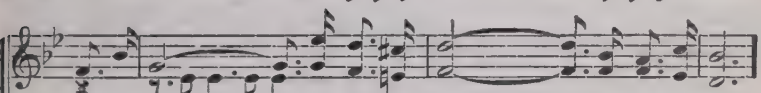
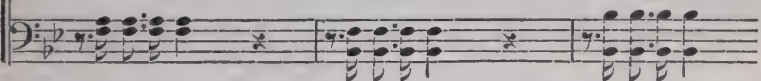
M. 88 =



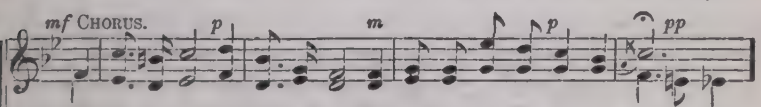
1. On Cal-v'ry's brow..... my Sav - ior died,..... 'Twas there my
 2. 'Mid rend-ing rocks..... and dark'ning skies,..... My Sav - ior
 3. O Je - sus, Lord,..... how can it be,..... That Thou shouldst
 1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-ior died,



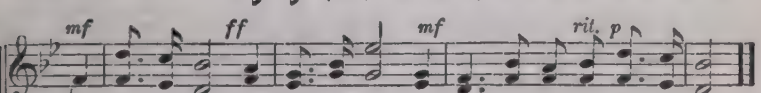
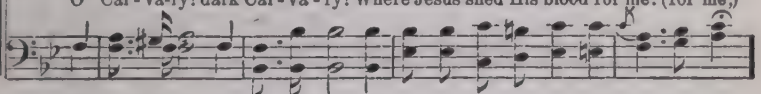
Lord..... was cru - ci - fied;..... 'Twas on the cross..... He
 bows..... His head and dies;..... The op'n-ing vail..... re-
 give..... Thy life for me,..... To bear the cross..... and
 'Twas there my Lord was cru-ci-fied; 'Twas on the cross



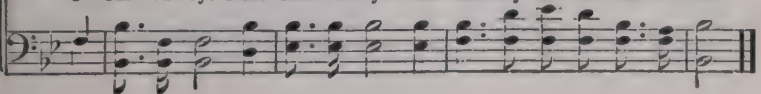
bled for me,..... And purchased there..... my par-don free.
 veals the way. To heav-en's joys..... and end-less day.
 ag - o - ny,..... In that dread hour..... on Cal - va - ry.
 He bled for me, And purchased there

*mf* CHORUS.

O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal - va - ry! Where Jesus shed His blood for me: (for me;)



O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Sav - ior died for me.



Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE.

W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
 2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
 3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
 4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the

1. love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 2. grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope,
 3. throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
 4. nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

REFRAIN.

1. And be clos-er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er,
 2. And my will be lost in Thine.
 3. I commune as friend with friend.
 4. Till I rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,

near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

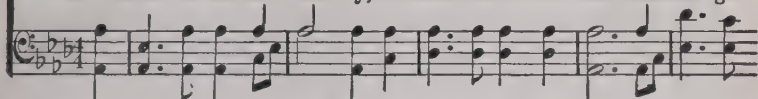
near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious bleed-ing side.

Katherine Hankey.

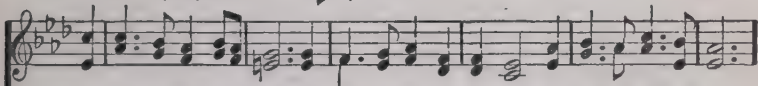
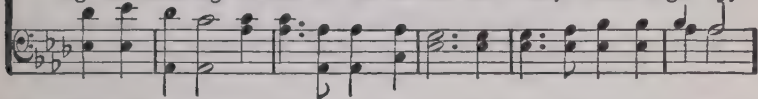
William C. Fischer.



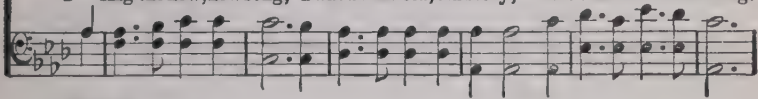
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -



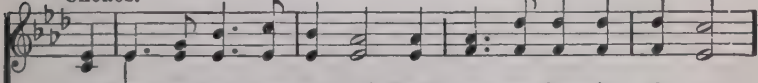
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry,
gold - en fan - cies Of all my gold - endreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry;
ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,



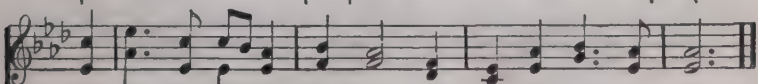
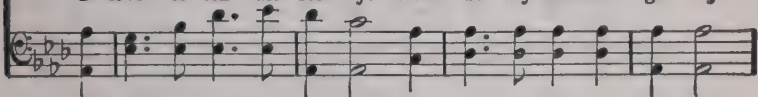
Be - cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is - fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
For some have never heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own holy word.
I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.



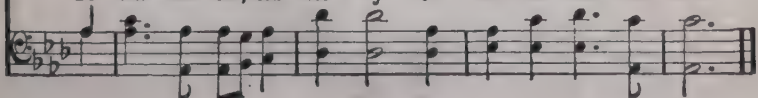
CHORUS.



I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry

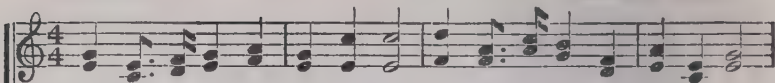


To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

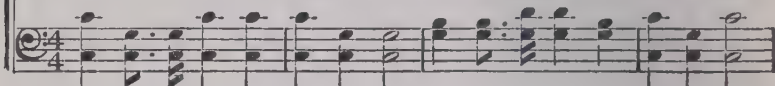


James Rowe.

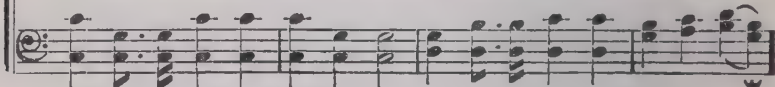
Samuel W. Beazley.



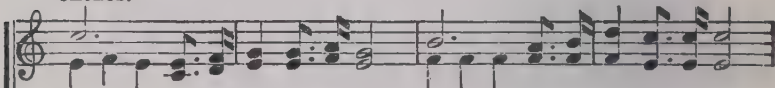
1. If you would find the bet - ter land, If you would reach the gold-en strand,
2. If you would reach the cit - y gate, Where man-y dear ones watch and wait,
3. If you would live in that glad place, Where shall be crowned the saved by grace,



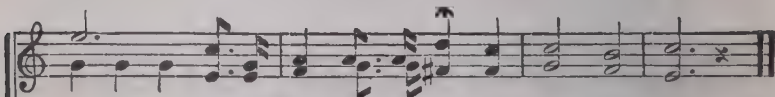
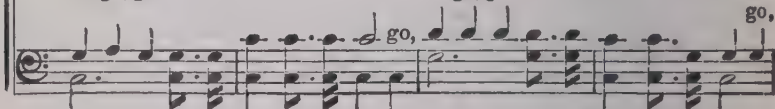
There to a-bide with heaven's throng, Sing-ing the ev - er - last-ing song,—
 Look-ing for you, with eyes of love, Wait-ing to hear from you a-bove,—
 If you would rest for - ev - er there, Al-ways so hap-py and so fair,—



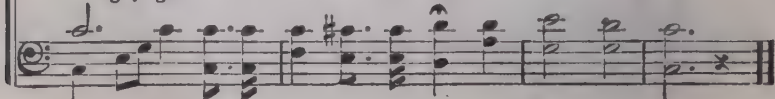
CHORUS.



Go by the way of the cross, Go by the way of the cross,
 go, go go, go



Go by the way of the cross, And you'll reach home.
 go, go



Fanny J. Crosby.

Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Je-sus is ten-der - ly calling thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;



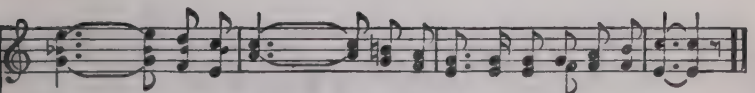
Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.



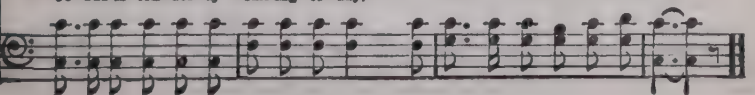
CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day!..... Call - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!



Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.



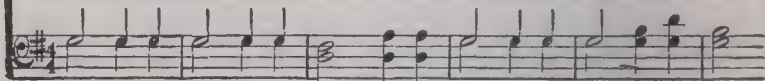
S. O'Maley Cluff.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY,
USED BY PER. THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Ira D. Sankey.



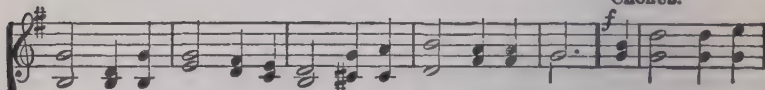
1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing Sav -
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter -
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo -
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav -



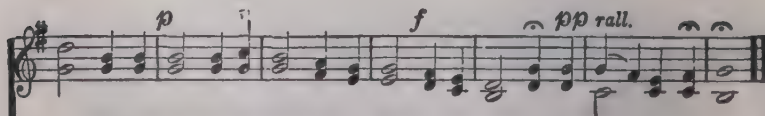
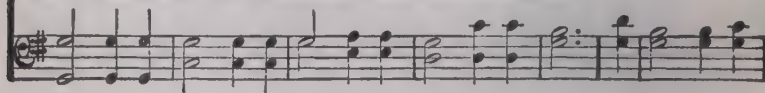
ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to



CHORUS.



o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior too.
heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
brightness, Dear friend could I see you re - ceiv - ing one tool
glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered - 'twas answered for you!



praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

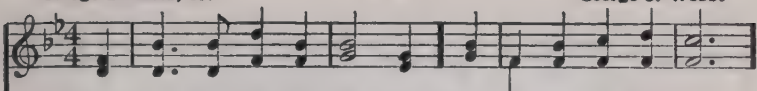


No. 25. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

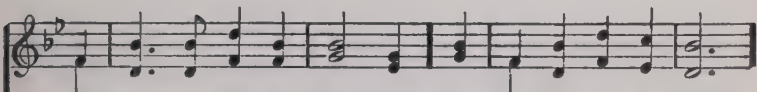
(WEBB.)

George Duffield, Jr.

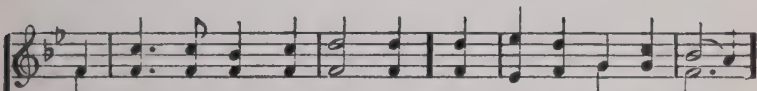
George J. Webb.



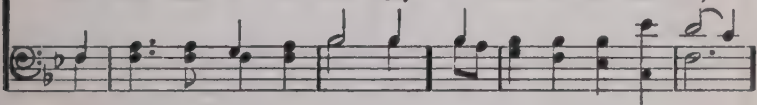
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trump-et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



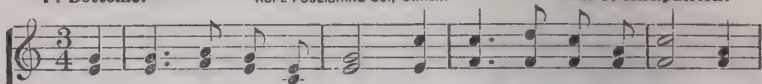
Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Your cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A-MEN.



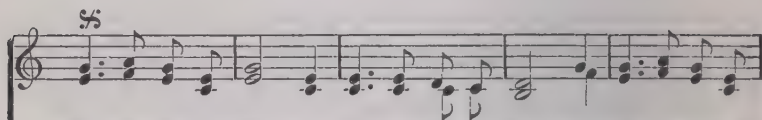
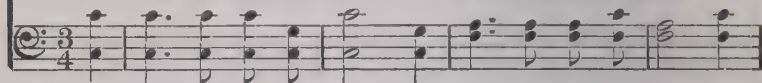
F. Bottome.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. RENEWAL.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

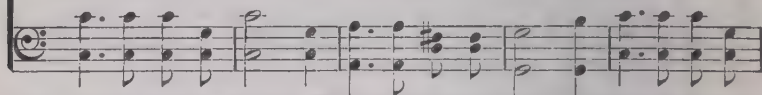
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To



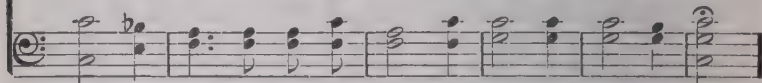
ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev-'ry Chris-tian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di - vine—That I, a child of



D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings



tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
hills the day ad-vanc-es fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com-fort-er has come!
hell, should in His im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!



'round, wher - ev - er man is found—The Com-fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The



D. S.

27. He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

Virgil P. Brock.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Blanche Kerr Brock.

M. 92 =

1. I was lost in sin but Je-sus rescued me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
3. He is al-ways near to comfort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
4. Dearer grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to

me; I was bound by fear but Je-sus set me free, He's a
me; Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find, He's a
me; He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev-'ry tear, He's a
me; Sweeter is His grace while pressing on my way, He's a

So won-der-ful

CHORUS.

won-der-ful Sav-ior to me..... For He's a won-der-ful
So won-der-ful

Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me; I was
won-der-ful won-der-ful

lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me.

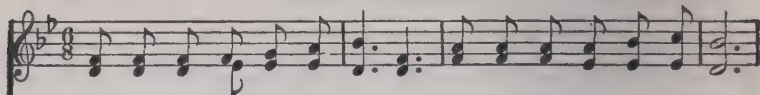
No. 28. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan.

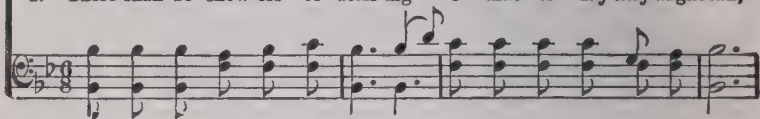
COPYRIGHT, 1911. RENEWAL BY ADDIE MC GRANAHAN.

TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

James McGranahan.



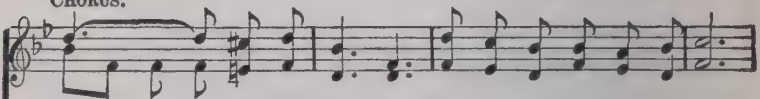
1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious, re - viv - ing a - gain,
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Send them up - on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—O that to - day they might fall,



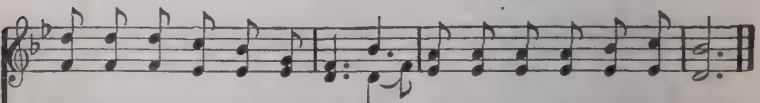
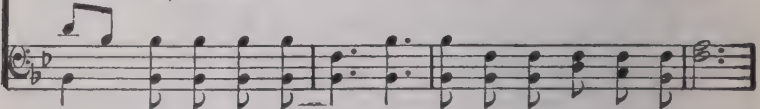
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys Sound of a - bun - dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word!
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!



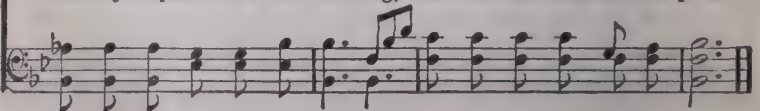
CHORUS.



Show - - - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show - ers, show-ers



Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



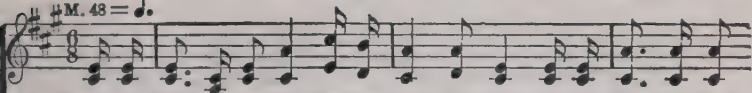
I Want to See Jesus, Don't You?

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. ROOEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

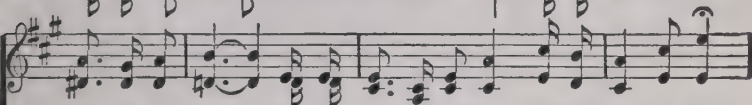
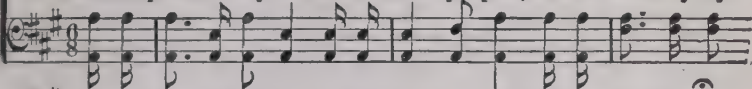
Ada Blenkhorn.

Kenn G. Bortorl.

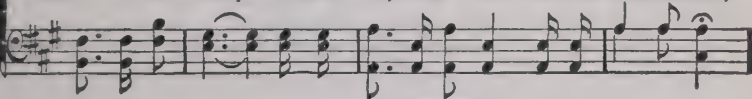
M. 43 = ♩.



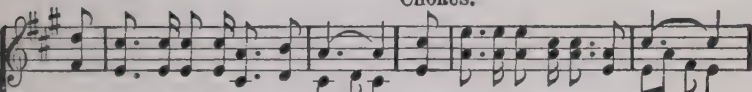
1. There is One loved me so that for me He died, He's my dear, pre-cious,
2. When I'm wea - ry and faint He is al - ways near, With His joy He my
3. Ho - ly an - gels keep watch o'er me thro' the night, And each morn - ing He
4. He is fair - er than lil - y or rose to me, And His bless - ings fall
5. There's a place for my soul that He doth pre - pare, And its beau - ty by



| | |
|-------------------------|---|
| Sav - ior so true; | On the cross for my sins He was cru - ci - fied: |
| strength doth re - new; | And He comforts my heart, speaking words of cheer: |
| guards me a - new; | In the smile of His love doth my soul de - light: |
| soft as the dew; | O my heart, how it longs His dear face to see: |
| faith I can view; | First of all, when I en - ter that man - sion fair, |



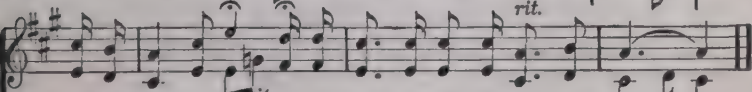
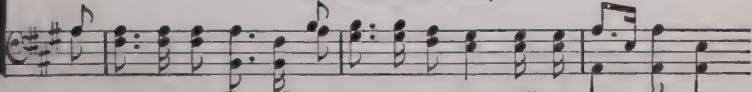
CHORUS.



I want to see Je - sus, don't you?... I want to see Je - sus, don't you?....
don't you? don't you?



My Sav - ior so faith - ful and true;..... When I reach the strand
so faith - ful and true;



of that love - bright land, O I want to see Je - sus, don't you?
don't you?

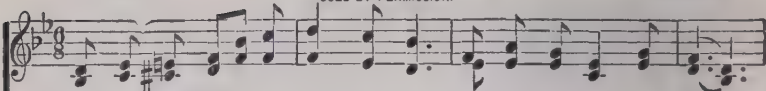


Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis,

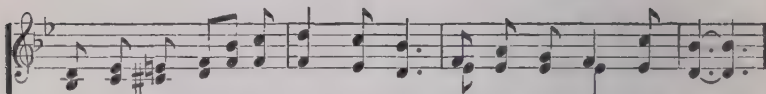
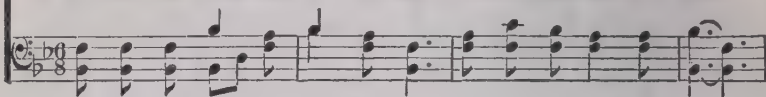
G. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS,
USED BY PERMISSION.

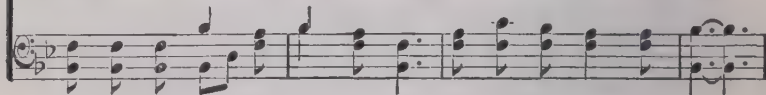
W. S. Martin.



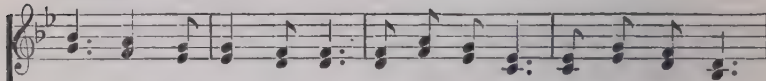
1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



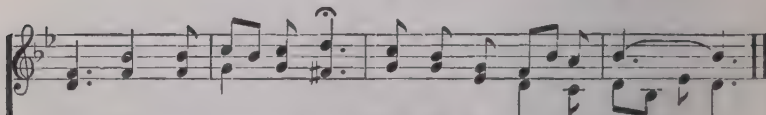
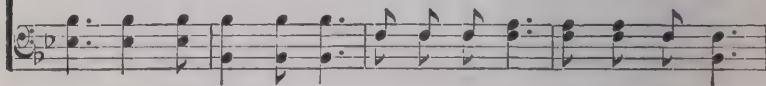
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan - gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



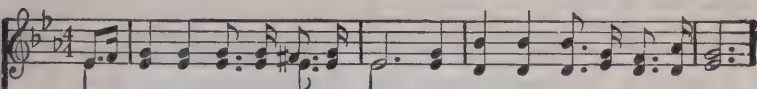
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
 take care of you.



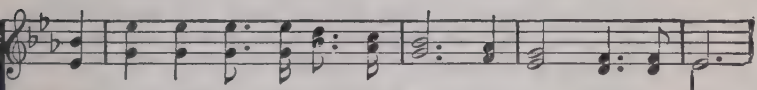
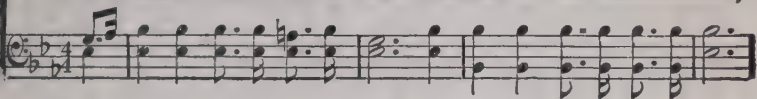
USED BY PERMISSION OF J. M. HALL, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Elizabeth Reed.

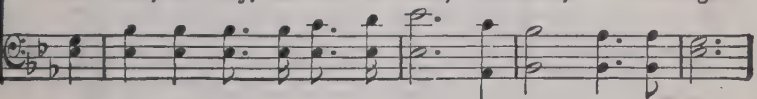
J. Calvin Bushey.



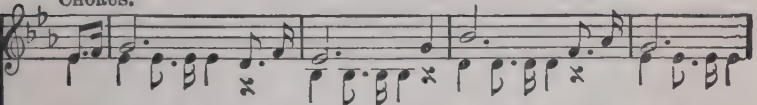
1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;



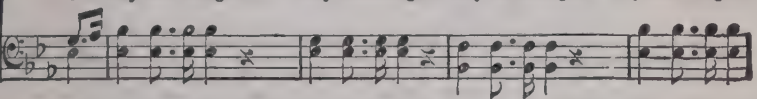
Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
 Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
 Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to-night.



CHORUS.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?



Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?



No. 32. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

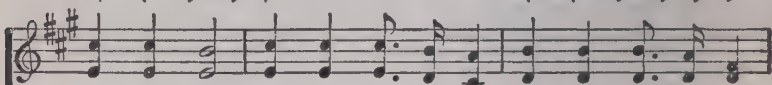
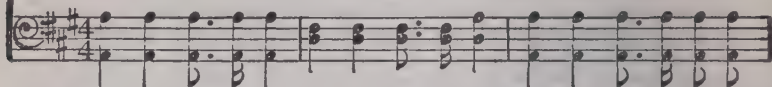
COPYRIGHT BY A. J. SHOWALTER. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

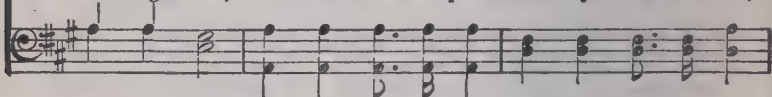
A. J. Showalter.



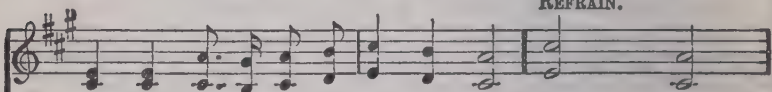
1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-



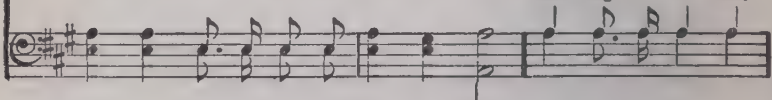
last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



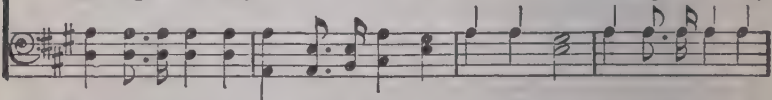
REFRAIN.



Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean - ing,
Lean-ing on Je - sus, Lean-ing on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
lean - ing on Je - sus,



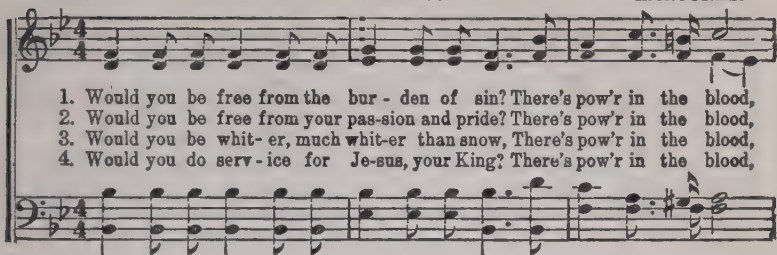
No. 33. There is Power In the Blood.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour, Wenonah, N. J. Used by per.

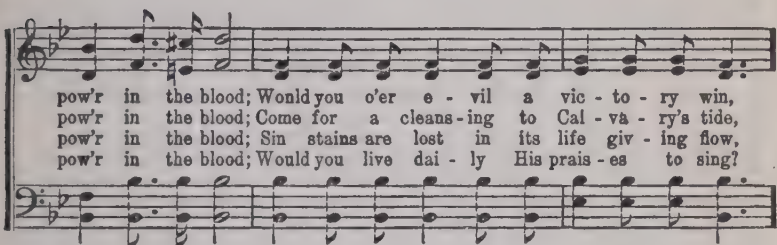
L. E. J.

I. John 1:7.

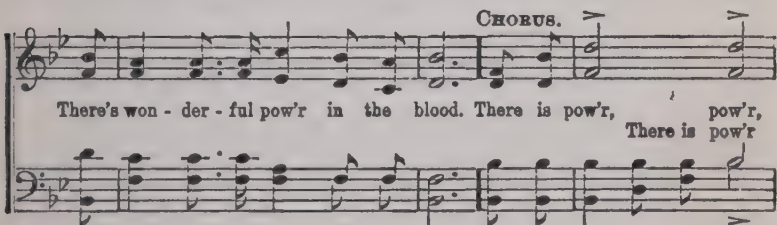
L. E. JONES.



1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow, There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

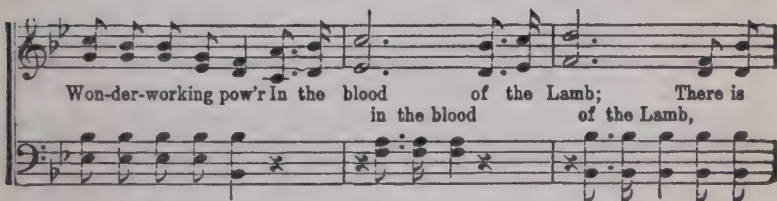


pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win,
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

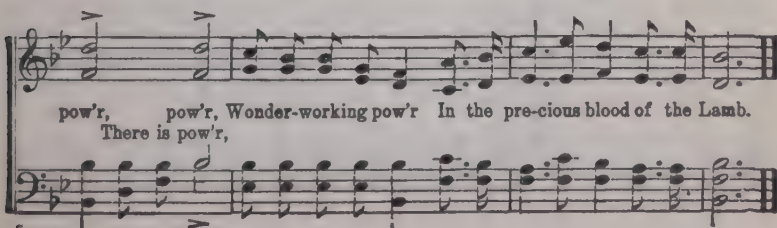


CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r



Won-der-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb,



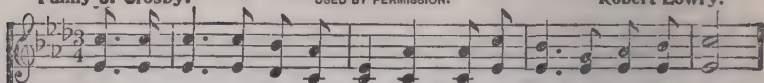
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

No. 34. All the Way My Savior Leads.

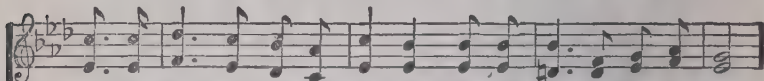
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

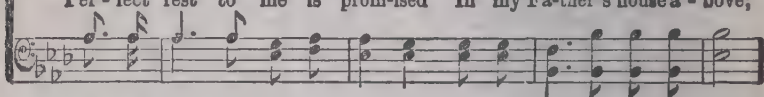
Robert Lowry.



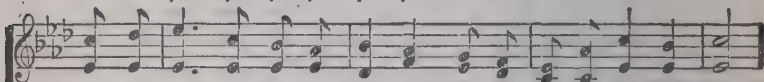
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful-ness of His love!



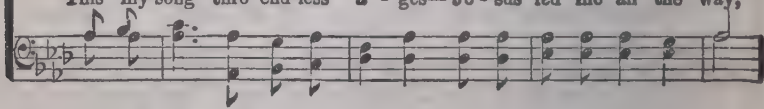
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;



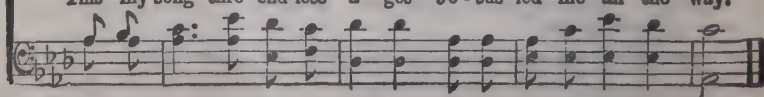
Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed, im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way;



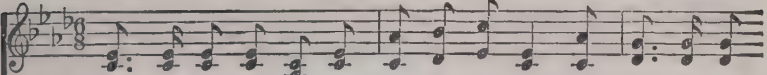
For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way.

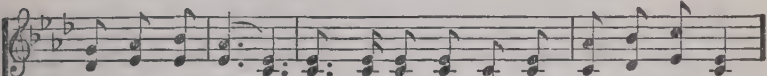


C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.


Mrs. C. H. Morris,

- 
1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
 2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
 3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come
 4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come



in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans-ing are flow-ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,


CHORUS.




Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your



doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw



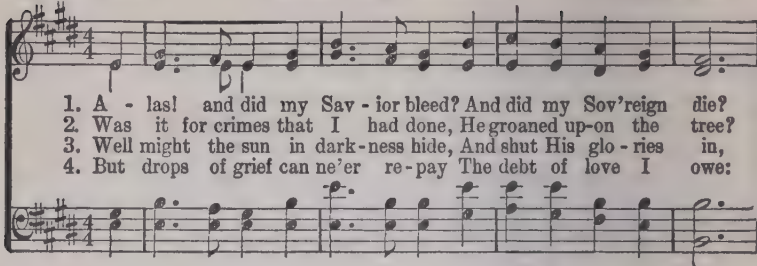
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.



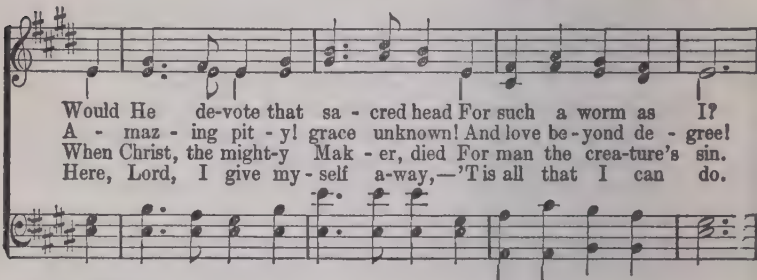
Isaac Watts.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.

R. E. Hudson.

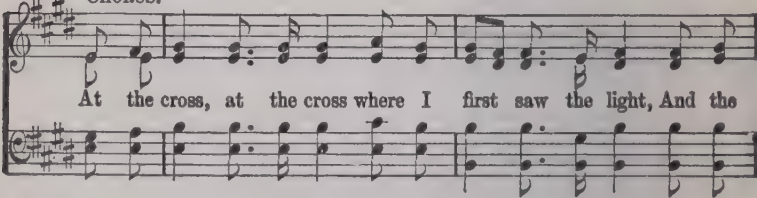


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:

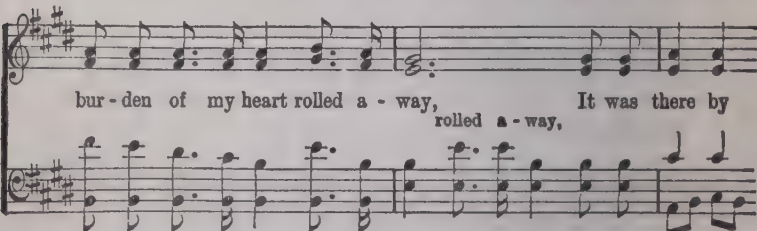


Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way, -'Tis all that I can do.

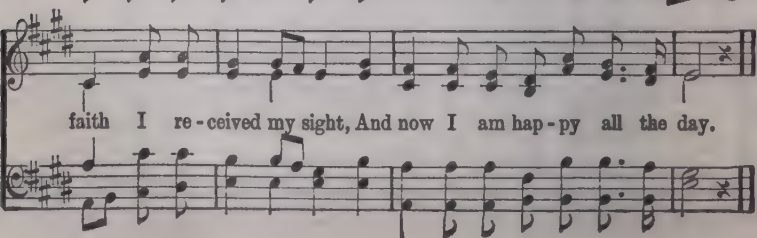
CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the



bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by
 rolled a - way,



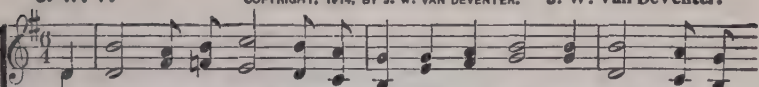
faith I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

No. 37. The Heart That Was Broken for Me.

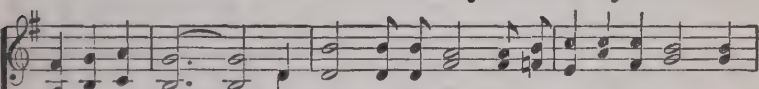
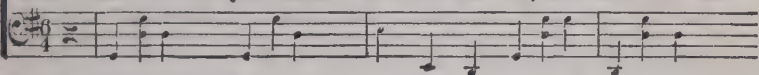
J. W. V.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

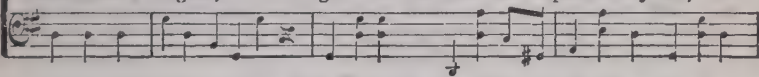
J. W. Van DeVenter.



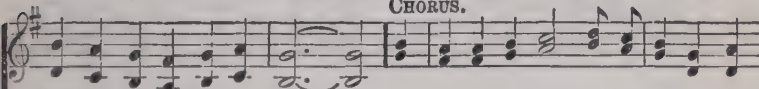
1. There came from the skies in the days long a - go The Lord with a
2. He came to His own— to the ones that He loved; The sheep that had
3. The birds have their nests, and the fox - es have holes, But He had no
4. I can - not re - ject such a Sav - ior as He; Dis - hon - or and



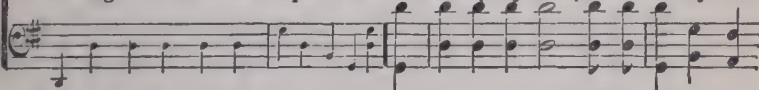
mes - sage of love; The world knew Him not; He was treated with scorn— This
wan - dered a - stray; They heard not His voice, but the friend of mankind Was
place for His head; A pal - let of stone on the cold mountain side Was
wound Him a - gain; I'll go to His feet and re - pent of my sin, Be



CHORUS.



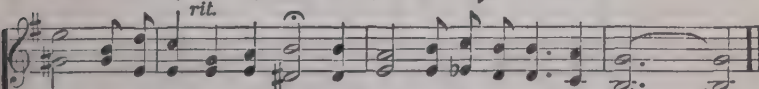
won - der - ful gift from a - bove.
hat - ed and driv - en a - way. They crowned Him with thorns, He was beaten with
all that He had for His bed.
will - ing to suf - fer the pain. 4th I'll take up my cross, I will walk by His



stripes; He was smit - ten and nailed to the tree, (to the tree,) But the pain in His
side, For the path - way of du - ty I see, (Yes, I see,) I will fol - low my

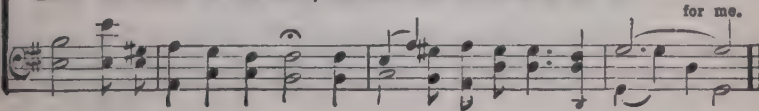


rit.



heart was the hard - est to bear, The heart that was brok - en for me.....
Lord and a - bide in His heart, The heart that was brok - en for me.....

for me.

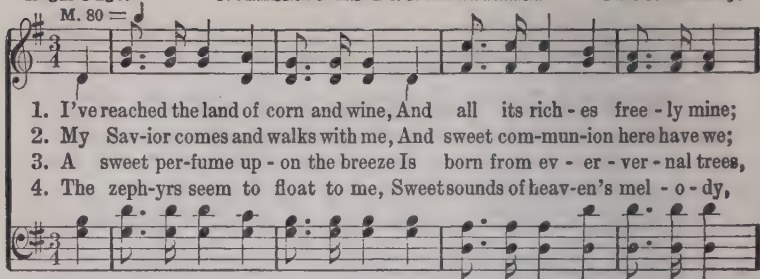


Edgar Page.

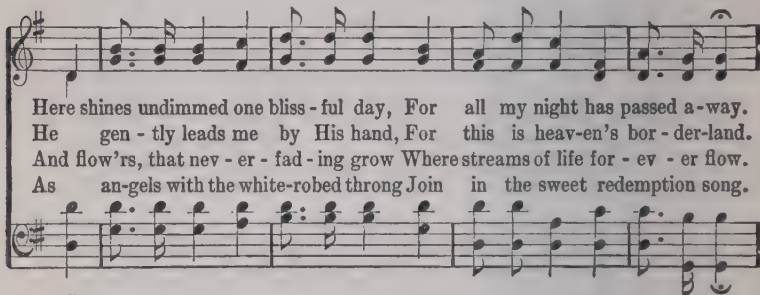
BY PERMISSION OF MRS L. E. SWENEY KIRKPATRICK.

Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 80 =

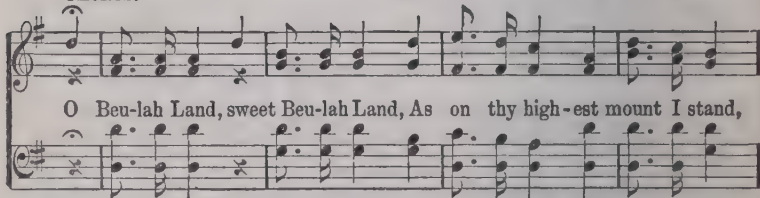


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
 2. My Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com - mun - ion here have we;
 3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze Is born from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
 4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweetsounds of heav - en's mel - o - dy,

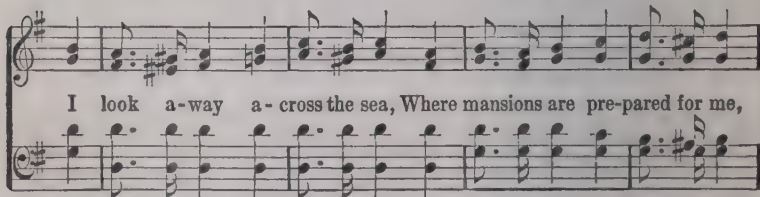


Here shines undimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
 He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der - land.
 And flow'rs, that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
 As an - gels with the white - robed throng Join in the sweet redemption song.

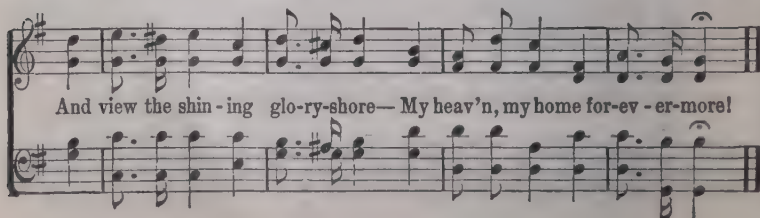
CHORUS.



O Beu - lah Land, sweet Beu - lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre - pared for me,



And view the shin - ing glo - ry - shore— My heav'n, my home for - ev - er - more!

S. Fillmore Bennett.

Jos. P. Webster. By per.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore, The me-lo - di-ous songs of the
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-ute of

1. far, For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a
 2. blest, And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the
 3. praise, For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that

CHORUS.

1. dwelling place there. In the sweet by and by We shall
 2. bless-ing of rest.
 3. hal-low our days. In the sweet by and by

meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by and by
 by and by, by and by,

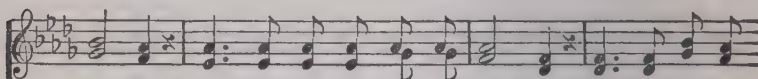
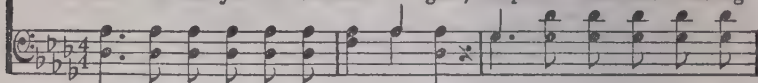
by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

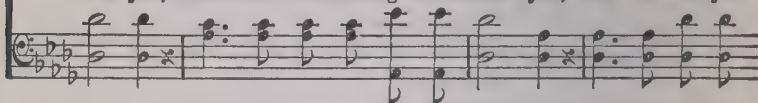
W. G. Tomer.



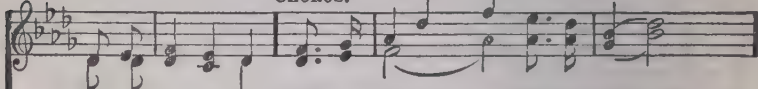
1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro - tect-ing
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing



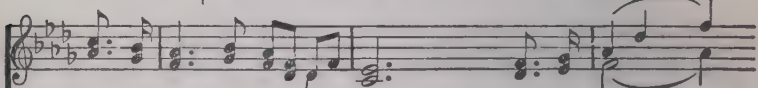
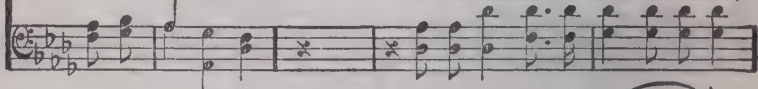
hold you, With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you
 hide you, Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you



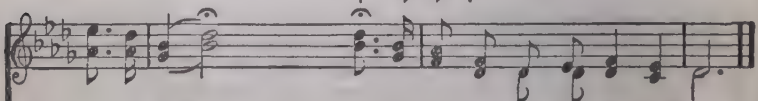
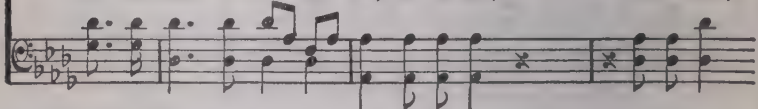
CHORUS.



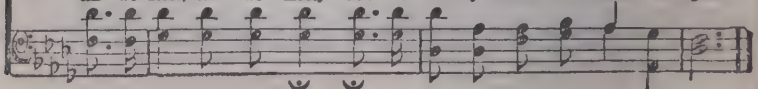
till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we meet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,



Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,.....
 Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, till we meet; Till we meet,



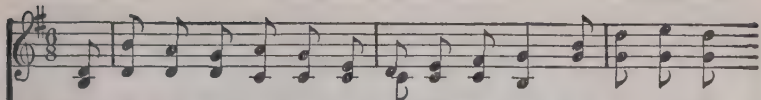
till we meet,.. God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.



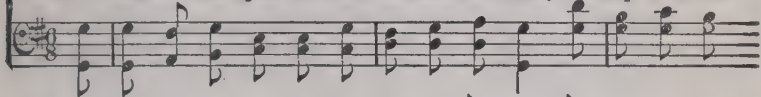
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

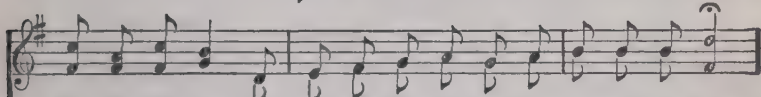
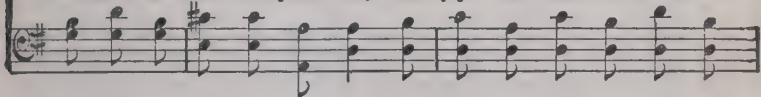
B. D. Ackley.



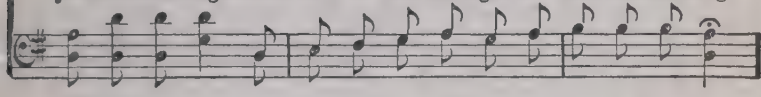
1. In sor-row I wan-dered, my spir-it op-prest, But now I am
 2. For years in the fet-ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
 3. O soul near de-spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let



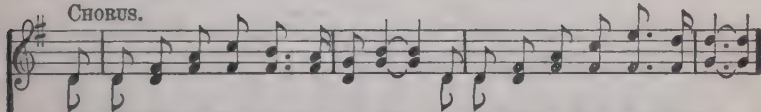
hap-py-se-cure-ly I rest; From morn-ing till eve-ning glad
 help me—no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the
 Je-sus come in-to your life; The joy of sal-va-tion to



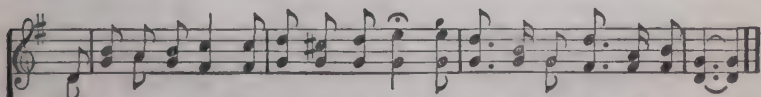
car-ols I sing, And this is the rea-son—I walk with the King.
 sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and re-joic-ing—I walk with the King.
 you He would bring—Come in-to the sun-light and walk with the King.



CHORUS.



I walk with the King, hal-le-lu-jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!



No long-er I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.



F. C. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.
THE STANDARD PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.

Frank C. Huston.

DUET.

1. The serv-ice of Je-sus true pleas-ure af-fords, In Him there is joy with-
 2. It pays to serve Je-sus what-e'er may be-tide; It pays to be true what-
 3. Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sorrows may come to

out an al-loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His words; It
 e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-bide; It
 beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-pay; It

CHORUS.

pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Je-sus, it pays ev-ry

day, It pays ev-ry step of the way;..... Tho' the path-way to
 ev-ry step of the way;

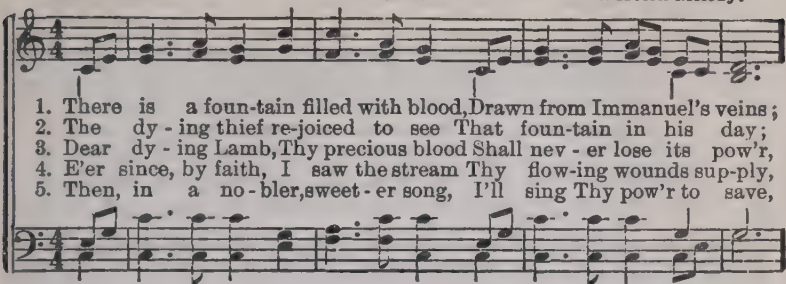
glo-ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be hap-py each step of the way.

No. 43. There is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

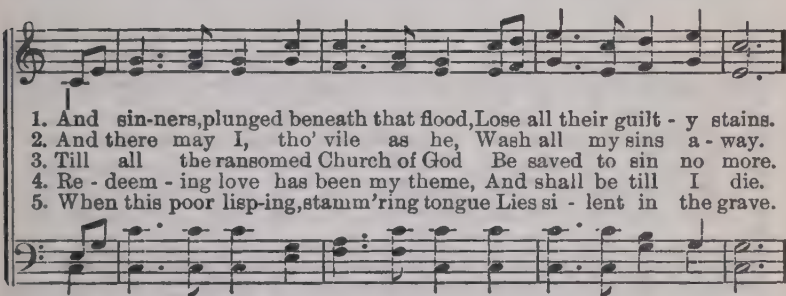
Wm. Cowper.

C. M.

Western Melody.

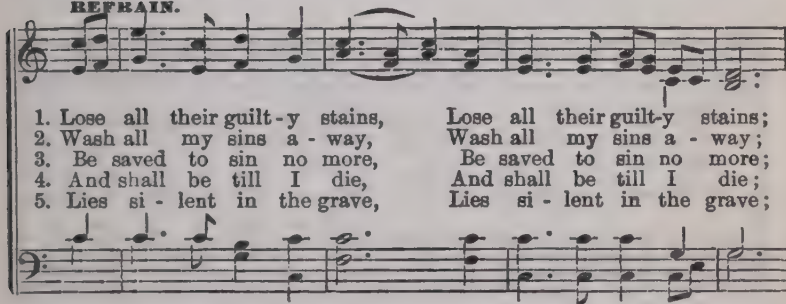


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
 3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 5. Then, in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

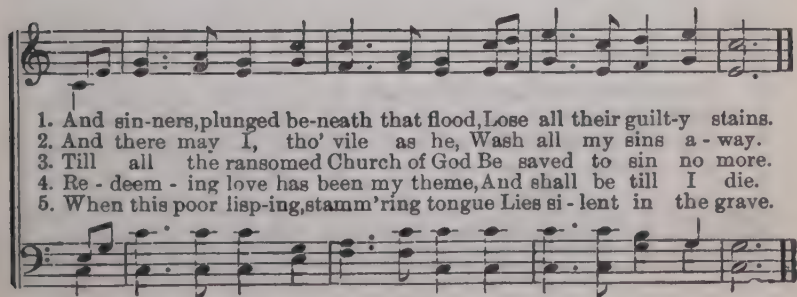


1. And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 2. And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 3. Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 4. Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 5. When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

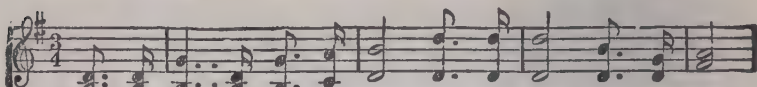
REFRAIN.



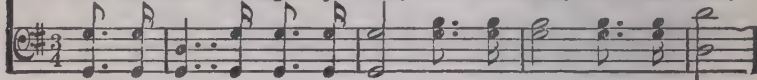
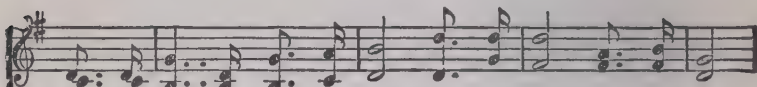
| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Lose all their guilt-y stains, | Lose all their guilt-y stains; |
| 2. Wash all my sins a-way, | Wash all my sins a-way; |
| 3. Be saved to sin no more, | Be saved to sin no more; |
| 4. And shall be till I die, | And shall be till I die; |
| 5. Lies si-lent in the grave, | Lies si-lent in the grave; |



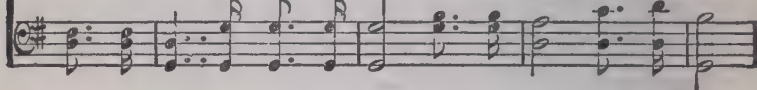
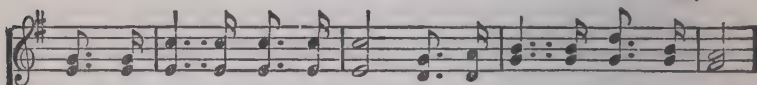
1. And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 2. And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 3. Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 4. Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 5. When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.



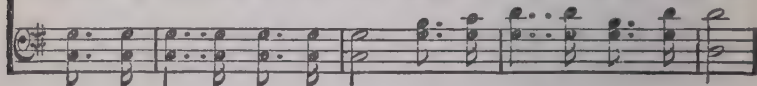
1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves,



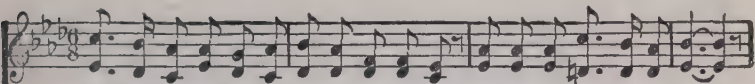

On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com - mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.



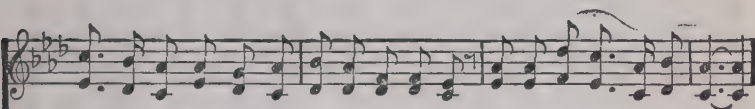
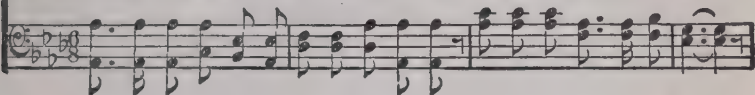
W. L. T.

USED BY PERMISSION OF HOPE PUBLISHING CO.

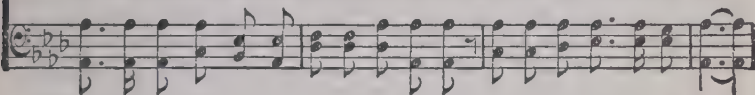
Will L. Thompson.



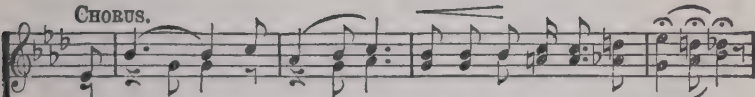
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Pass-ing for you and for me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



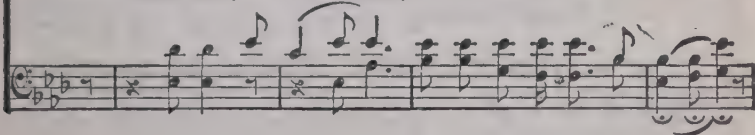
See, on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.



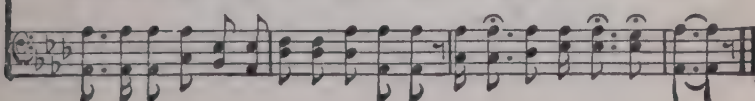
CHORUS.



Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home!
 Come home, come home,



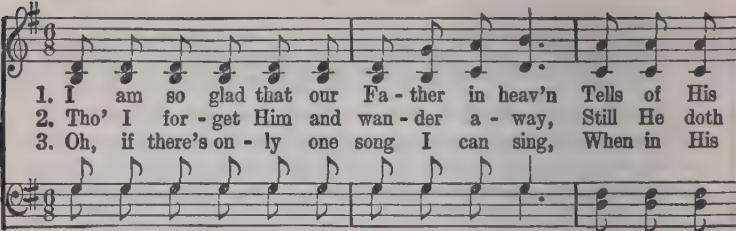
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!



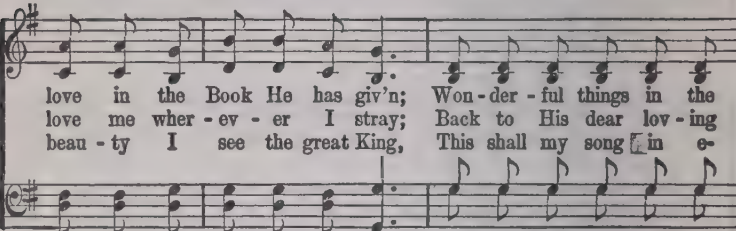
P. P. Bliss.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

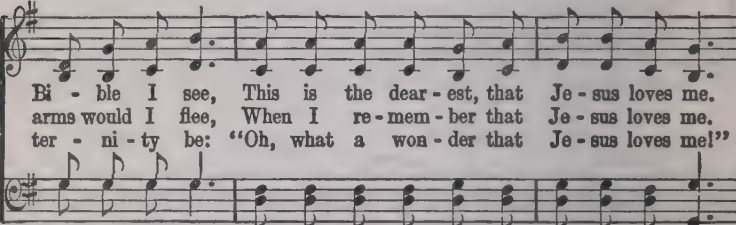
P. P. Bliss.



1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His
 2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth
 3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His

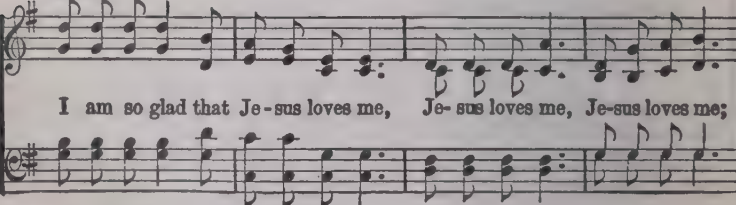


love in the Book He has giv'n; Won-der-ful things in the
 love me wher-ev-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing
 beau-ty I see the great King, This shall my song [in e-

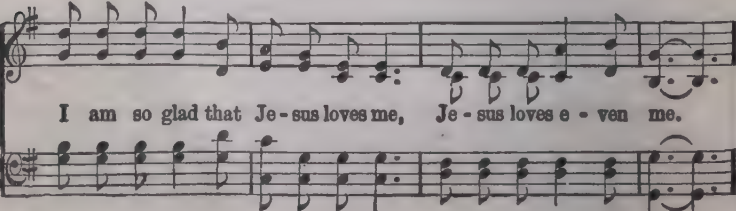


Bi-ble I see, This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
 arms would I flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
 ter-ni-ty be: "Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me!"

CHORUS.



I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me;



I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

No. 47. Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

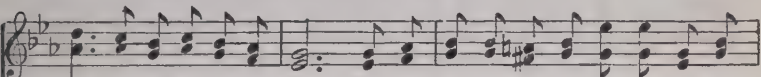
Ina Duley Ogdon.

HOMER A. RODEMEYER, OWNER.

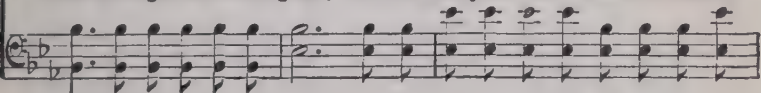
Chas. H. Gabriel.



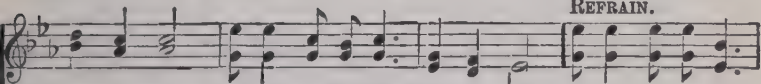
1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
3. Here for all your ta-lent you may sure-ly find a need, Here re-



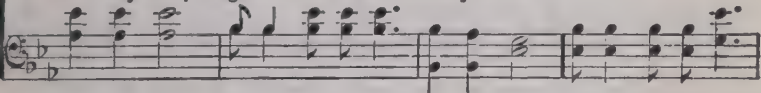
wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you
nar - row self your way de - bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your hum - ble hand the bread of



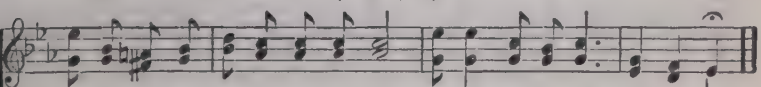
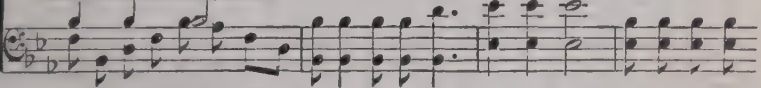
REFRAIN.



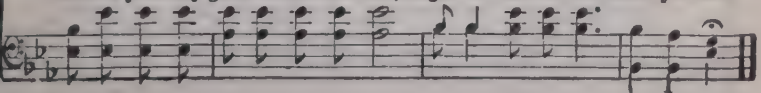
now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.



where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!



har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.



Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

W. H. Doane.

M. 80 =

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod - ing care;
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear rei - uge, Je - sus has died for me;
 D.C.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—

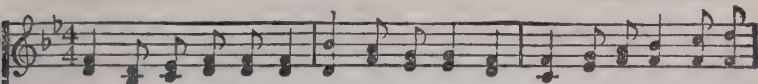
FINE.

There by His love o'er-shad - ed Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
 Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.
 There by His love o'er-shad - ed Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

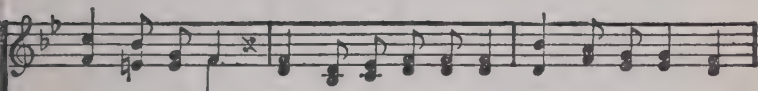
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.



1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



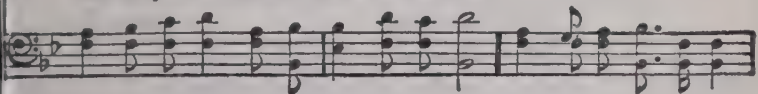
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er-ring one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;



CHORUS.



Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi-brate once mere.
Tell the poor wan-d'r'er a Sav-ior has died.



Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.



COPYRIGHT, BY WEEDEN & VAN DE VENTER.

J. W. Van De Venter.

USED BY PER. P. P. BILHORN, OWNER.

W. S. Weeden.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
 2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
 3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly Thine;
 4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;
 5. All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;

I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live.
 World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
 Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
 Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy bless - ings fall on me.
 Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

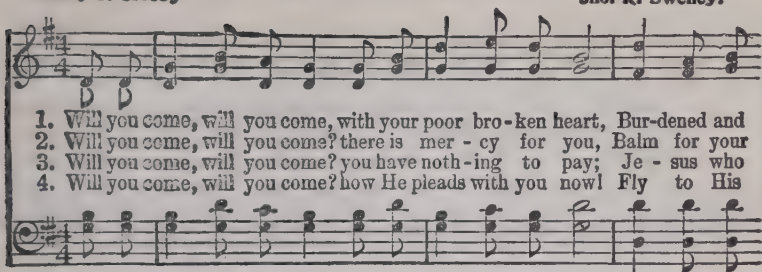
CHORUS.

I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all;
 I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all;

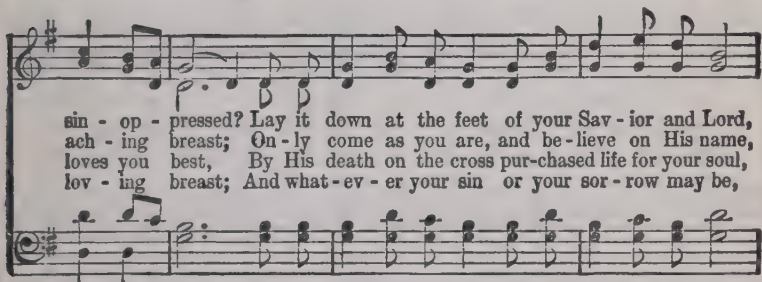
All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

Fanny J. Crosby

Jno. R. Sweney.

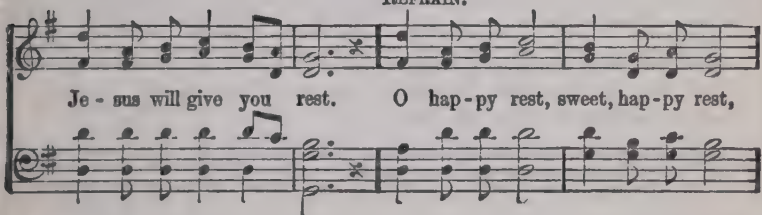


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor bro-ken heart, Bur-dened and
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
 3. Will you come, will you come? you have noth-ing to pay; Je - sus who
 4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His

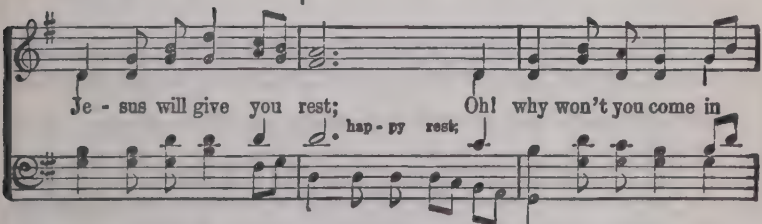


sin - op - pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - ior and Lord,
 ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on His name,
 loves you best, By His death on the cross pur-chased life for your soul,
 lov - ing breast; And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

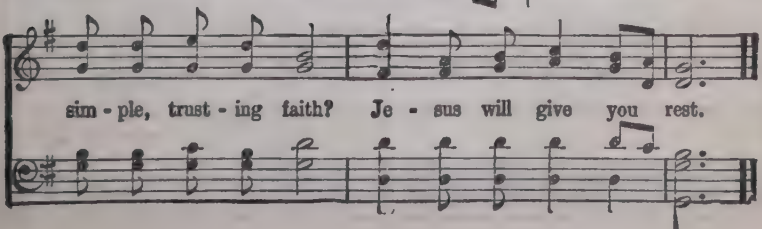
REFRAIN.



Je - sus will give you rest. O hap-py rest, sweet, hap-py rest,



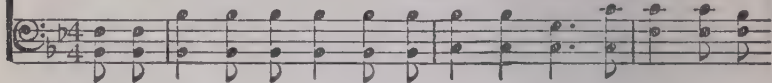
Je - sus will give you rest; hap - py rest, Oh! why won't you come in



sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.



1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been
2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has
3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should



rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said Who - so - ev - er will, May
filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His
die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But

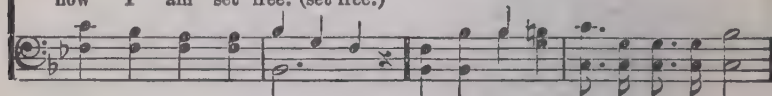


CHORUS.

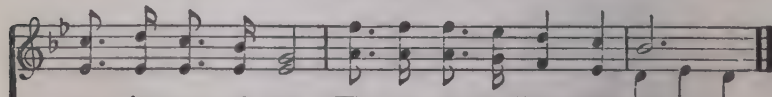


come with Him to stay. (to stay.)

blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) "Who - so - ev - er," sure - ly meaneth me,
now I am set free. (set free.)

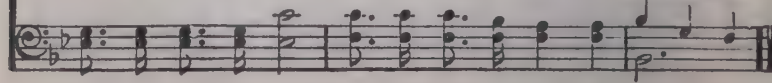


Sure - ly mean - eth me, O sure - ly mean - eth me; "Who - so - ev - er,"



sure - ly mean - eth me, "Who - so - ev - er," mean - eth me.

mean - eth me.



53. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1887 AND 1888, BY P. P. BILHORN.

Peter P. Bilhorn.

M. 56 = ♩ .

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I sing it a -
 debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No oth - er foun -
 heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In Him the rich
 as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's noth - ing but

gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 da - tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
 bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful peace from a - bove, (a - bove,) Oh,

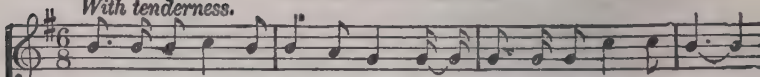
rit.

won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

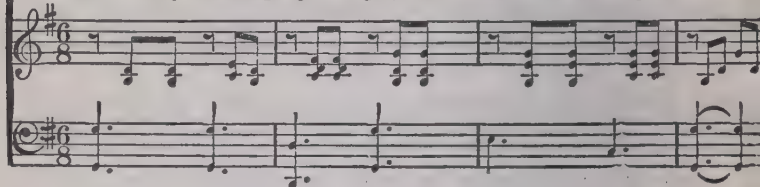

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY MARY RUMYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.



Rev. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.


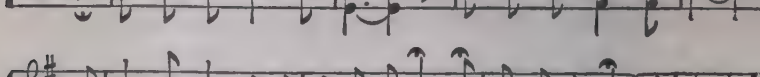
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-d'rest care,
 2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;
 3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time,
 4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go search for him where you will;

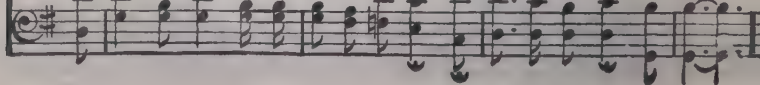
The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
 No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
 When prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
 But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.


CHORUS. *Not too fast.*


O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?



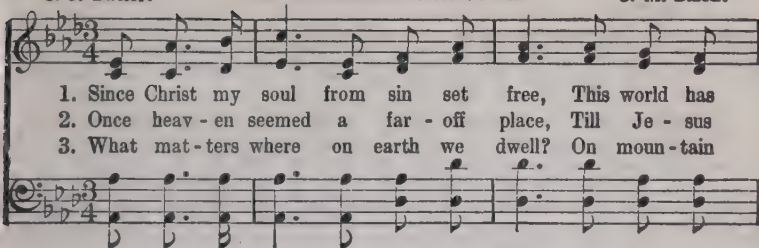
My heart o'er-flows, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to - night?



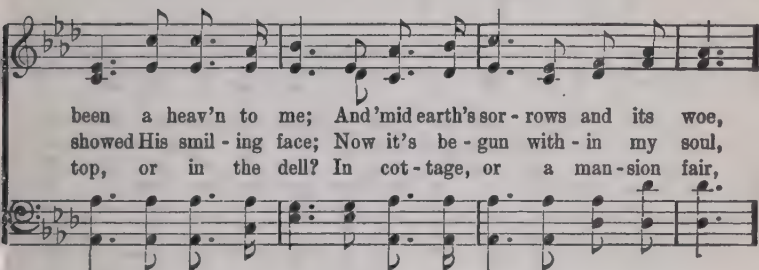
C. J. Butler.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY JAMES M. BLACK.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

J. M. Black.

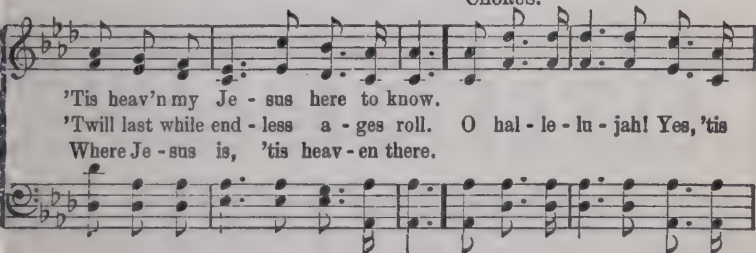


1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has
2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus
3. What mat - ters where on earth we dwell? On moun - tain

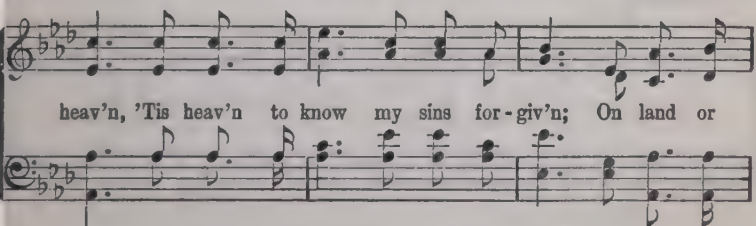


been a heav'n to me; And 'mid earth's sor - rows and its woe,
showed His smil - ing face; Now it's be - gun with - in my soul,
top, or in the dell? In cot - tage, or a man - sion fair,

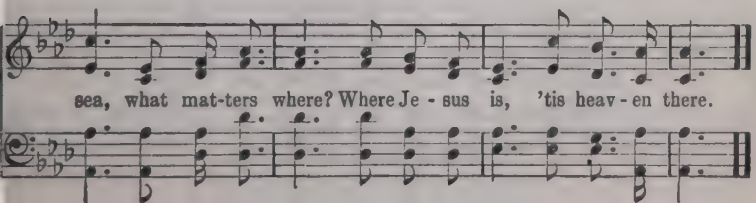
CHORUS.



'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll. O hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, 'tis
Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.



heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for - giv'n; On land or



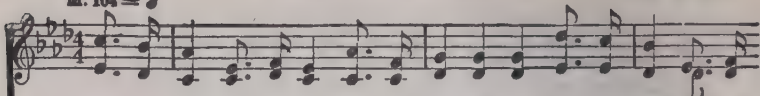
sea, what mat - ters where? Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

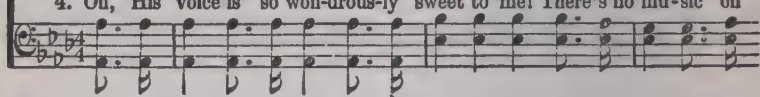
V. McC.

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY HOMER A. RODDHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

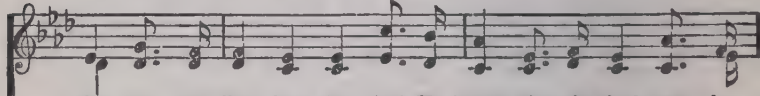
Vivian McCown.

M. 104 = ♩

- 
1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that a - long the way Je - sus walks by my
 2. When He scat - ters the gifts from His boundless store, And His show - ers of
 3. When my heart is so tempt - ed and sore - ly tried, It is then that I
 4. Oh, His voice is so won - drous - ly sweet to me! There's no mu - sic on

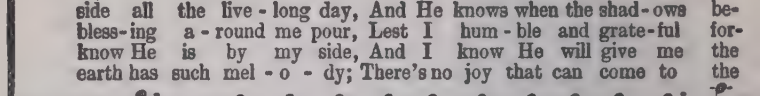


side all the live - long day, And He knows when the shad - ows be -
 bless - ing a - round me pour, Lest I hum - ble and grate - ful for -
 know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the
 earth has such mel - o - dy; There's no joy that can come to the

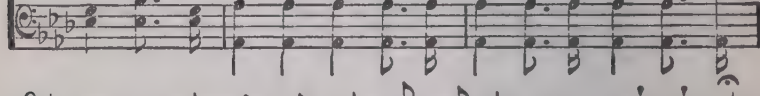


gin to low'r, And He whis - pers His love to me o'er and o'er.
 get to be, Je - sus whis - pers His won - der - ful love to me.
 vic - to - ry As He whis - pers His won - der - ful love to me.
 hu - man heart Like the joy that His love ev - er doth im - part.

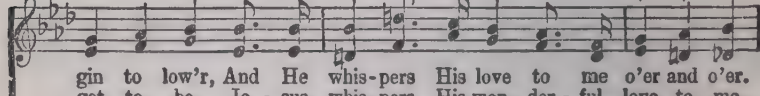
CHORUS.



He whispers His love to me, He whispers His love to me;
 His love to me, His love to me;



Lest I should stray from Him a - way, He whis - pers His love to me.



T. O. Chisholm.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

SOLO. *Con espress.*

1. Dreaming, still dreaming? O slum-ber-ing soul, When will thy dream-ing be
 2. Dreaming, still dreaming, un-con-sci-ous of ill, Wrapped in thy dead-ly re-
 3. Dreaming, still dreaming? Yet still in thy sins! If God should call thee a-
 4. Dreaming, still dreaming? O sleep-er a-wake! Shake off thy slum-ber-ous

o'er?
 pose,
 way,
 chain!

Dreaming, with death and e-ter-ni-ty nigh, E-ven, per-
 While life's short day, when thou mayest re-pent, Draws swiftly
 Ah! how thy soul would ap-pear in His sight, Trembling in
 Late grows the hour, rise and haste for thy life! While hope and

CHORUS. *Faster.*

haps, at the door!
 on to its close!
 guilt and dis-may!
 mer-cy re-main.

A-wake from thy slumber, O sleeper, awake! For

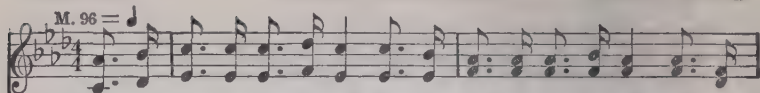
soon in God's presence thy soul must ap-pear; There's no time for dreaming, for

slum-ber-ous ease,—O what if to-day He should sum-mon you there!

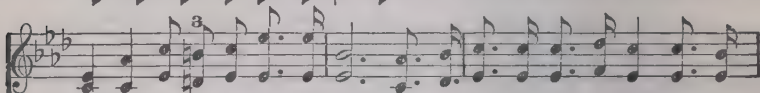
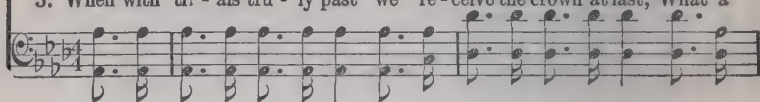
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

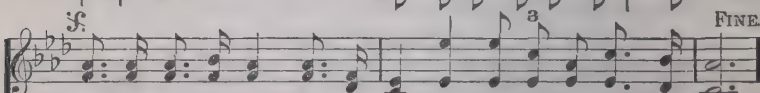
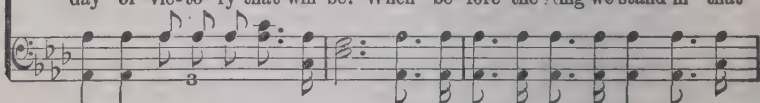
Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 96 = ♩ 

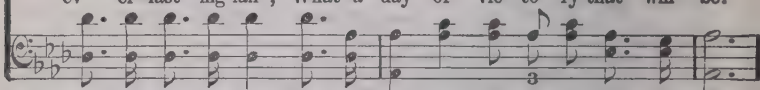
1. When at last we see the King and His praise in glo - ry sing, What a
2. When we walk the streets of gold with the hap - py saints of old, What a
3. When with tri - als tru - ly past we re - ceive the crown at last, What a



day of vic-to-ry that will be! When we reach the oth - er side where the
day of vic-to-ry that I be! When we join the an - gel-throng in the
day of vic-to-ry that will be! When be - fore the King we stand in that



faith - ful shall a - bide, What a day of vic - to - ry that will be!
ev - er - last - ing song, What a day of vic - to - ry that will be!
ev - er - last - ing lan , What a day of vic - to - ry that will be!

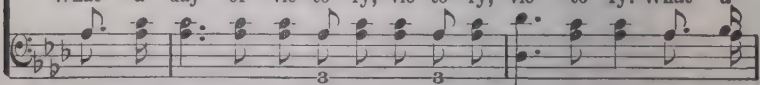


D.S.—pal - ace of the King, What a day of vic - to - ry that will be!

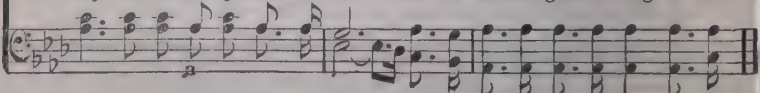
CHORUS.



What a day of vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry! What a



day of vic-to-ry that will be! When ho-san-nas glad we sing in the



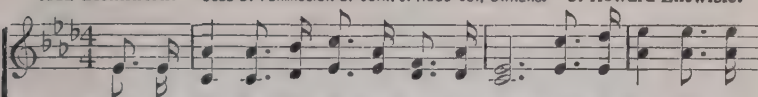
No. 59. Keep On the Sunny Side of Life.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

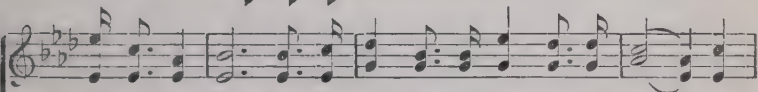
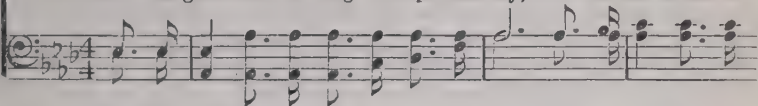
Ada Blenkhorn.

USED BY PERMISSION OF JOHN J. HOOD CO., OWNERS.

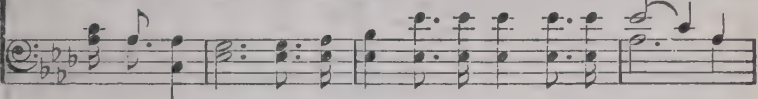
J. Howard Entwisle.



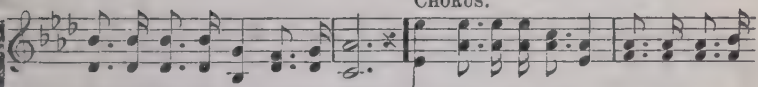
1. There's a dark and a troub-led side of life; There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry breaks to-day, Crush-ing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo-ments be



sun - ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark-ness and strife, The
cher-ished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav - ior al - way, Who

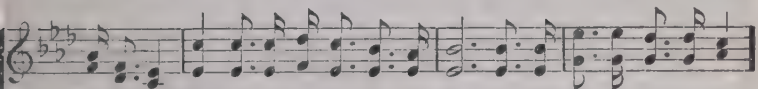
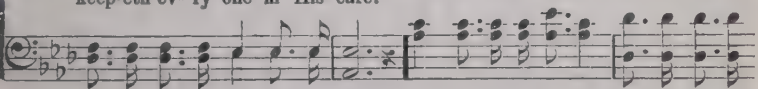


CHORUS.

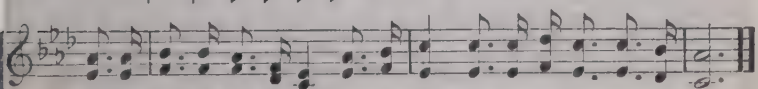


sun - ny side we al - so may view.

sun will shine a-gain bright and clear. Keep on the sunny side, Al-ways on the
keep-eth ev-'ry one in His care.



sun-ny side, Keep on the sun-ny side of life; It will help us ev-'ry day,



It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sun-ny side of life.



COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
NEW ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HOMER A. RODENEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Solo and Chorus, M. 80 =

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore, and weary-worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vass torn?
3. Do com-rades trem-ble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunt-ing hues
4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'r-less, drift-ing with the gale?

ad lib.

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!

CHORUS, M. 88 =

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness

will not al - ways last; Sail on! sail on! sail on!..... God
sail on! sail on!

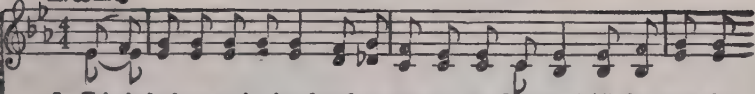
** rit. e dim. pp*

lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"
on! sail on! sail on! sail on!

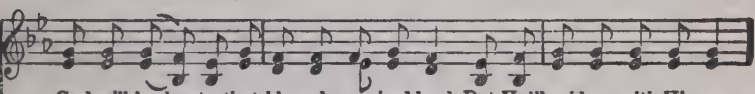
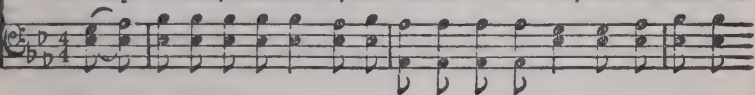
* May close here.

When Morning Comes.

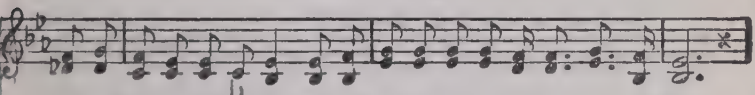
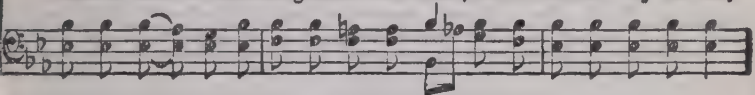
M. 63 = J



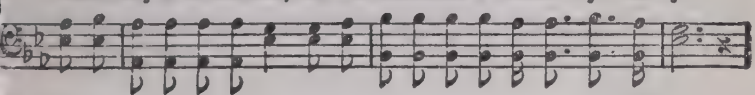
1. Tri-als dark on ev-'ry hand, and we can-not un-der-stand All the ways that
2. We are oft-en des-ti-tute of the things that life demands, Want of shel-ter
3. Temp-ta-tions, hidden snares, often take us un-a-wares, And our hearts are



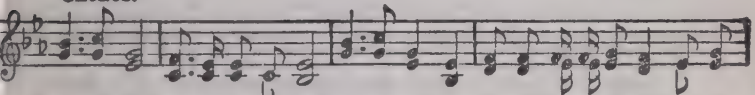
God will lead us to that blessed promised land; But He'll guide us with His eye,
and of food, thirst-y hills and bar-ren land; But we're trusting in the Lord,
made to bleed for each thoughtless word or deed; And we won-der why the test,



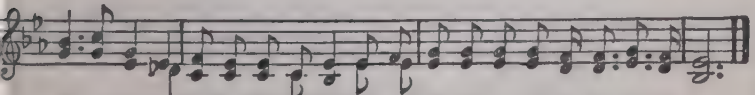
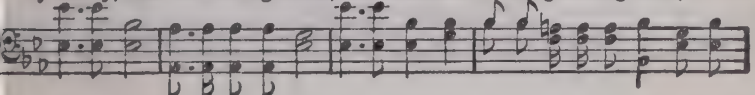
and we'll fol-low till we die, We will understand it bet-ter by and by.
and ac-cord-ing to His word We will understand it bet-ter by and by.
when we try to do our best, But will understand it bet-ter by and by.



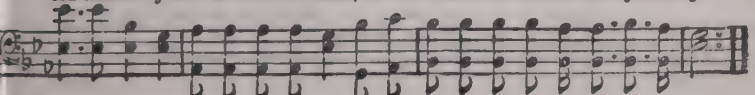
CHORUS.



By and by, when the morning comes, All the saints of God are gathering home, We will



tell the sto-ry how we've over-come, We will understand it bet-ter by and by.



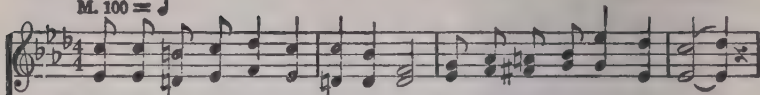
He Keeps Me Singing.

L. B. B.

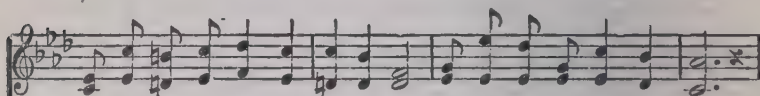
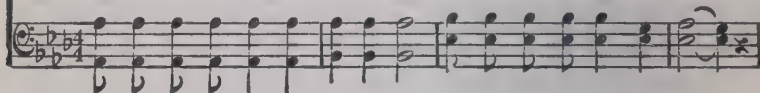
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY L. B. BRIDGERS.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

L. B. Bridgers.

M. 100 = ♩



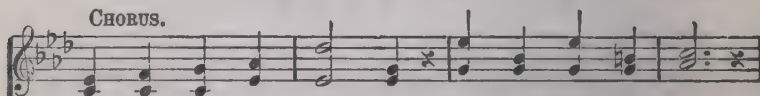
1. There's with-in my heart a mel-o - dy Je - sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho'sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star - ry sky;



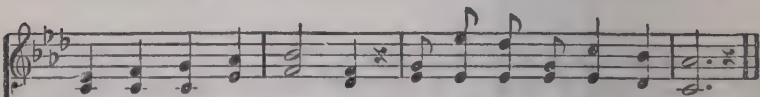
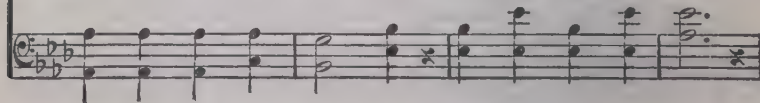
"Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still," In all of life's ebb and flow.
 Je - sus swept a-cross the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
 Al - ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
 Tho'sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
 I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.



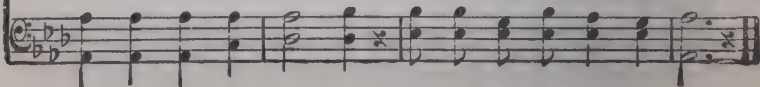
CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,



Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go.

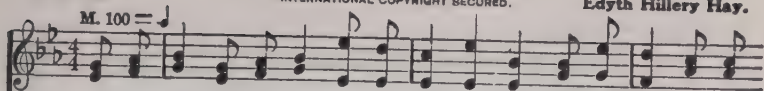


Jesus Waits.

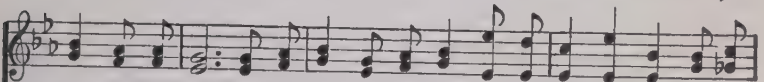
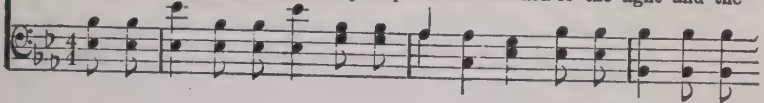
E. H. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1922, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

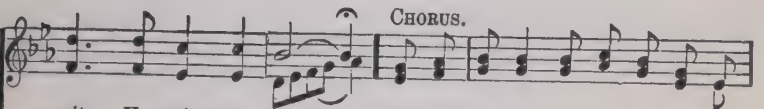
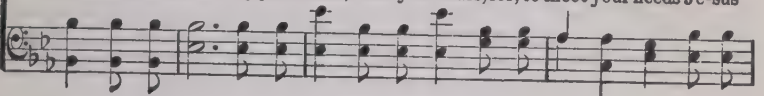
Edyth Hillery Hay.

M. 100 = 

1. When you come to the place where you need a friend, And you find those you've
2. When you feel left a-lone, and your sky turns gray, When the fu-ture looks
3. When a-lone in your sor-row your poor heart bleeds For the light and the



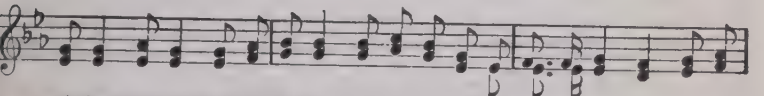
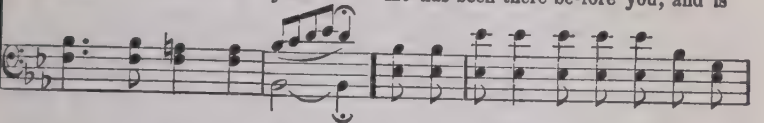
trust-ed un-true, Don't de-spair! for, to share in your load of care Je-sus
 hope-less to you; All dis-heart-ened, you say you're too weary to pray; Je-sus
 joy once you knew, Dry your tears, calm your fears, for, to meet your needs Je-sus



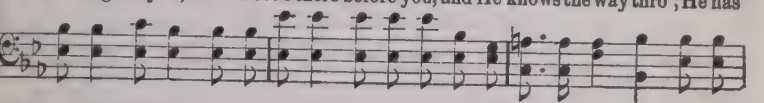
CHORUS.

waits, He waits for you.

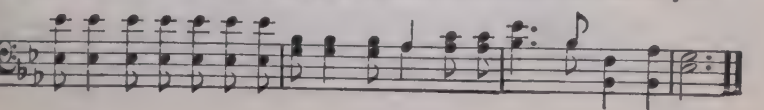
He has been there be-fore you, and is



wait-ing for you; He has been there before you, and He knows the way thro'; He has

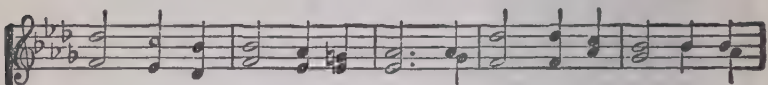
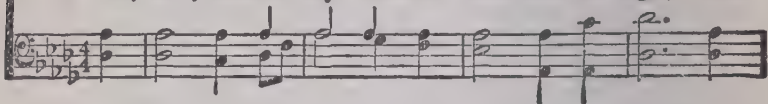


been there before you—you've a helper that's true; Je-sus waits, He waits for you.

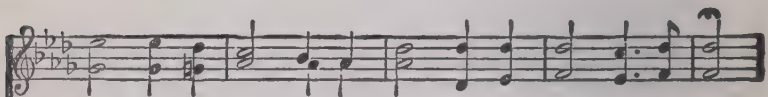
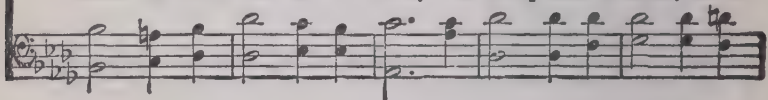




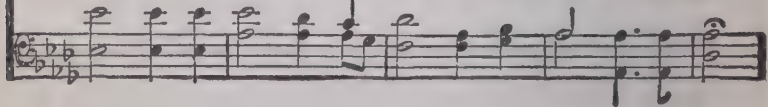
1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The



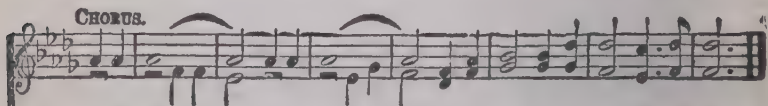
sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll, What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
 sin — not in part but the whole, — Is nailed to His cross, and I
 clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the



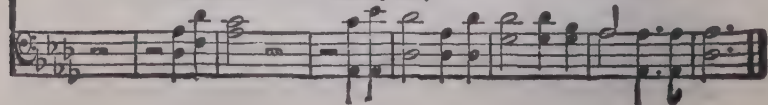
taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
 help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 Lord shall de - scend, — "E - ven so" — it is well with my soul.



CHORUS.

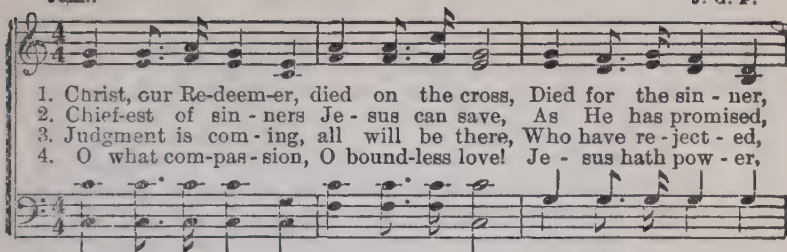


It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul!
 It is well with my soul,

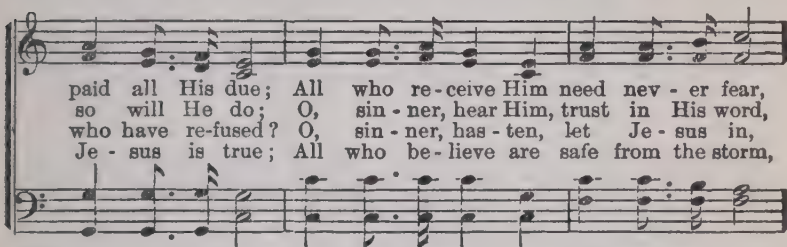


JOHN.

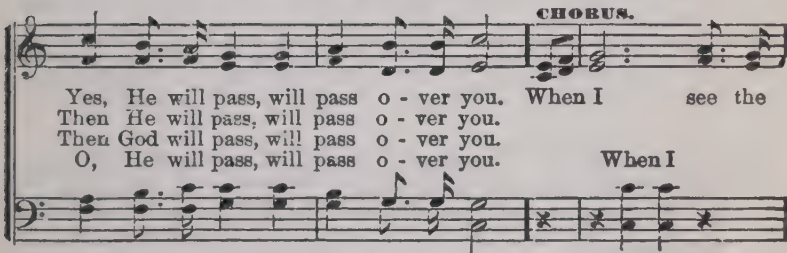
J. G. F.



1. Christ, our Re-deem-er, died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
 2. Chief-est of sin - ners Je - sus can save, As He has promised,
 3. Judgment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed,
 4. O what com-pas-sion, O bound-less love! Je - sus hath pow - er,

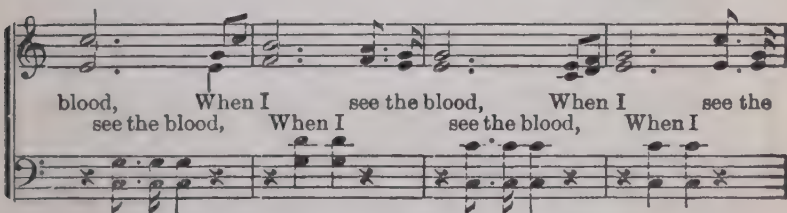


paid all His due; All who re-ceive Him need nev - er fear,
 so will He do; O, sin - ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
 who have re-fused? O, sin - ner, has - ten, let Je - sus in,
 Je - sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,

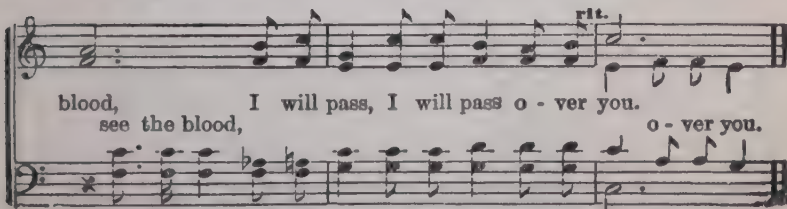


CHORUS.

Yes, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
 Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
 Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
 O, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I



blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

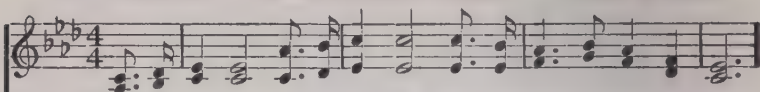


blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you. o - ver you.
 see the blood,

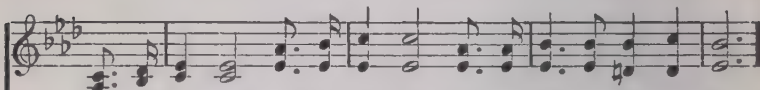
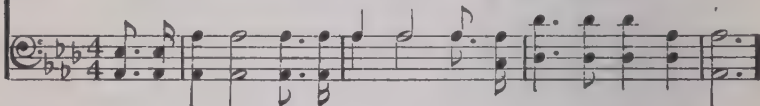
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY C. M. ALEXANDER.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Ada R. Habershon.

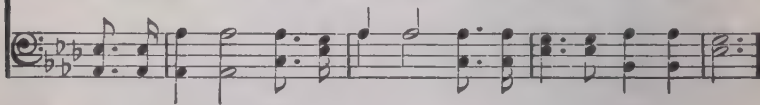
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. There are loved ones up in glo - ry Whose dear forms you oft - en miss;
2. In the joy - ous days of childhood, Oft they told of won-drous love,
3. You re-mem-ber songs of heav - en, Which you sang with child-ish voice;
4. You can pic-ture hap-py gath-'rings Round the fire - side long a - go,
5. One by one their seats were emptied, One by one they went a - way,



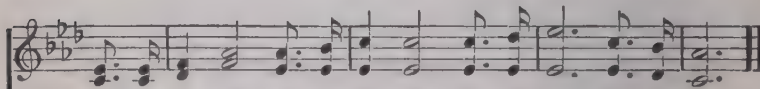
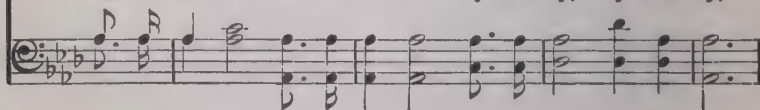
When you close your earth-ly sto - ry Will you join them in their bliss?
Point-ed to the dy - ing Sav - ior; Now they dwell with Him a - bove.
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
And you think of fear-ful part - ings, When they left you here be - low.
Now the fam - i - ly is part - ed, Will it be com-plete one day?



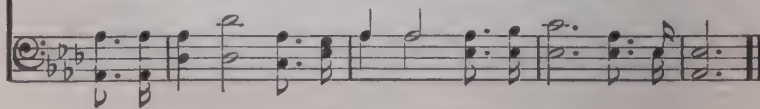
CHORUS.



Will the cir - cle be un - bro - ken By and by, by and by,



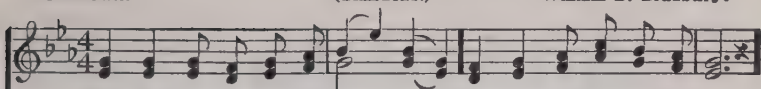
In a bet - ter home a - wait - ing In the sky, in the sky?



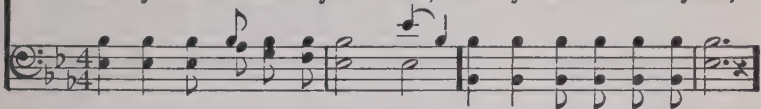
Unknown.

(BRADBURY.)

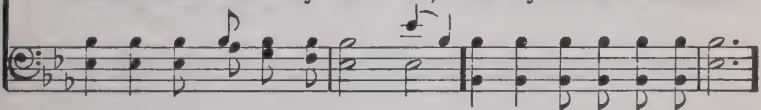
William B. Bradbury.



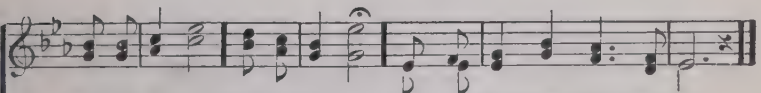
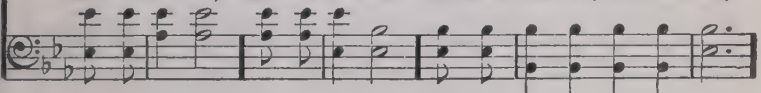
1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
2. We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the guard-ian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



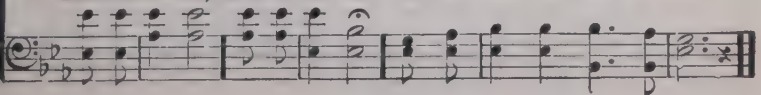
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go as-tray;
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
 Bless-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:



Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray,
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee,
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still,



Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast loved us, love us still.



No. 68. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103.

From Donizetti.



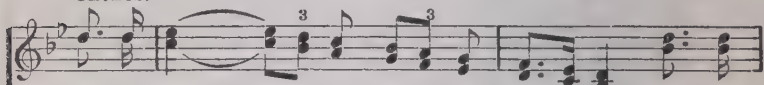
1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with-in.... me bless His name,
2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind,
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put.. a - way our sins;



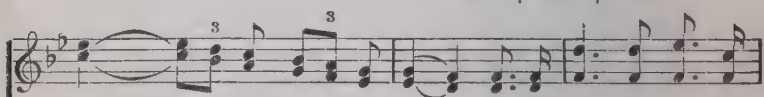
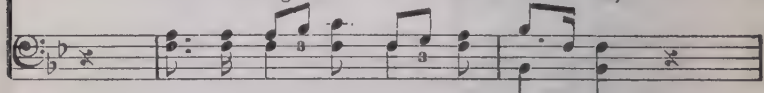
Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com - pas - sion been.



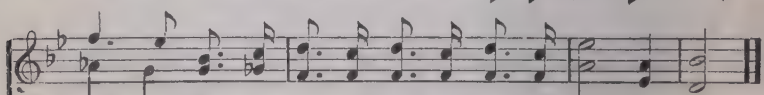
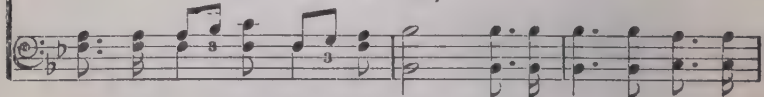
CHORUS.



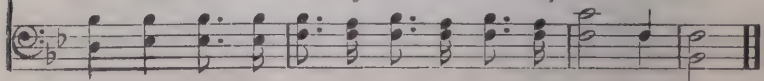
For as high..... as is the heav - en, Far a -
For as high as is the heav - en,



bove..... the earth be - low, Ev - er great to them that
Far a - bove the earth be - low,



fear Him Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.



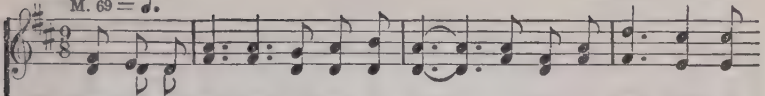
Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby.

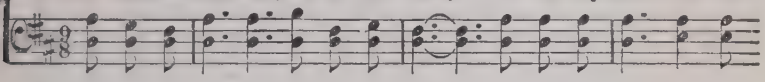
USED BY PERMISSION,

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

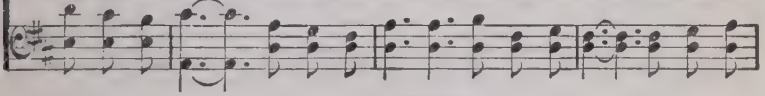
M. 69 = ♩.



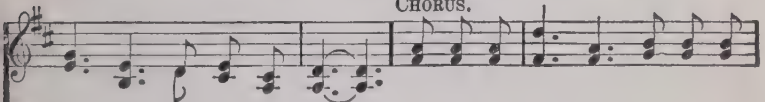
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am



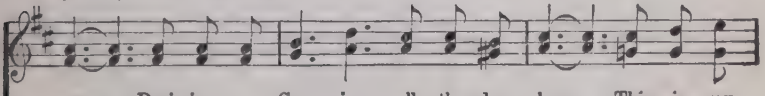
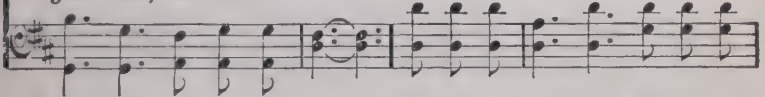
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight! An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His



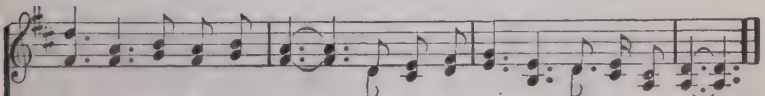
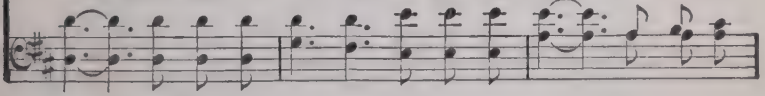
CHORUS.



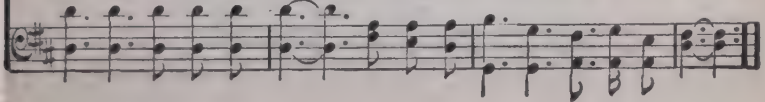
Spir-it, washed in His blood.
mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.



1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
 2. While we walk the pil-grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
 3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev-'ry day;
 4. On-ward to the prize be-fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be-hold;

In the man-sions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
 But when trav-'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
 Just one glimpse of Him in glo-ry Will the toils of life re-pay.
 Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
 for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to Heav - en, What a day of re-
 When we all What a

joic-ing that will be! When we all see
 day of re-joic-ing that will be! When we all

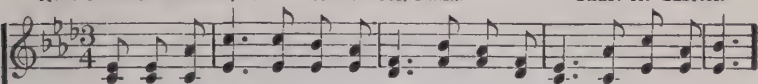
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
 shout, and shout the vic - to - ry.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

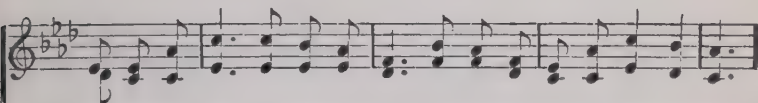
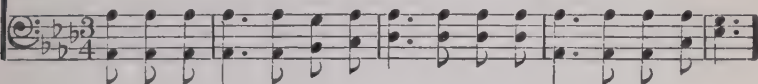
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

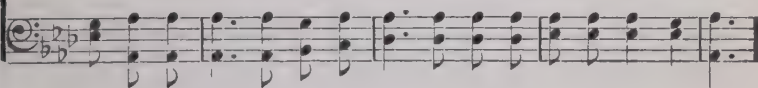
Chas. H. Gabriel.



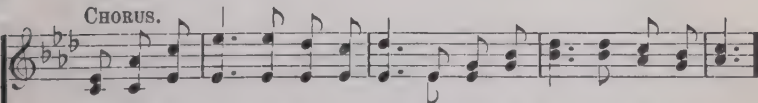
1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



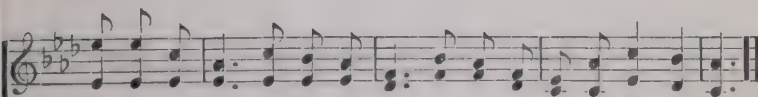
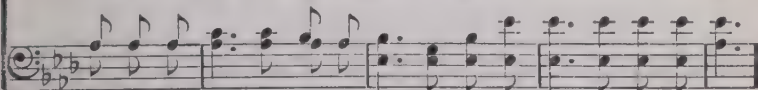
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



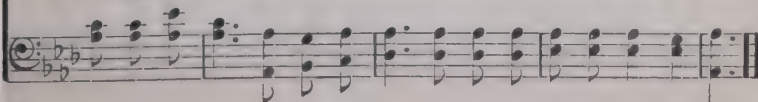
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta-ble-land;



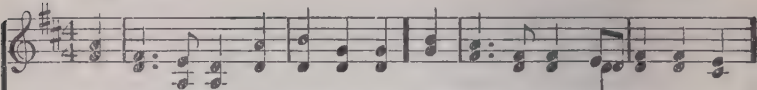
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.



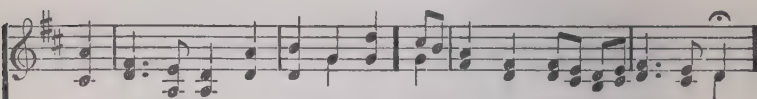
USED BY PERMISSION OF BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Joseph H. Gilmore.

William B. Bradbury.



1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,



What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
 Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.



REFRAIN.



He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;



His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me. A-MEN.



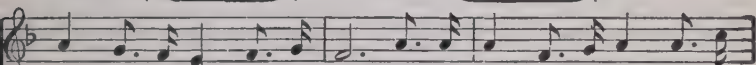
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.
Duet. *Ad lib.*

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO.

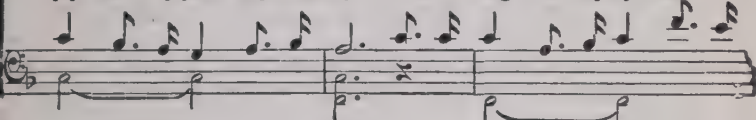
Grant Colfax Tullar.



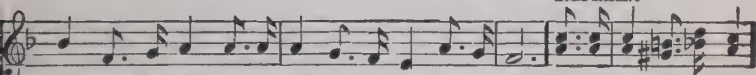
1. There was One who was will - ing to die in my stead, That a
2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He
3. I will cling to my Sav - ior and nev - er de - part— I will



soul so un - worth - y might live, And the path to the cross He was
cleans - es my heart of the dross, But "there's no con - dem - na - tion"—I
joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

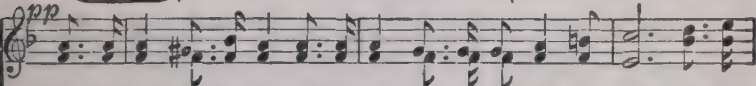
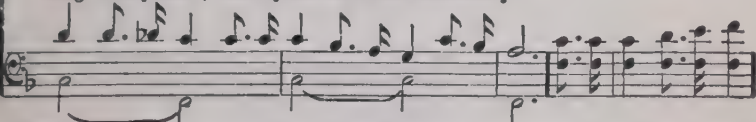


REFRAIN.



will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for - give.

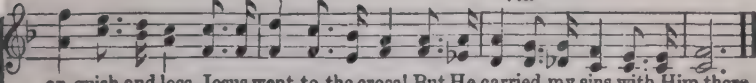
know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross. They are nail'd to the cross,
song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away.



They are nail'd to the cross, O how much He was will - ing to bear! With what



rit.



an - guish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.



Isaac Watts.

Arranged.



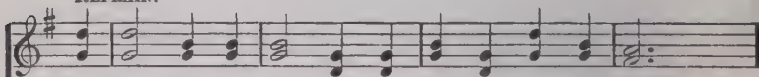
1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart—in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.



REFRAIN.



He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know (I know);



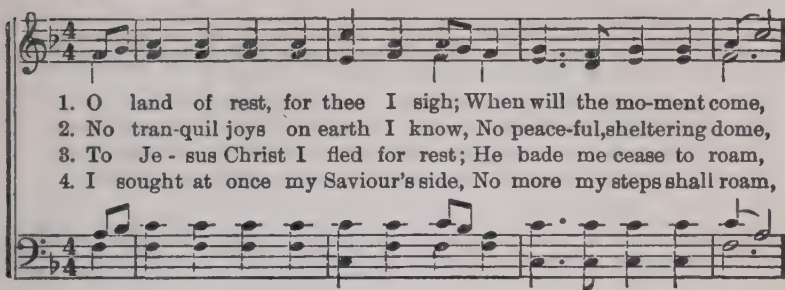
He gave Him - self to die for me, Be - cause He loved me so.



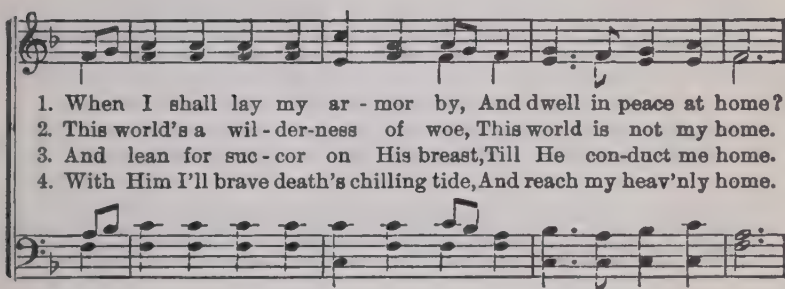
"Thy work shall be rewarded."—JER. 31: 16.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.

Dr. Wm. Miller.

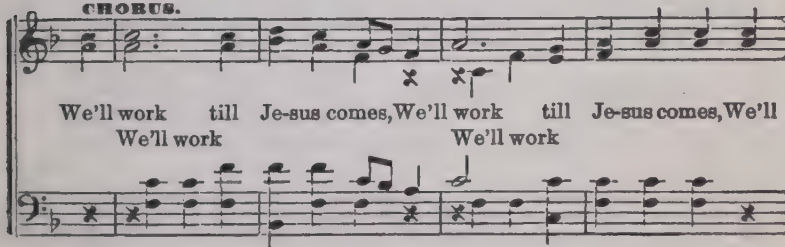


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering dome,
 3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam,

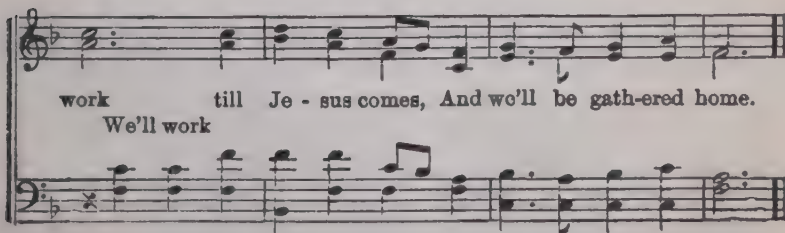


1. When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
 2. This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 3. And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con - duct me home.
 4. With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

CHORUS.



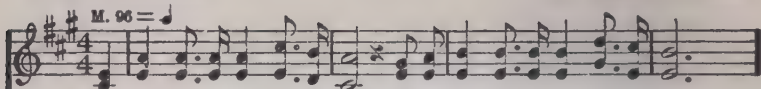
We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll
 We'll work We'll work



work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
 We'll work

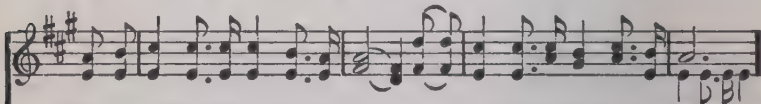
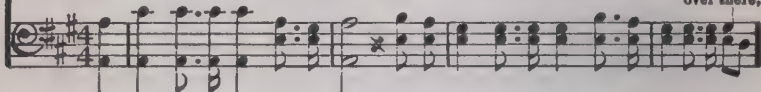
D. W. C. Huntington.

Tullius C. O'Kane.

M. 96 = 

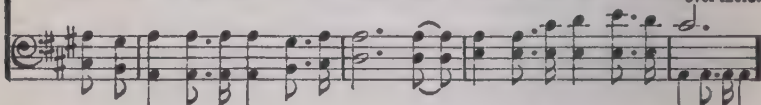
1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light,
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest,
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;

over there,



Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God.
 Then a-way from my sor-row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Man - y dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.

over there.



REFRAIN.



O-ver there, o - ver there,

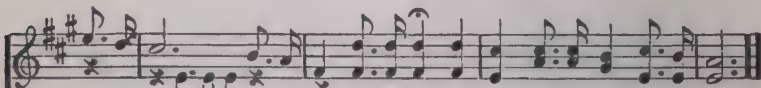
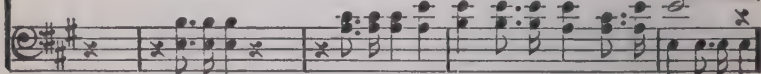
O think of the home o-ver there;

O think of the friends o-ver there;

My Sav-ior is now o-ver there;

Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there;

over there;



O-ver there,

o-ver there, o-ver there,

O think of the home o-ver there.

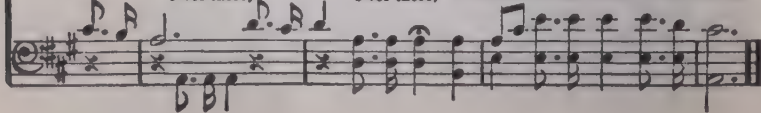
O think of the friends o-ver there.

My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.

I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

O-ver there,

o-ver there,



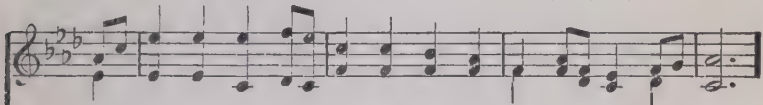
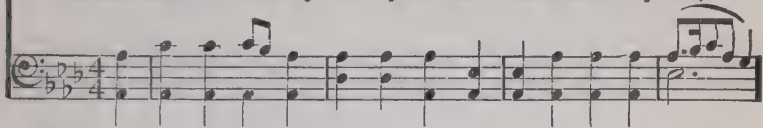
No. 77. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts.

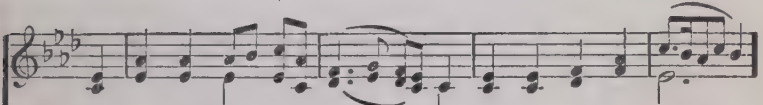
J. C. Lowry.



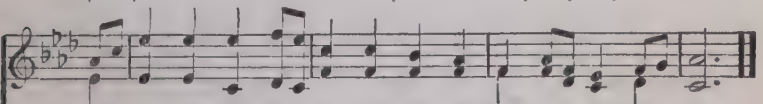
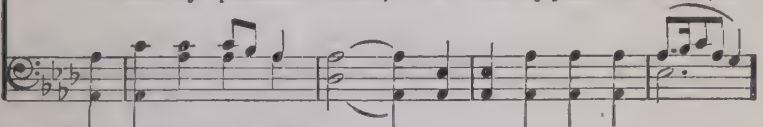
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a-against my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,
3. Let cares, like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor-row fall!
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest,



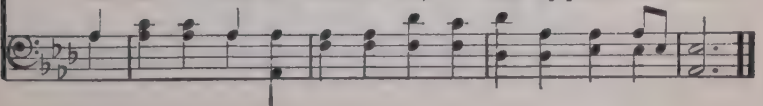
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll, A - cross my peace-ful breast.



And wipe my weep-ing eyes,.... And wipe my weep-ing eyes,....
And face a frown-ing world,... And face a frown-ing world,...
My God, my Heav'n, my all,..... My God, my Heav'n, my all,.....
A - cross my peace-ful breast, .. A - cross my peace-ful breast,...



I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll, A - cross my peace-ful breast.



FROM "SILVER TONES" USED BY PER.
REV. W. A. WILLIAMS, PHILADELPHIA

W. A. Williams.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were
 2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour - age
 4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Afric's sand and Greenland's
 5. I dreamed that hoar - y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their
 6. Then come to Christ, O come to - day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it

there, Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er
 head, Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as
 shake, Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was
 snow, To save from Sa - tan's thrall: Nor home nor life he count - ed
 dead, A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ran - som'd
 say; The Bride repeats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt - y

whence Her help - less wid - ow - hood's de - fence, She told me, "Christ was all."
 May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
 giv'n - He look'd tri - umph - ant - ly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
 dear, Midst wants and per - ils owned no fear, He felt that, "Christ is all."
 throng, I heard the bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
 stains, His love will soothe your wea - ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."

Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ was all."
 Christ is all, all in all, He whispered, "Christ is all."
 Christ is all, all in all, And answered, "Christ is all."
 Christ is all, all in all, He felt that "Christ is all."
 Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
 Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."

Crossing the Bar!

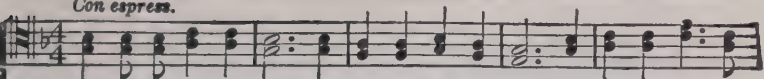
MALE CHORUS OR QUARTET.

Alfred Tennyson.

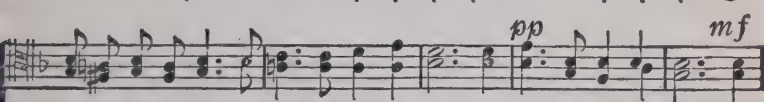
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

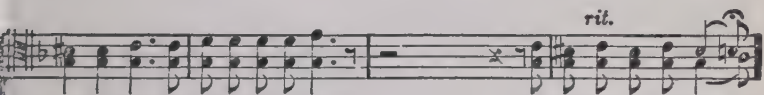
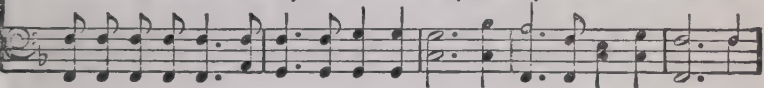
Con espress.



1. Sun-set and eve-ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no
2. Twilight and eve-ning bell, And aft-er that the dark! And may there be no

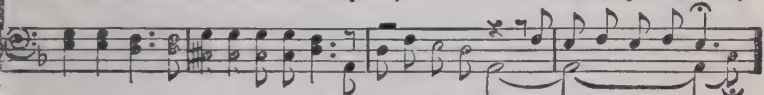


moaning of the bar When I put out to sea, When I put out to sea. But
sad-ness of farewell When I, when I em-bark, When I, when I em-bark. For



such a tide as moving seems asleep,
tho' from out our bourne of time and place,

Too full for sound and foam,
The flood may bear me far;

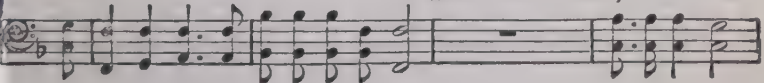


Too full for sound and foam,.....
The flood may bear me far,



When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
I hope to see my Pi-lot face to face,

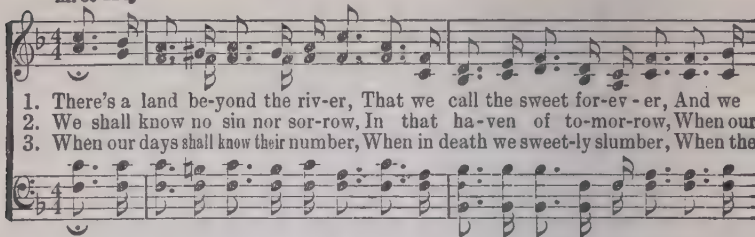
Turns a-gain home,
When I have crossed,
Turns a-gain home,.....
When I have crossed,.....



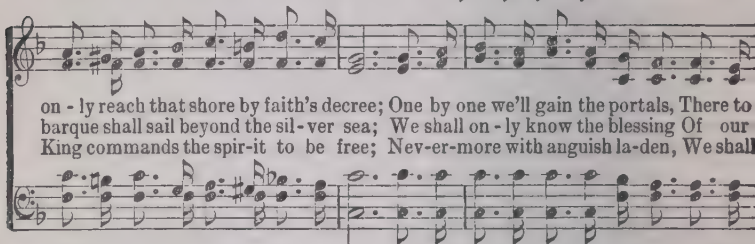
Turns a - gain home, Turns a - gain home, Turns a - gain home.
When I have crossed, When I have crossed, crossed the bar.



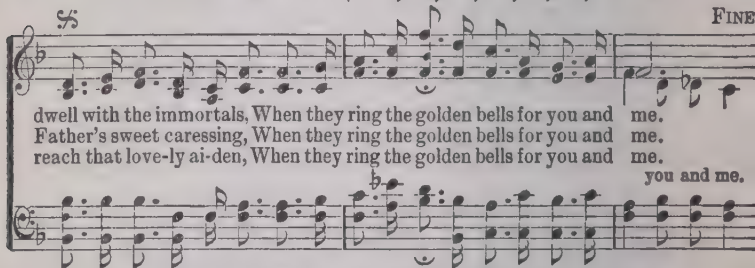
M. 80 = ♩



1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweet-ly slumber, When the



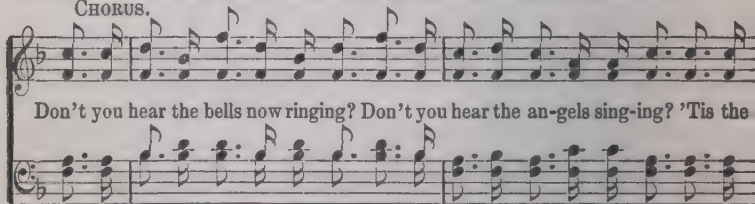
on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall



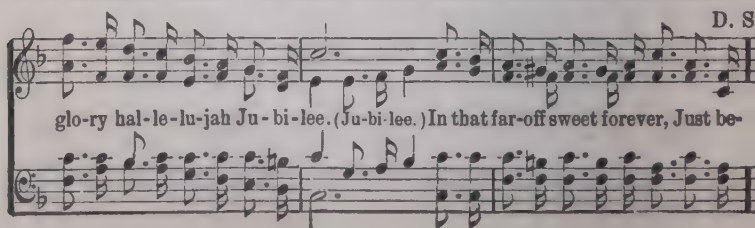
dwel with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Father's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.

D.S.—yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

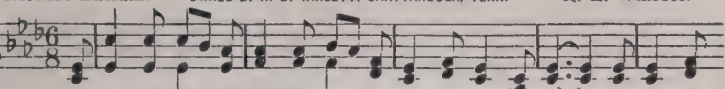
CHORUS.



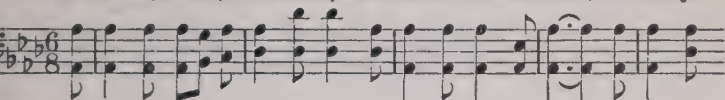
Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the



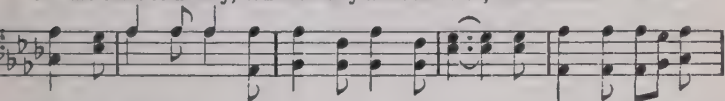
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-



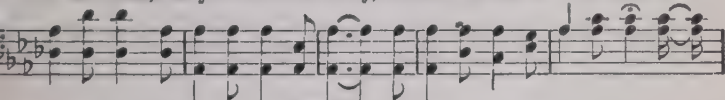
1. I hope to live till Je-sus comes Back to this earth a-gain, And catches
2. It may be at the midnight hour, The still hush of the night, While we so
3. Some say 'tis all an i - dle dream, Some vain de-lu-sion rare, To look for
4. So farewell, friends, if we should part On earth to meet no more, I'll meet you



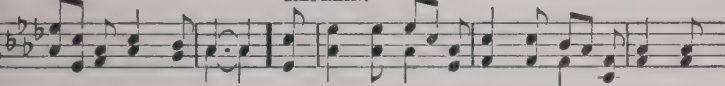
up His cho-sen Bride A thou-sand years to reign; But should I die be-
sound-ly sleep in peace, There bursts the warning light; It may be in the
Je - sus soon to come, They say 'tis Sa-tan's snare; The Bi - ble said these
in the skies some day, When earthly trials are o'er; And should I die be-



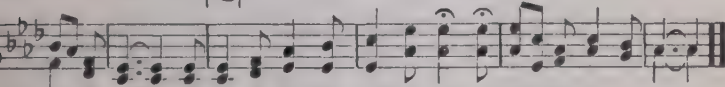
fore that time, I know the empty clay Shall be caught up to meet the Lord, And I'll
ear - ly morn, Or at the bright mid-day, But tho' at morning, noon or night, I'll
scoff-ers would These very same things say; No matter what the world declares, I'll
fore that time, And you're alive that day, Just look for me for I in - tend To



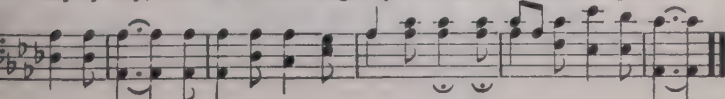
REFRAIN.



be there an - y - way. O! praise the Lord for this great hope, That cheers me



day by day, For if I'm not caught up a - live I'll be there an - y - way.



1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burn-ing
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear the
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to

sun-shine that I, in peace a-bide; But this one thing I know— if
des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him— con-
fol-low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or

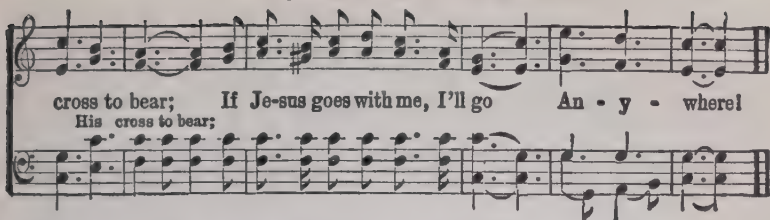
it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an-y-where!
wheth-er here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-ior, con-tent an-y-where!

CHORUS.

If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go... An-y-where! 'Tis heav-en to me, When
I'll go

e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here... His
His cross, Hi

If Jesus Goes With Me.



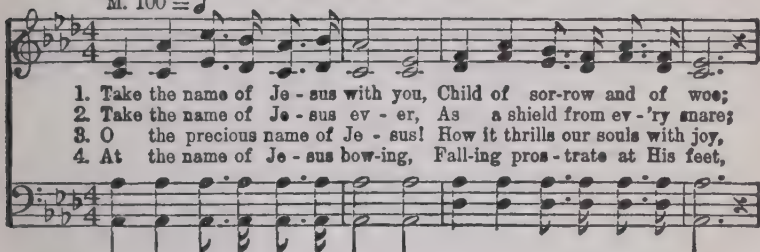
cross to bear; If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where!
His cross to bear;

No. 83. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

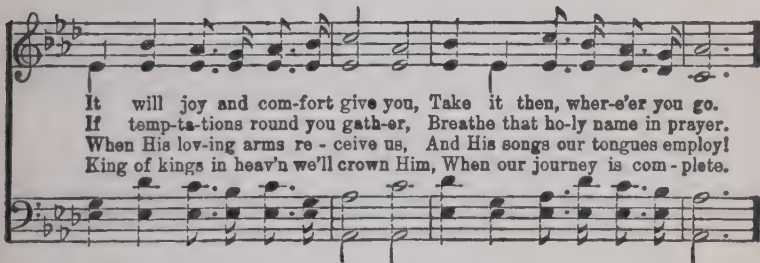
Mrs. Lillian Baxter.
M. 100 = 

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Renewal.

W. H. Doane.

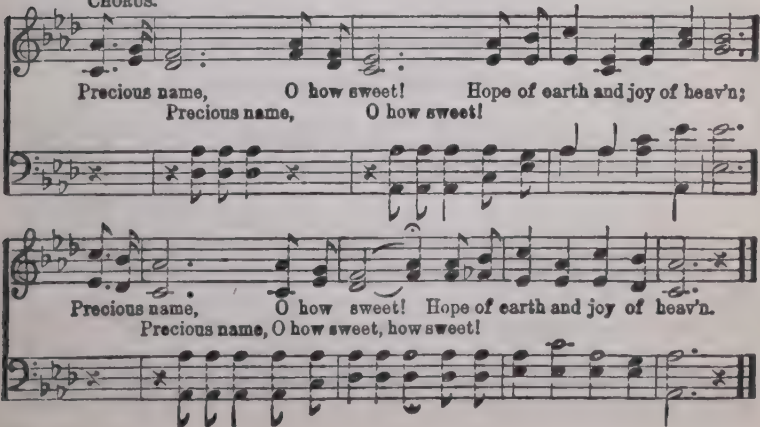


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros - trate at His feet,



It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-tations round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is com-plete.

CHORUS.



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

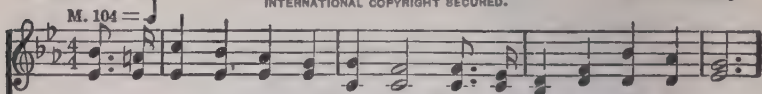
No. 84. Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.

E. E. Hewitt.

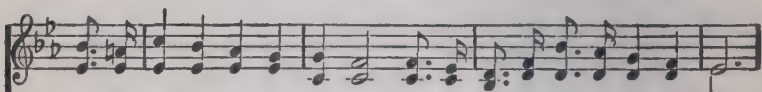
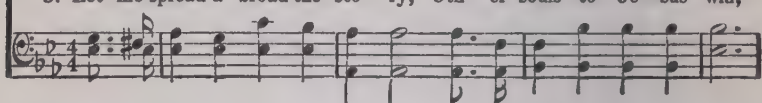
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

B. D. Ackley.

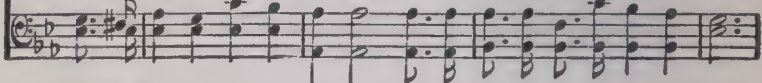
M. 104 = 



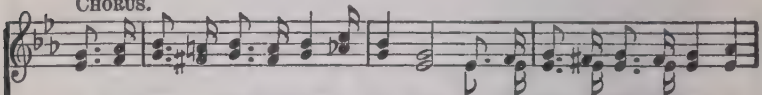
1. Once my way was dark and drear - y, For my heart was full of sin,
2. There is grace for all the low - ly, Grace to keep the trust-ing soul;
3. Let me spread a-broad the sto - ry, Oth - er souls to Je - sus win;




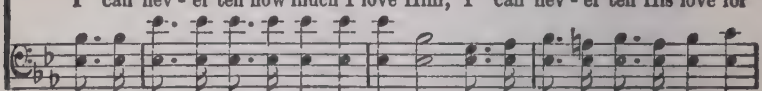
But the sky is bright and cheer-y, Since the full-ness of His love came in.
Pow'r to cleanse and make me ho-ly, Je - sus shall my yielded life con-trol.
For the cross is now my glo - ry, Since the full-ness of His love came in.



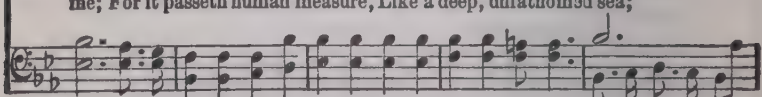
CHORUS.



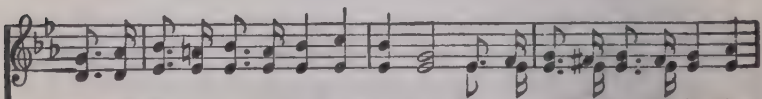
I can nev - er tell how much I love Him, I can nev - er tell His love for



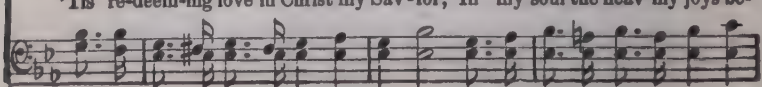
me; For it passeth human measure, Like a deep, unfathomed sea;



deep, unfathomed sea;



'Tis re-deem-ing love in Christ my Sav-ior, In my soul the heav'nly joys be-



Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.

gin; And I live for Je-sus on - ly, Since the full-ness of His love came in.

No. 85. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. RENEWAL.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Snead.

HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je-sus, Sav-ior, Friend;

Just to rest up-on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.
 Just from Je-sus sim-ply tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

C. A. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY HALL-MACK CO.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
 2. Far be - low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
 3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a - harm me, I am safe-ly
 4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion; Hear-ing now His

sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
 bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand; Safe am I with - in the cas-tle
 shel-ter'd here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
 bless - ed voice, I see the way He plann'd; Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I

vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
 of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth-ing there can reach me - 'tis Beu - lah Land.
 Here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
 learn of full sal - va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu - lah Land.

CHORUS.

I'm liv - ing on the moun-tain, un - der-neath a cloud-less sky; I'm
 Praise God!

drink-ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry; O yes! I'm feast-ing on the

Dwelling in Beulah Land.

man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beu-lah Land.

No. 87.

More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a-bout Je - sus I would know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding com-mun-ion with my Lord,
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;

More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

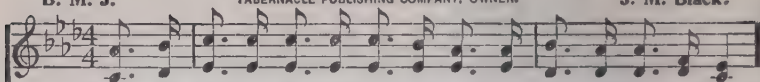
More, more a-bout Je - sus, More, more a-bout Je - sus;
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

No. 88. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

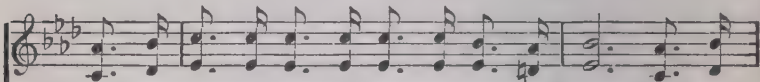
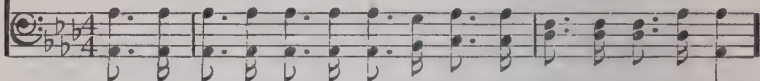
B. M. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1921. RENEWAL BY JAMES M. BLACK.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

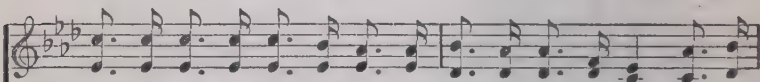
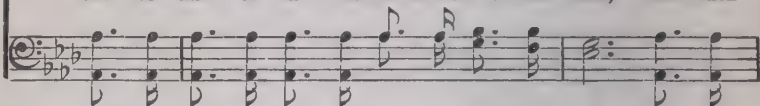
J. M. Black.



1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and-time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set-ting sun,



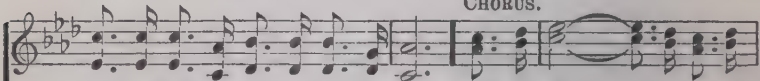
And the morn-ing breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the
And the glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; When His
Let us talk of all His won-drous love and care; Then when



saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the
chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the
all of life is o-ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

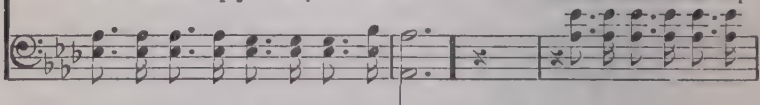


CHORUS.

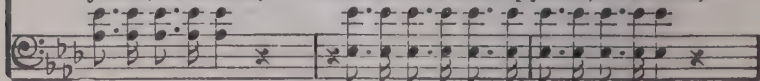


roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

When the roll is called up

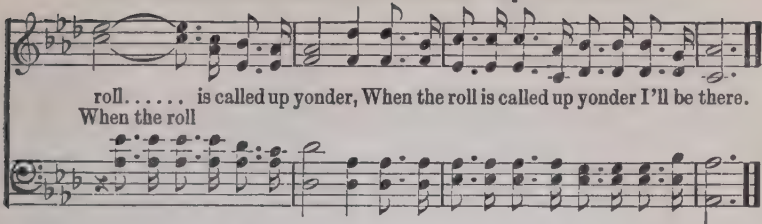


yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up yon - der, When the
yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,



When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

roll. is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.
When the roll



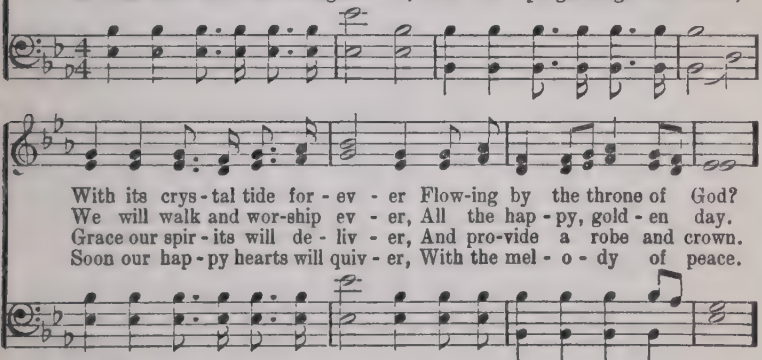
No. 89. Shall We Gather at the River.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

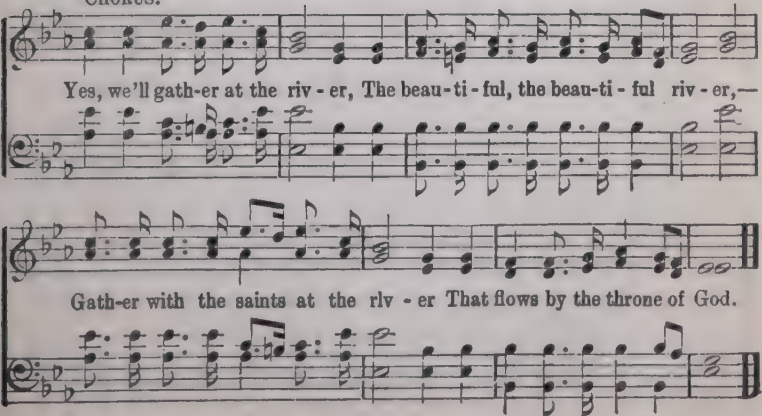


With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap-py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv - er, With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er, —

Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.



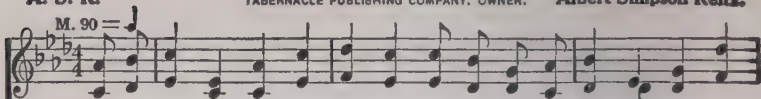
90. 'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me.

A. S. R.

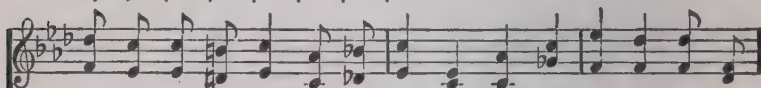
COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ARTHUR W. MCKEE.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

Albert Simpson Reitz.

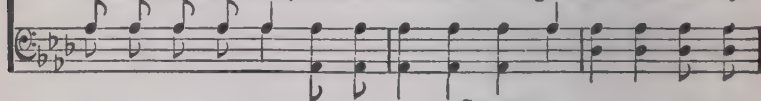
M. 90 = 



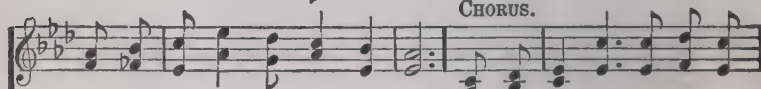
1. I was lost in sin when Je - sus found me, But He res - cued me, all
2. O the bells of heav - en now are ring - ing, For I hear their tones with -
3. O the joy when we shall meet in glo - ry, In the man - sions of my



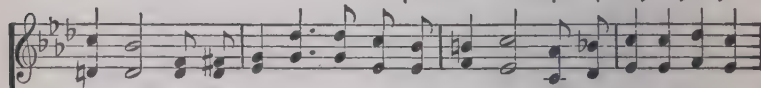
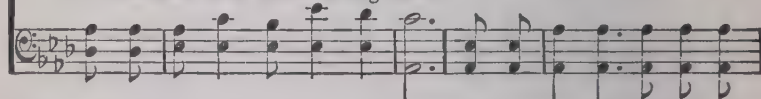
glo - ry to His name! And the cords of world - ly pleas - ure bound me,
in my ran - somed soul, And my heart is filled with joy - ful sing - ing
Fa - ther's home a - bove; And thro' end - less a - ges tell the sto - ry



CHORUS.



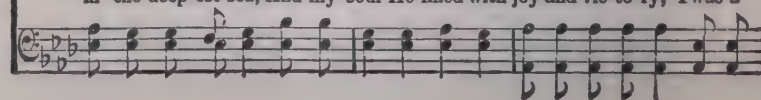
Till He saved me from sin and shame.
Since the Sav - ior hath made me whole. 'Twas a glad day when Je - sus
Of the Sav - ior's re - deem - ing love.



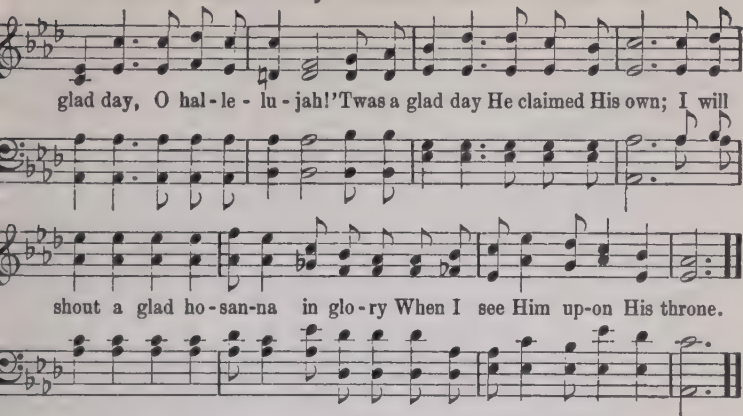
found me, When His strong arms were thrown around me; When my sins He buried



in the deep - est sea, And my soul He filled with joy and vic - to - ry, 'Twas a



'Twas a Glad Day When Jesus Found Me.



glad day, O hal - le - lu - jah! 'Twas a glad day He claimed His own; I will
shout a glad ho-san-na in glo-ry When I see Him up-on His throne.

No. 91. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. Gordon.

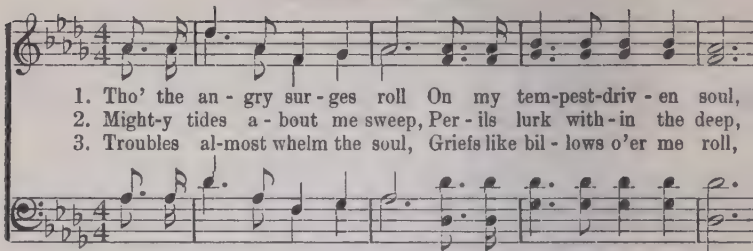


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a -
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

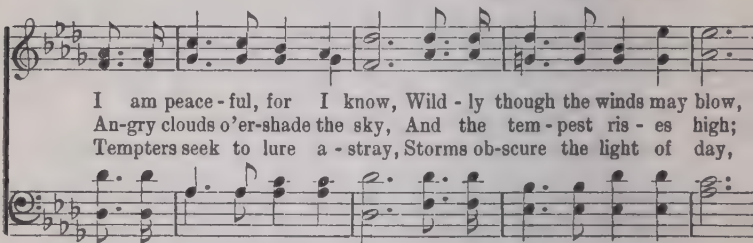
W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY D. B. TOWNER.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

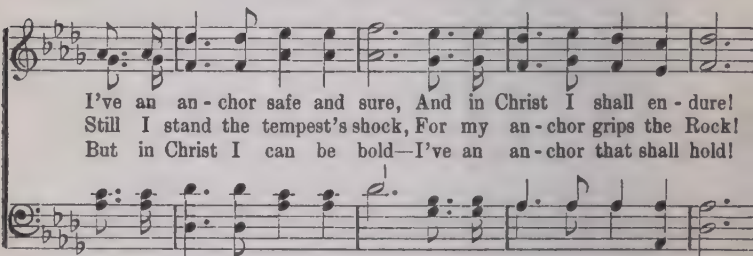
D. B. Towner.



1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem-pest-driv - en soul,
2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
3. Troubles al-most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll,

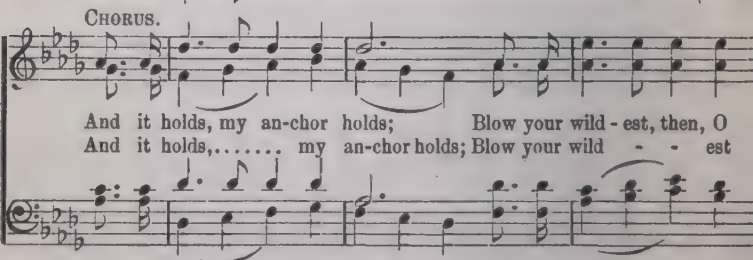


I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms ob-scure the light of day,

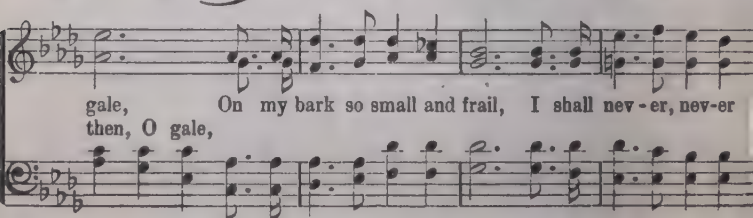


I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure!
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock!
But in Christ I can be bold—I've an an - chor that shall hold!

CHORUS.

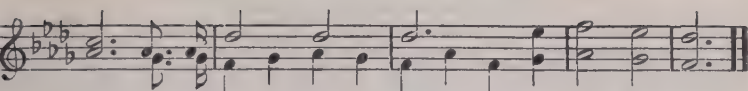


And it holds, my an-chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
And it holds,..... my an-chor holds; Blow your wild - - est

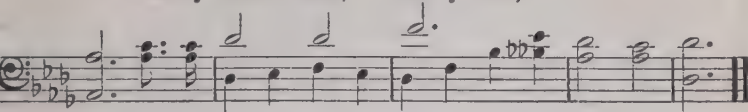


gale, On my bark so small and frail, I shall nev - er, nev - er
then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds.



fail; For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds!
For my an-chor holds, it firm - ly holds,



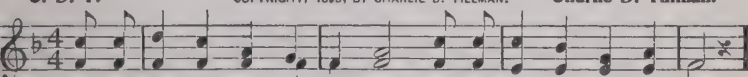
No. 93.

Old-Time Power.

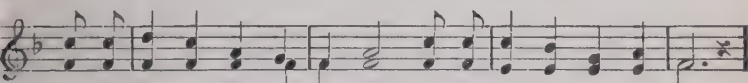
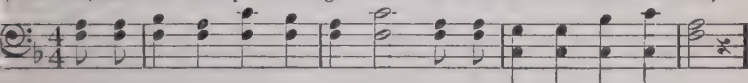
C. D. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

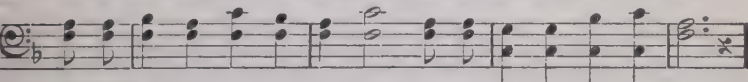
Charlie D. Tillman.



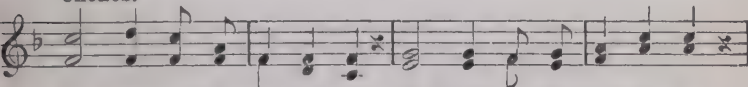
1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-scend-ed, With the sound of rush-ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old-time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa-thers who were true;



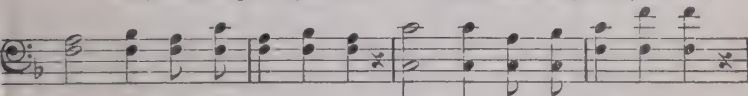
When the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend - ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom-ised to be-liev - ers, And we all may have it too.



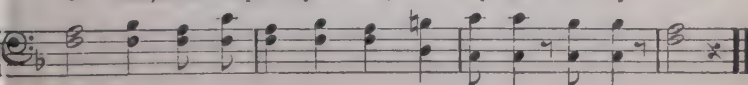
CHORUS.



O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now,



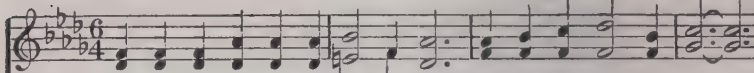
O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap-tize ev - 'ry one.



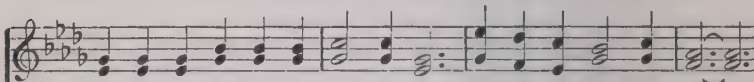
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.

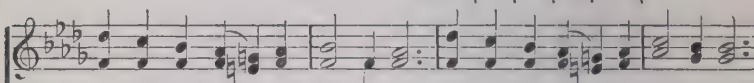
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



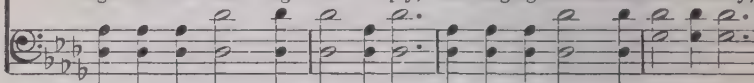
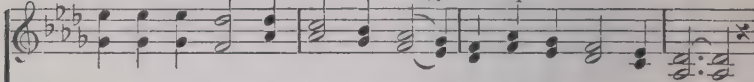
1. Je - sus is com - ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's do - min - ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faithful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?



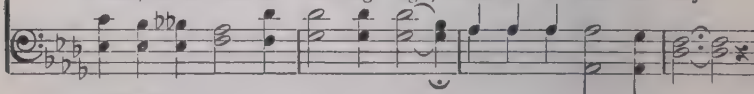
Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh - ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watch - ing in glad - ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?



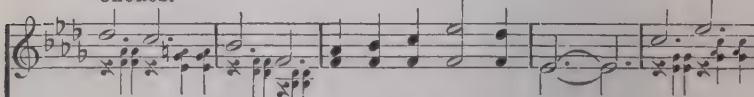
Com - ing to claim His cho - sen Bride, All the re - deemed and pu - ri - fied,
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morning light breaks in east - ern sky,

*rit. a tempo.*

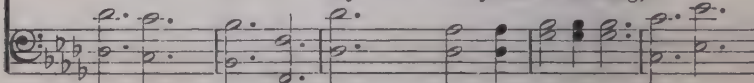
O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide, What if it were to - day?
When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry!
Joy to my heart 'twill bring;



What If It Were To-day?

glo - ry! When we shall crown Him King; Glo - ry, glo - ry!
When we shall crown Him King;

ritard.

Haste to prepare the way; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Jesus will come some day.
Haste to prepare the way;

No. 95. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart.

Arranged.

2. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;
3. Come, ye thirst - y, come, and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;

CHO.—I will a - rise ana go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

D. C. for Chorus.

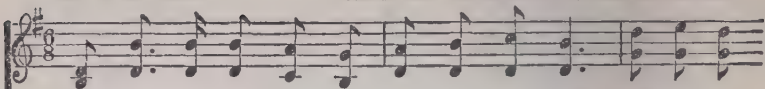
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there are ten thou - sand charms.

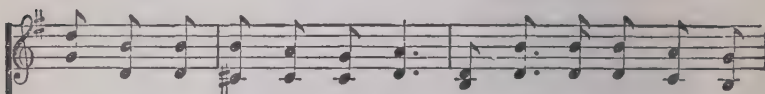
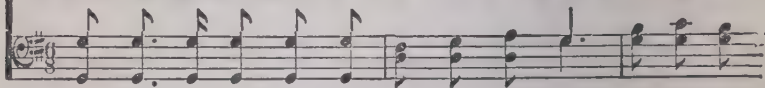
Rev. E. S. Ufford.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

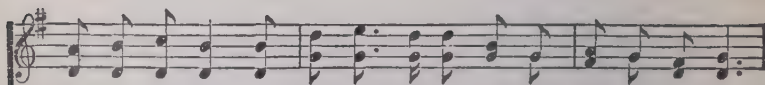
USED BY PER. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.



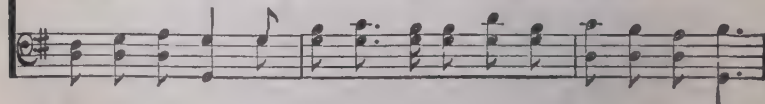
1. Throw out the Life - Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a
2. Throw out the Life - Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you
3. Throw out the Life - Line to dan - ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they



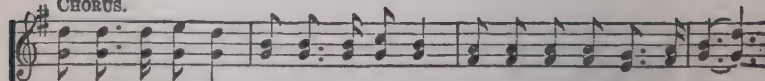
broth - er whom some one should save; Some - bod - y's broth - er! oh,
 tar - ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing, oh,
 an - guish where you've nev - er been; Winds of temp - ta - tion and
 drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore; Haste, then, my broth - er, no



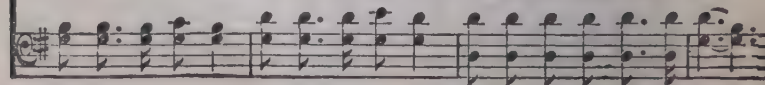
who then, will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
 hast - en to - day And out with the Life-Boat, a - way, then, a - way!
 bil - lows of wee, Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
 time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.



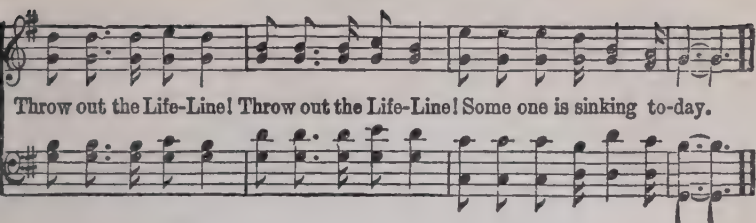
CHORUS.



Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift - ing a - way;



Throw Out the Life-Line.

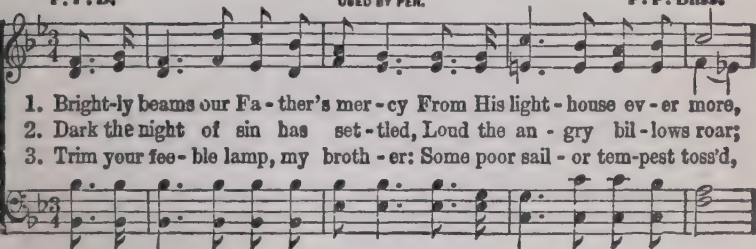


No. 97. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

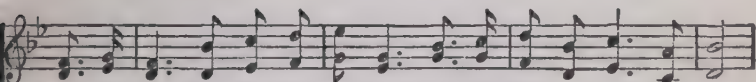
P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. Bliss.



1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest toss'd,



But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.



CHORUS.



Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!



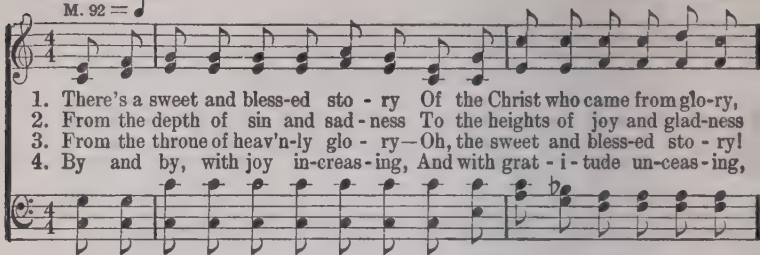
Some poor faint-ing struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.



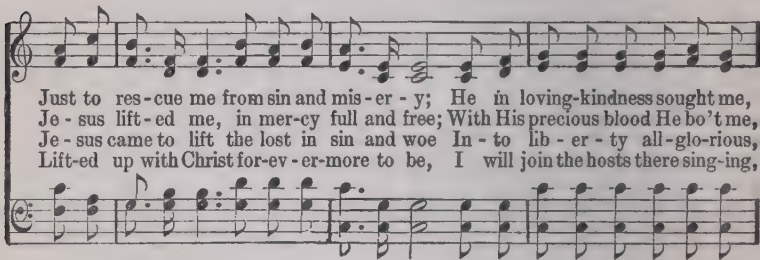
Julia H. Johnston.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. HAMMONTREE.

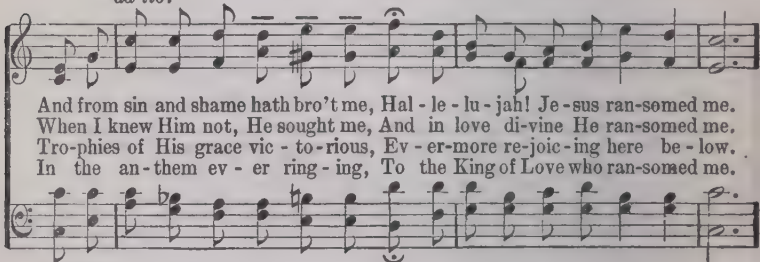
J. W. Henderson.

M. 92 = 


1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto - ry Of the Christ who came from glo-ry,
2. From the depth of sin and sad-ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo - ry—Oh, the sweet and bless-ed sto - ry!
4. By and by, with joy in-creas-ing, And with grat - i - tude un-ceas-ing,

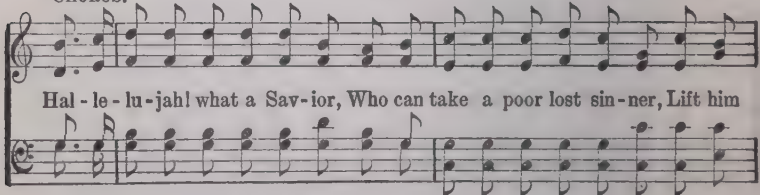


Just to res-cue me from sin and mis-er - y; He in loving-kindness sought me,
 Je - sus lift-ed me, in mer-cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
 Je - sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In - to lib - er - ty all-glo-rious,
 Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev - er-more to be, I will join the hosts there sing-ing,

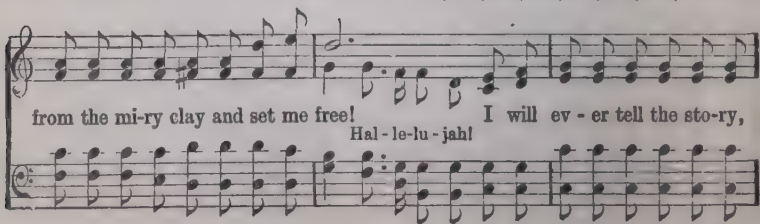
ad lib.


And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran-somed me.
 When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ran-somed me.
 Tro-phies of His grace vic - to - rious, Ev - er-more re-joic-ing here be - low.
 In the an-them ev - er ring - ing, To the King of Love who ran-somed me.

CHORUS.



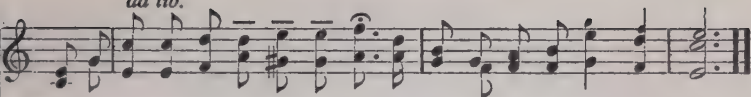
Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior, Who can take a poor lost sin - ner, Lift him



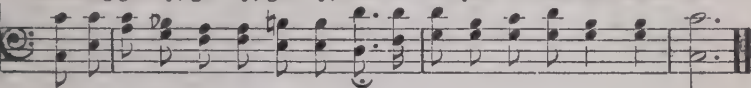
from the mi-ry clay and set me free! I will ev - er tell the sto-ry,
 Hal - le - lu - jah!

He Ransomed Me.

ad lib.



Shout-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus ran-somed me.

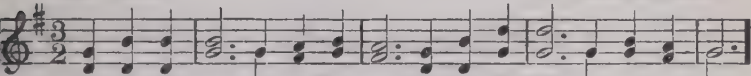


No. 99.

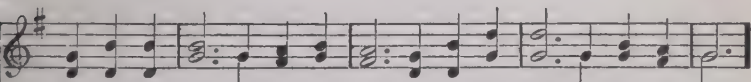
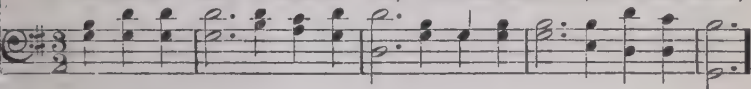
My Heavenly Home.

William Hunter.

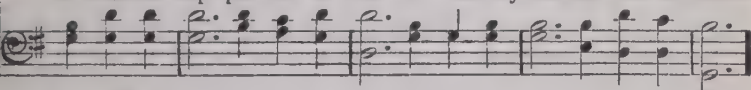
Arr. William McDonald.



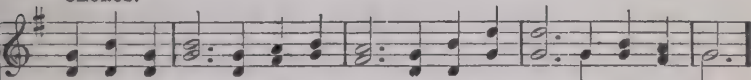
1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there;
2. My Fa-ther's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky;
3. While here a stran-ger far from home, Af-flic-tion's waves may round me foam;
4. Let oth-ers seek a home be-low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;



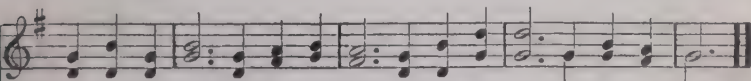
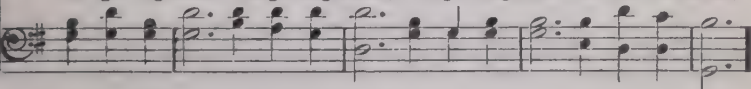
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine.
When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That heav'nly man-sion mine shall be.
Al-tho', like Laz-arus, sick and poor, My heav'nly man-sion is se-cure.
Be mine the hap-pier lot to own A heav'nly man-sion near the throne.



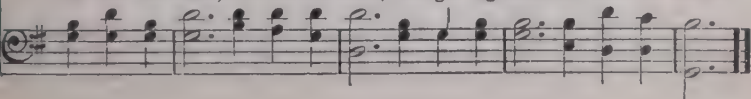
CHORUS.



I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more;



To die no more, To die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.



No. 100. Sweeter As the Years Go By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me When I was lost in sin, Of won-drous
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's pathway long a - go; The peo - ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss - To bear with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a - gain, Of heights and depths of
thronged a - bout Him, His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro - ken -
out a mur - mur The an - guish of the cross. With saints re - deemed in

mer - cy Far deep - er than the sea, And high - er than the heav - ens My
heart - ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo - ry, Let us our voic - es raise, Till heav'n and earth re - ech - o With

CHORUS.

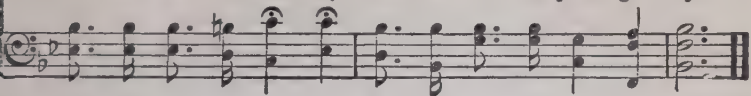
theme shall ev - er be: Sweet - er as the years go by,.....
love for e - ven me.
our Re - deem - er's praise. Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis

Sweet - er as the years go by; Rich - er, full - er, deep - er,
sweet - er as the years go by;

Sweeter As the Years Go By.



Je - sus' love is sweet - er, Sweet - er as the years go by.

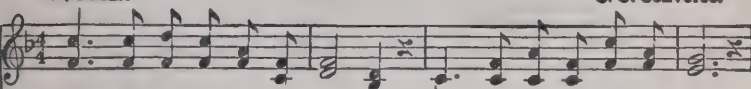


No. 101.

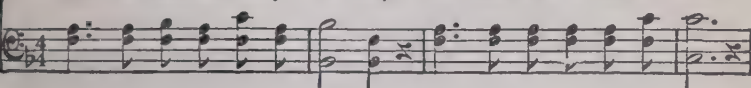
What a Friend,

H. Bonar.

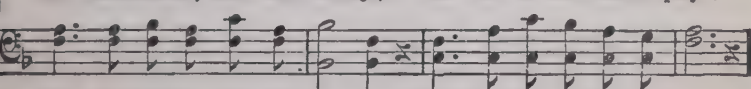
C. C. Converse.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?—



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



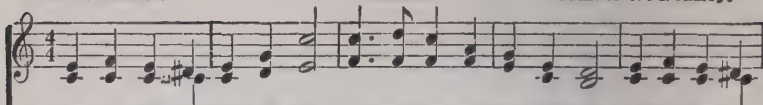
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,



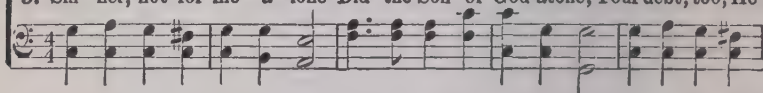
M. S. Shaffer.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS."

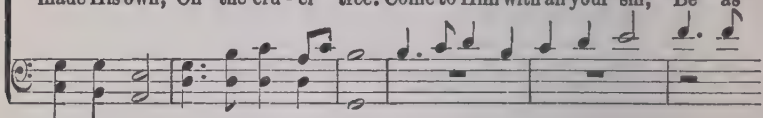
Samuel W. Beazley.



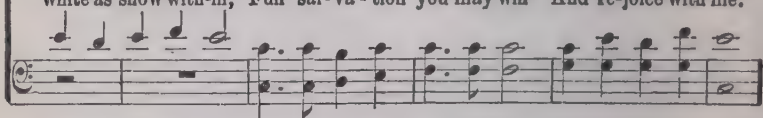
1. Gone is all my debt of sin, A great change is bro't with-in, And to live I
 2. Oh, I hope to please Him now, Light of joy is on my brow, As at His dear
 3. Sin-ner, not for me a-lone Did the Son of God atone; Your debt, too, He



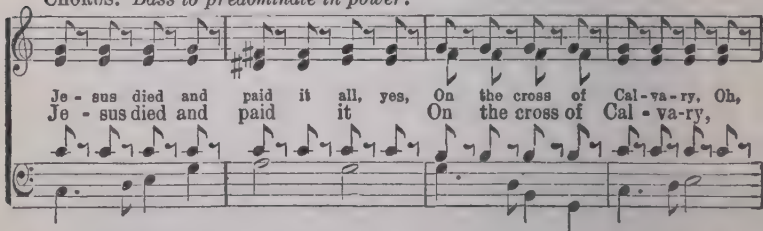
now be-gin, Ris-en from the fall; Yet the debt I did not pay—Some one
 feet I bow, Safe with-in His love. Making His the debt I owed, Free-dom
 made His own, On the cru-el tree. Come to Him with all your sin; Be as



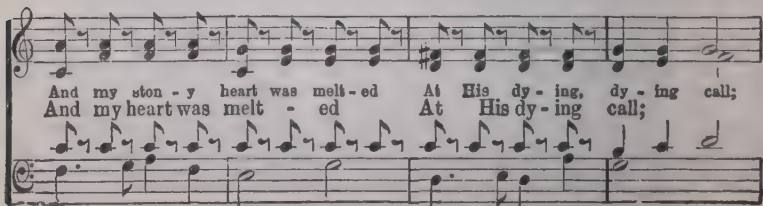
died for me one day, Sweeping all the debt a-way, —Je-sus paid it all.
 true He has bestowed; So I'm sing-ing on the road To my home a-bove.
 white as snow with-in; Full sal-va-tion you may win And re-joice with me.



CHORUS. Bass to predominate in power.

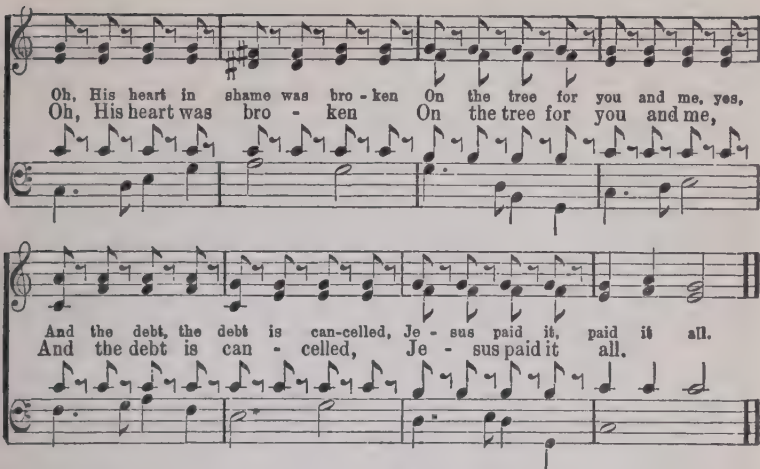


Je - sus died and paid it all, yes, On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Oh,
 Je - sus died and paid it On the cross of Cal - va - ry,



And my ston - y heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing, dy - ing call;
 And my heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing call;

Jesus Paid it All.



Oh, His heart in shame was bro - ken On the tree for you and me, yes,
 Oh, His heart was bro - ken On the tree for you and me,
 And the debt, the debt is can-celled, Je - sus paid it, paid it all.
 And the debt is can - celled, Je - sus paid it all.

No. 103.

Revive Us Again.

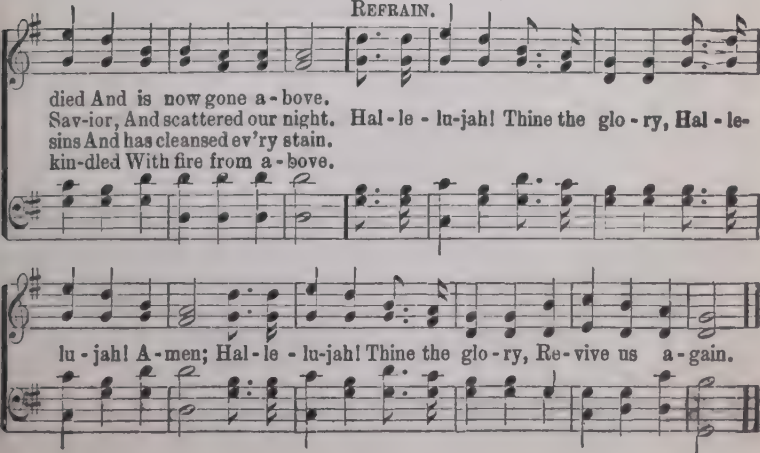
Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.



1. We praise Thee, O God, For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God, For Thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
 4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be re -

REFRAIN.

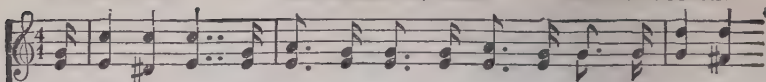


died And is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - ior, And scattered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
 sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
 kin-dled With fire from a - bove.
 lu - jah! A - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

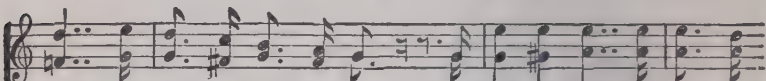
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.


Mrs. C. H. Morris.



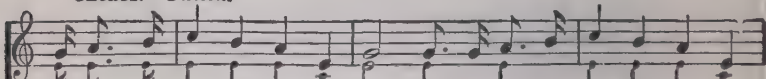
1. The fight is on, - the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of



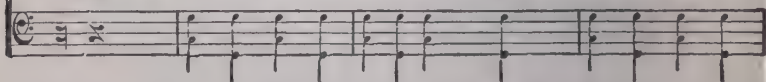
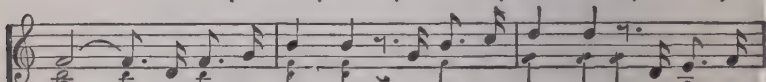
arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry




on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*


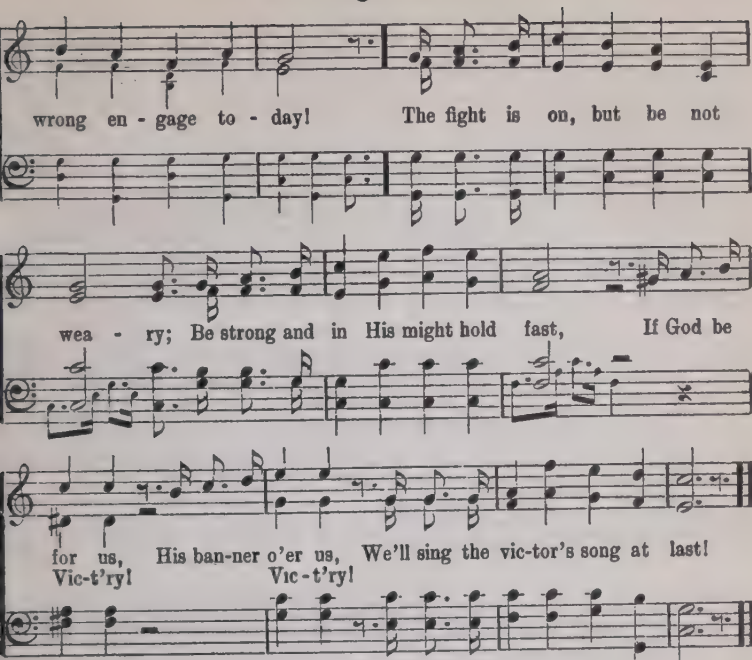
The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray, . . . With ar-mor gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and



The Fight is On.



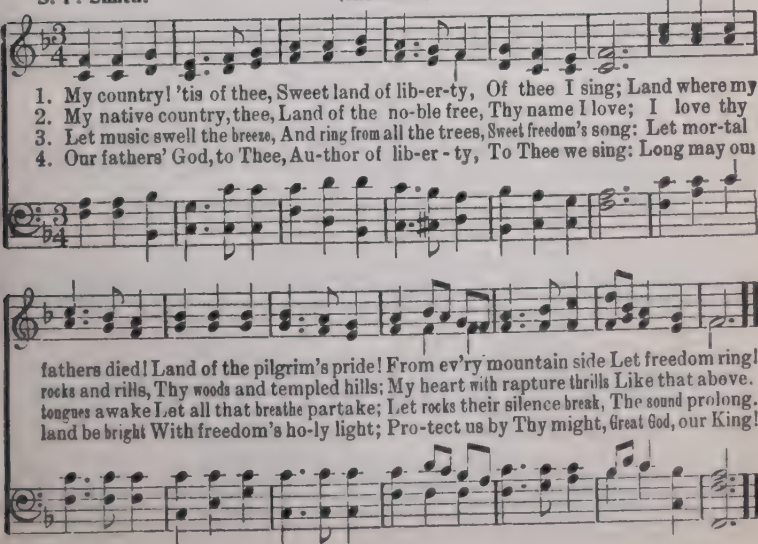
wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast, If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
Vic-t'ry! Vic-t'ry!

No. 105. My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith.

(AMERICA.)

Henry Carey.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song: Let mor-tal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
tongues awake Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

"After that . . . I repented."—Jer. 31: 19.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY FILLMORE BROS.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

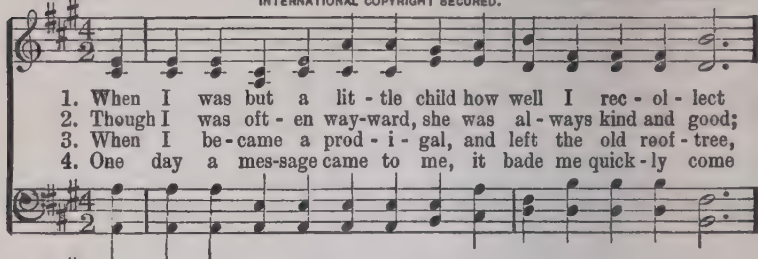
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

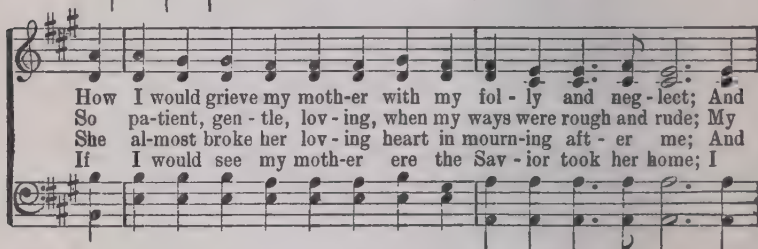
Charles M. Fillmore.

Arr. Geo. C. Stebbins.

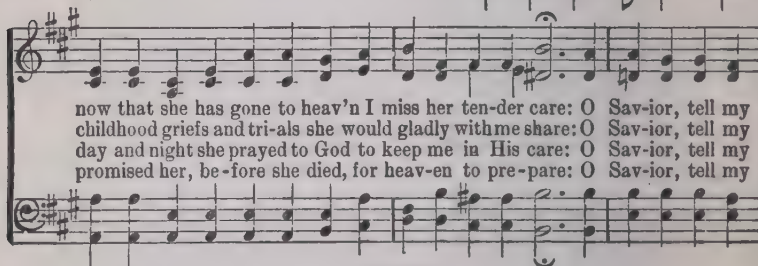
C. M. F.



1. When I was but a lit - tle child how well I rec - ol - lect
 2. Though I was oft - en way - ward, she was al - ways kind and good;
 3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal, and left the old reof - tree,
 4. One day a mes - sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come

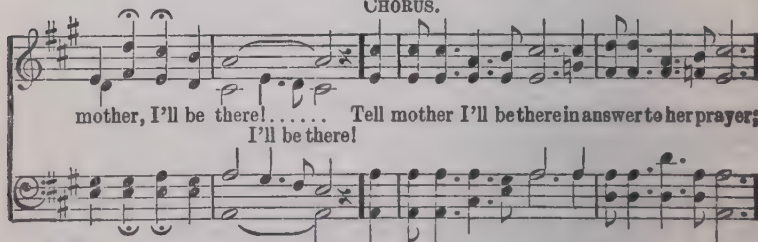


How I would grieve my moth - er with my fol - ly and neg - lect; And
 So pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when my ways were rough and rude; My
 She al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn - ing aft - er me; And
 If I would see my moth - er ere the Sav - ior took her home; I

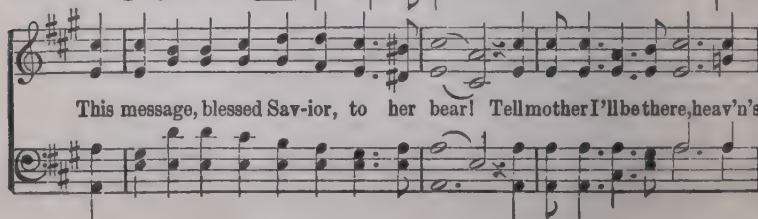


now that she has gone to heav'n I miss her ten - der care: O Sav - ior, tell my
 childhood griefs and tri - als she would gladly with me share: O Sav - ior, tell my
 day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care: O Sav - ior, tell my
 promised her, be - fore she died, for heav - en to pre - pare: O Sav - ior, tell my

CHORUS.



mother, I'll be there! Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her prayer;
 I'll be there!



This message, blessed Sav - ior, to her bear! Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's

Tell Mother I'll Be There.

joys with her to share; Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.....
there, I'll be there.

No. 107.

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small;
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone,
3. For neth - ing good have I Where - by my grace to claim -
4. And when be - fore the throne I stand in Him com - plete,

Child of weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my gar - ments in The blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.
I'll lay my tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

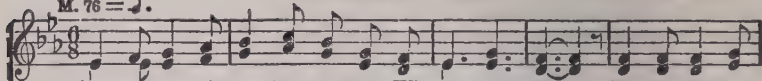
Sin had left a crim - son stain, He washed it white as snow.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

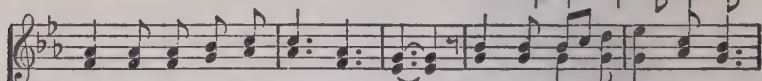
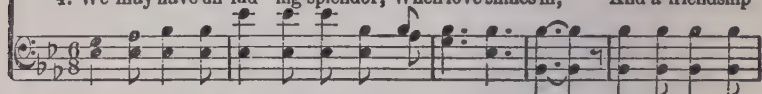
COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

M. 76 = ♩.

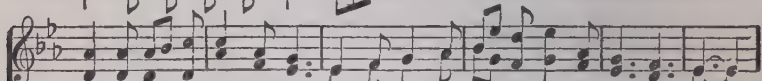
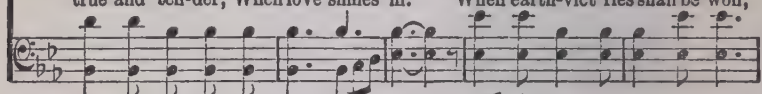


- | | | |
|---|----------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, | When love shines in, | Ev-'ry life that |
| 2. How the world will glow with beauty, | When love shines in, | And the heart re- |
| 3. Dark-est sorrow will grow brighter, | When love shines in, | And the heaviest |
| 4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, | When love shines in, | And a friendship |

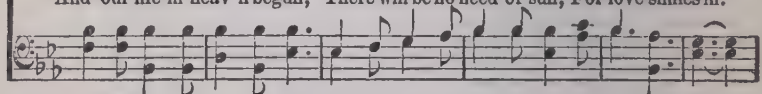


woe can sad-den, When love shines in.
 joice in du-ty, When love shines in.
 bur-den light-er, When love shines in.
 true and ten-der, When love shines in.

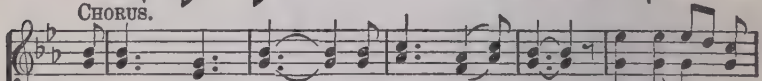
Love will teach us how to pray,
 Tri-als may be sanc-ti-fied,
 'Tis the glo-ry that will throw
 When earth-vict'ries shall be won,



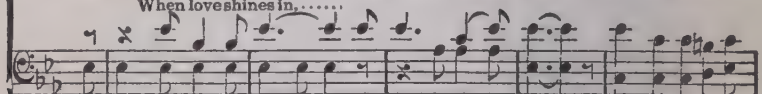
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
 And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
 And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.



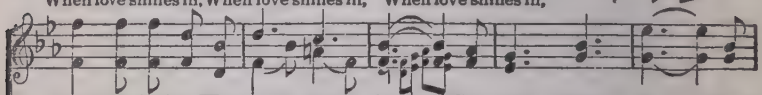
CHORUS.



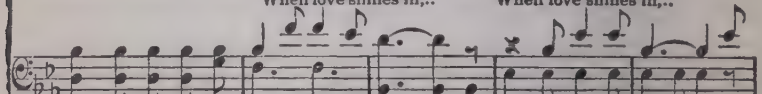
When love shines in,.....When love shines in, How the heart is
 When love shines in,.....



When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

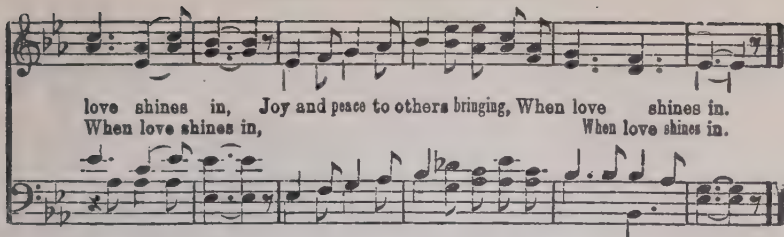


tuned to singing, When love shines in;... When love shines in,....When
 When love shines in;.. When love shines in,...



When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.



love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love shines in, When love shines in.

No. 109.

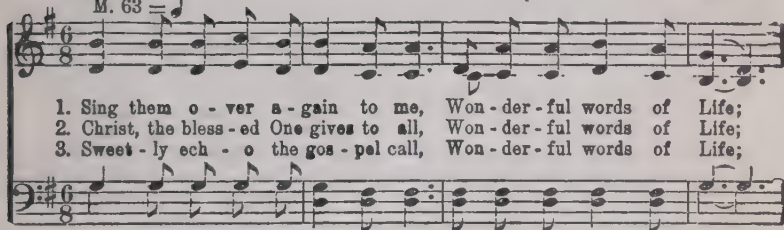
Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

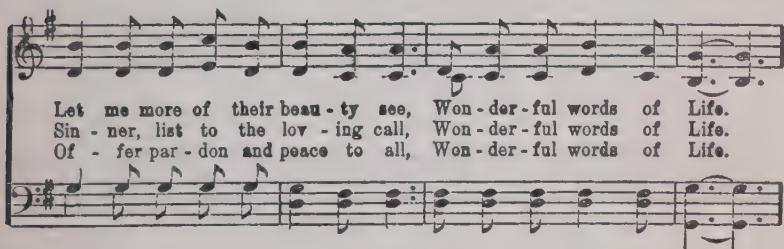
Copyright, 1905, by The John Church Co.

P. P. Bliss.

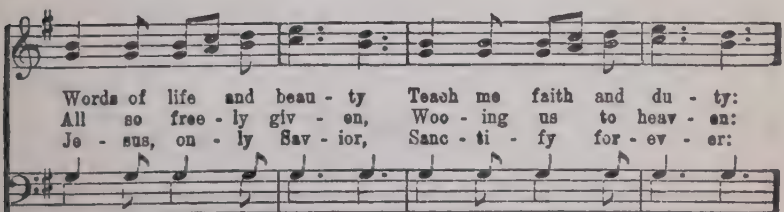
M. 63 =



1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

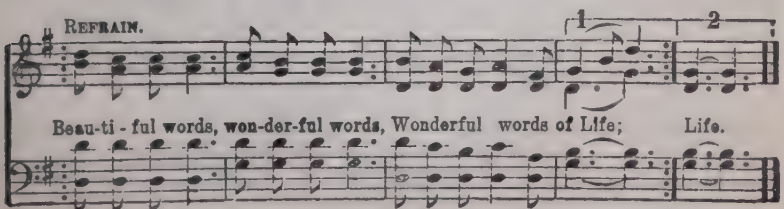


Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.



Words of life and beau - ty Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv-ants of God, Let us fol-low the
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the foun-tain of
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the king-dom of
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a

1. path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
 2. Life let the wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be,
 3. darkness and er-ror shall fall, And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-alt-ed shall be
 4. crown shall our la-bor re-ward; When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,

CHORUS.

1. Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Toil-ing on,
 2. While we her-ald the tid-ings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 3. In the loud-swell-ing cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 4. And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-va-tion is free!" Toil-ing on,

Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,
 Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,

Let us hope, Let us watch, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes.
 and trust, and pray,

No. 111.

I Would Not Be Denied.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY C. P. JONES.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. P. Jones.

1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Un-to the Lord I cried, Till Je-sus came and
2. As Ja-cob in the days of old, I wrestled with the Lord; And instant, with a
3. Old Satan said my Lord was gone, And would not hear my prayer; But, praise the Lord! the

CHORUS.

made me whole; I would not be de-nied.
cour-age bold, I stood up-on His word. I would not be de-nied, I would not
work is done, And Christ the Lord is here. de-nied,

be de-nied, Till Jesus came and made me whole; I would not be de-nied.
de-nied, de-nied.

No. 111½.

Come to Jesus.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now; Just now come to
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will

Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.
save you, He will save you just now.

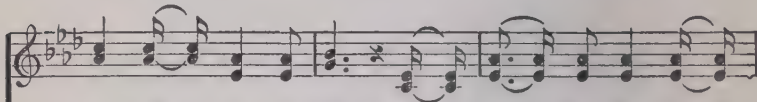
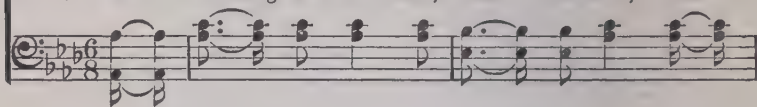
3. He is able.
4. He is willing.
5. Call upon Him.
6. He will hear you.
7. He'll forgive you.
8. He will cleanse you.
9. Jesus loves you.
10. Only trust Him.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

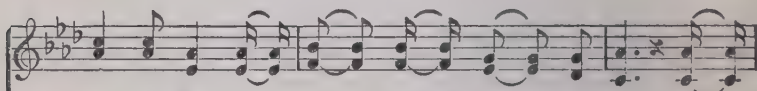
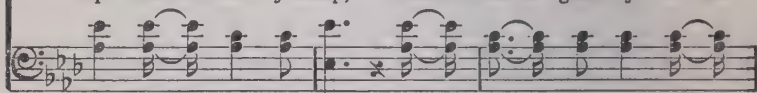
Ira D. Sankey.



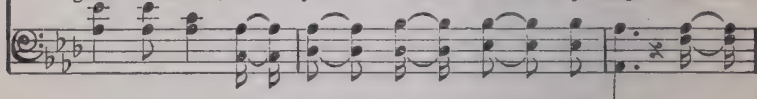
1. There were nine - ty and nine, that safe - ly lay In the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are
3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How
4. "Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way That
5. But all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riv'n, And



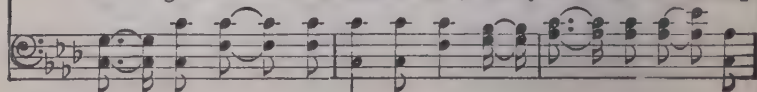
shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the
 they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shep - herd made an - swer:
 deep were the wa - ters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the
 mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had
 up from the rock - y steep, There a - rose a glad cry to the



hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of gold— A -
 "This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me, And, al -
 Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
 gone a - stray Ere the Shep - herd could bring him back:" "Lord,
 gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the



way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
 though the road be rough and steep, I go to the des - ert to
 Out in the des - ert He heard its cry— Sick, and helpless, and
 whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to - night by
 an - gels ech - oed a - round the throne, "Re - joice! for the Lord brings



The Ninety and Nine.

Shep-herd's care, A-way from the ten-der Shep-herd's care.
find my sheep, I go to the des-ert to find my sheep."
read-y to die, Sick, and help-less, and read-y to die.
man-y a thorn, They are pierced to-night by man-y a thorn."
back His own! Re-joice! for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 113

How Firm a Foundation.

Geo. Keith.

(FOUNDATION. 11s.)

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion—in sick-ness, in health; In pov-er-ty's
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
4. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
5. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-
6. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I

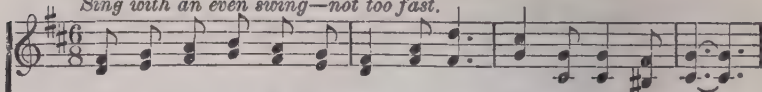
1. faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
2. vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
3. God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
4. woe shall not thee o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
5. fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I
6. will not, de-sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

1. you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
2. land, on the sea—"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ev-er be.
3. cause thee to stand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand.
4. troub-les to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
5. on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume and thy gold to re-fine.
6. deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

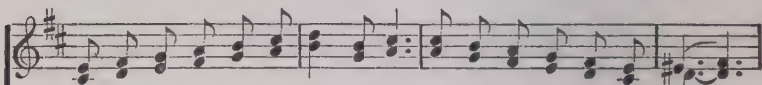
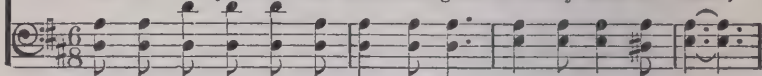
T. O. Chisholm.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

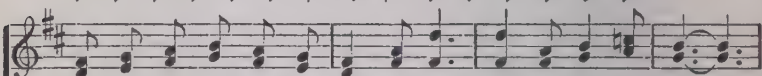
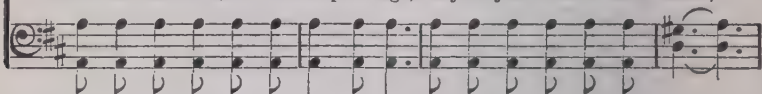
Samuel W. Beazley.

Sing with an even swing—not too fast.

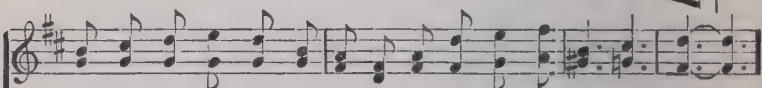
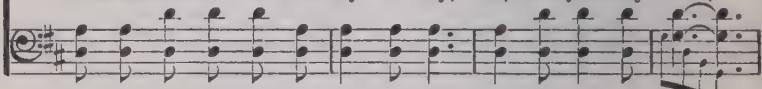
1. Let us re-joice in the grace of God, Rich, a - bun-dant, free,
2. Let us re-joice in the grace that saves To the ut - ter - most,
3. Let us re-joice in this won-drous grace Where by faith we stand,



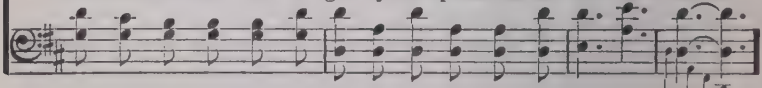
Bro't un - to us by our bless-ed Lord, E - ven to you and to me;
 Grace without which all our works are vain, Lest in our pride we should boast;
 Firm and unmoved, tho' the tempest rage, Stayed by God's in-fi - nite hand;



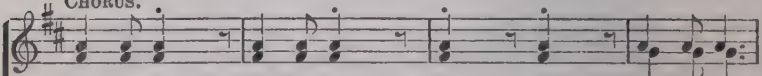
Let us re-mem-ber with grate-ful song What a price He paid,
 Grace all - suf - fi - cient for ev - 'ry need,—Grace for sor-row's hour,—
 Grace that will lead us from day to day, Till, life's jour-ney o'er,



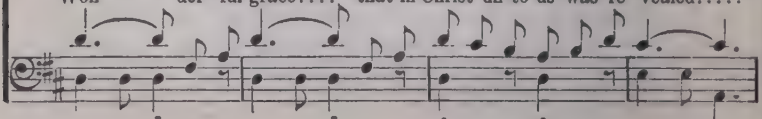
When for our sins up - on Cal - va-ry's mount He a - tone-ment made.
 Grace that is a - ble to keep us unharmed from the tempt-er's pow'r.
 Grace shall ad - mit us to glo - ry and "pleas-ures for-ev - er - more."



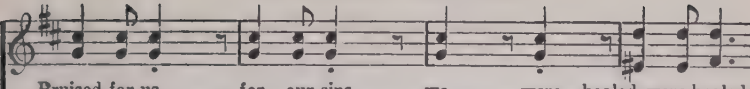
CHORUS.



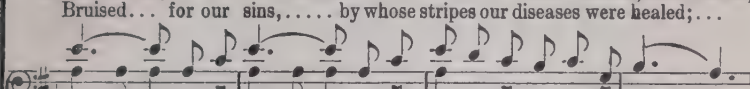

Won - der - ful grace, rich grace, Christ to us re - vealed!
 Won - der - ful grace.... that in Christ un-to us was re - vealed!....



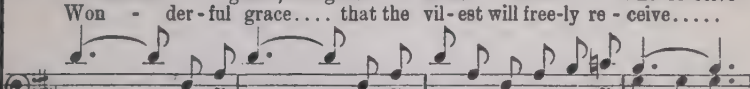

Wonderful Grace.



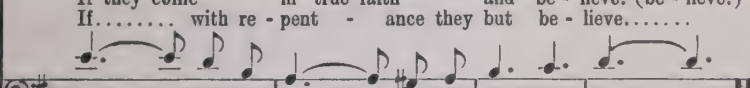
Bruised for us, for our sins we were healed, were healed;
Bruised... for our sins,.... by whose stripes our diseases were healed;...

Won-der-ful grace, rich grace saves those who re-ceive
Won - der - ful grace.... that the vil-est will free-ly re - ceive.....

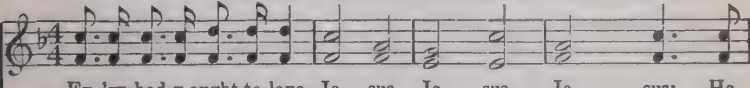



If they come in true faith and be - lieve. (be - lieve.)
If..... with re - pent - ance they but be - lieve.....

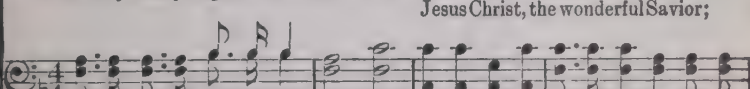
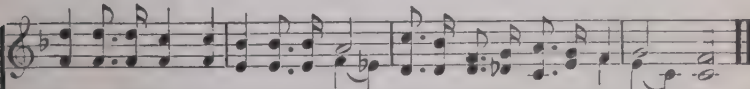


No. 115. Everybody Ought to Love Jesus.

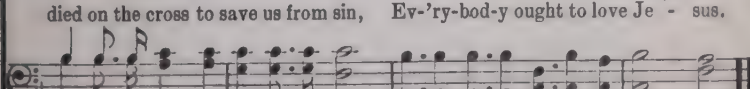
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY H. D. LOES.
W. ELMER BAILEY, OWNER. USED BY PERMISSION. Harry Dixon Loes.



Ev-'ry-bod-y ought to love Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus; He
Jesus Christ, the wonderful Savior;

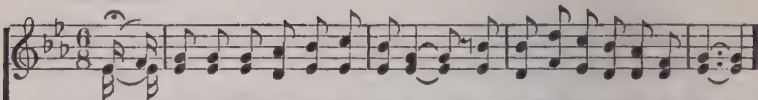
died on the cross to save us from sin, Ev-'ry-bod-y ought to love Je - sus.



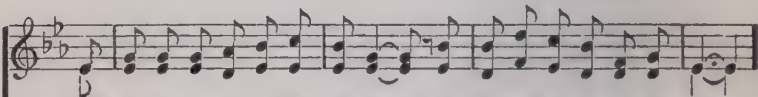
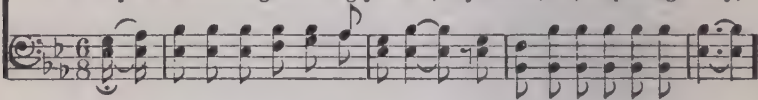
A. F. I.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. F. INGLES.

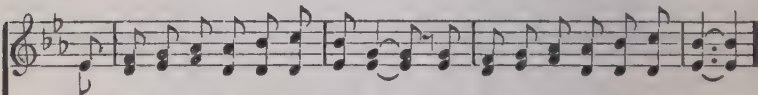
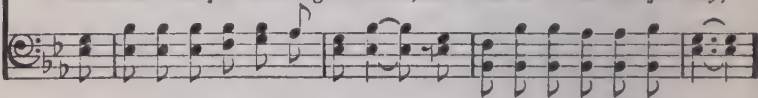
Arthur F. Ingles.

Moderato.

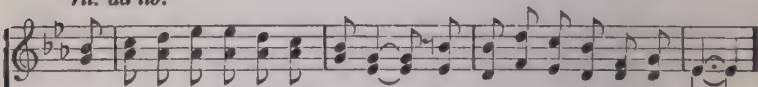
1. There's a ho-ly and beau-ti-ful cit - y, Whose builder and ruler is God;
2. No sin is al-owed in that cit - y, And noth-ing de-fil-ing or mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit-y, No tears ev-er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gath-er-ing yon-der, My friends, too, are passing a-way;



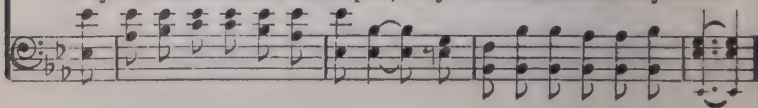
John saw it descending from heav-en, When Patmos, in ex-ile, he trod;
 No pain and no sickness can en-ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
 There's no disappointment in heav-en, No en-vy and strife in the sky;
 And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e-ter-ni-ty's day;



Its high, massive wall is of jas-per, The cit-y it-self is pure gold;
 Earth's sorrows and cares are forgotten, No tempt-er is there to an- noy;
 The saints are all sanc-ti-fied whol-ly, They live in sweet har-mo-ny there;
 They're safe now in glory with Je-sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;

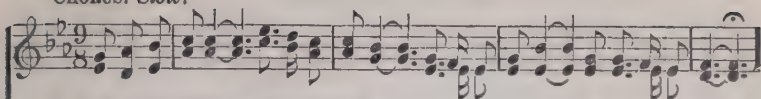
*rit. ad lib.*

And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be-hold.
 No part-ing words ev-er are spok-en, There's nothing to hurt or de-stroy.
 My heart is now set on that cit-y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
 They o-ver-came sin and the tempter, They've reached that fair cit-y at last.

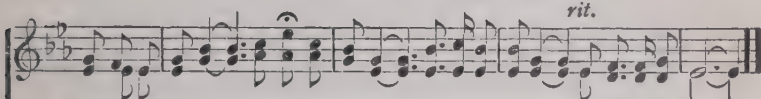
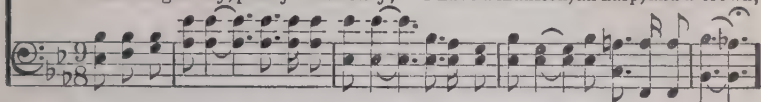


The Pearly White City.

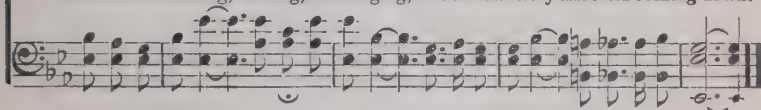
CHORUS. *Slow.*



In that bright city, pearly white cit-y, I have a mansion, an harp, and a crown;



Now I am watching, waiting, and longing, For the white cit-y that's soon coming down.



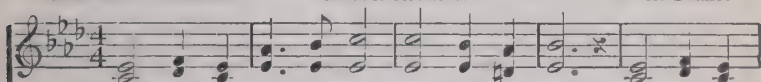
No. 117.

More Love to Thee.

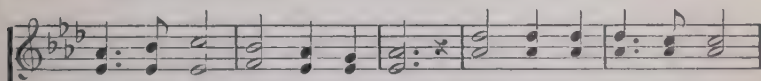
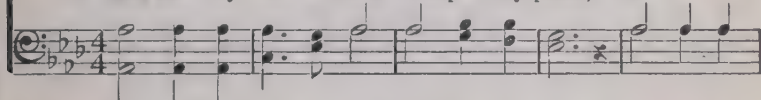
Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

USED BY PERMISSION OF W. H. DOANE.
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

W. H. Doane.



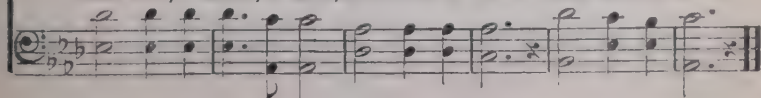
1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

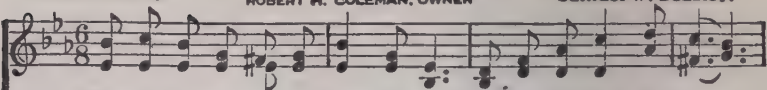


- prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be,
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be,

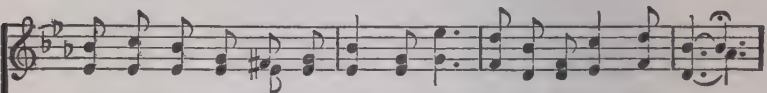
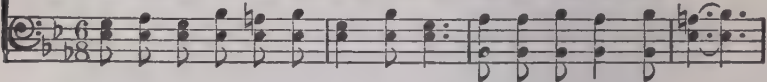


More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

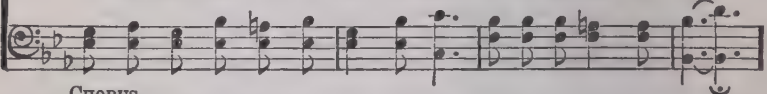




1. When I need someone in time of grief, Someone my cheer to be,
2. When I need someone to guide my soul O - ver the storm-y sea,
3. When I need help to de - feat the foe, Someone my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,



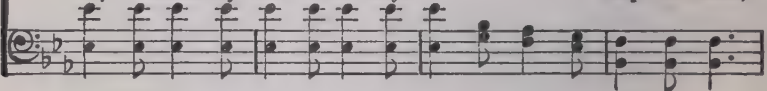
Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
 Al - ways to Je - sus I give con - trol, He is the best for me.
 Al - ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
 Je - sus shall bear me to yon - der shore, He is the best for me.



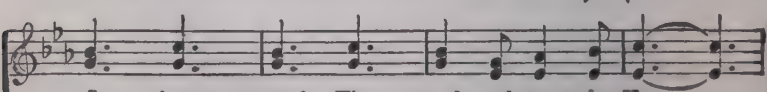
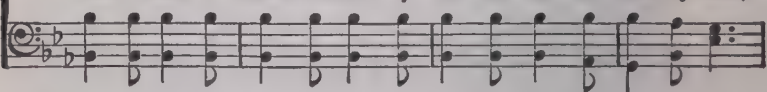
CHORUS.



I choose Je - sus when I need a friend,.....
 Yes, I choose my Sav - ior al - ways help - ful friend,



What I need I know that He will send;.....
 What I need I know that sure - ly He to me will free - ly send;



I have proved Him, good and true is He;.....
 I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and al - ways good and true is He;



I Choose Jesus.

I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me.....
Yes, I choose my Sav - for dear, of all for me.

No. 119. I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

P. P. Bliss.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

That thou might'st ran - somed be, And quick - ened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wan - d' rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t' rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'a for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

James Rowe.

Hamp Sewell.

1. In the aw-ful sea of sin I was sinking fast; There were many stains within
 2. On the peaceful shore to-day Praises glad I sing; Sinful days have passed away,
 3. Souladrift, the waves roll high, Breakers are ahead; To the blessed Sav-ior cry,

From my sin - ful past; But I looked to Him a - bove, Made a dy - ing plea,
 To the Lord I cling; In His ho - ly light I dwell, Pure and sweet and free,
 Ere your hope is dead; Nothing bet - ter you can do, Saved from death to be;

CHORUS.

And His might-y hand of love Reached down for me.
 While to all the world I tell How He raised me. The Lord raised me, the
 He a - lone can res - cue you, For He raised me.

Lord raised me, Whispered comfort to my soul and made me free; The Lord raised

me, the Lord raised me; When light had fled and hope was dead The Lord raised me.

No. 121. Lord, I Want to Be a Christian.

(SPIRITUAL.)

As sung by the Jubilee Singers.



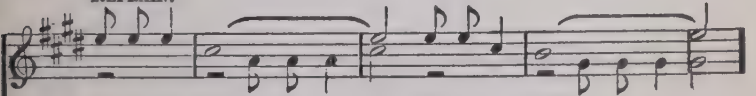
1. Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In a my heart, in a my
2. Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In a my heart, in a my
3. Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In a my heart, in a my
4. I don't want to be like Ju-das In a my heart, in a my
5. Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In a my heart, in a my



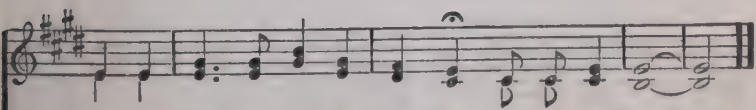
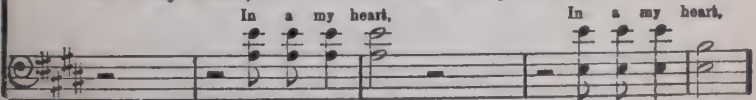
heart; Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In a my heart.
heart; Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In a my heart.
heart; Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In a my heart.
heart; I don't want to be like Ju-das In a my heart.
heart; Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In a my heart.



REFRAIN.



In a my heart,..... In a my heart,.....



Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In a my heart.

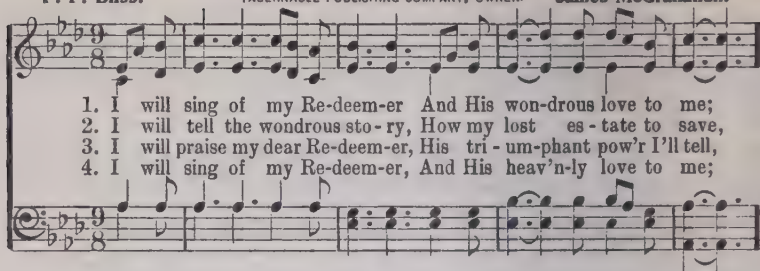


P. P. Bliss.

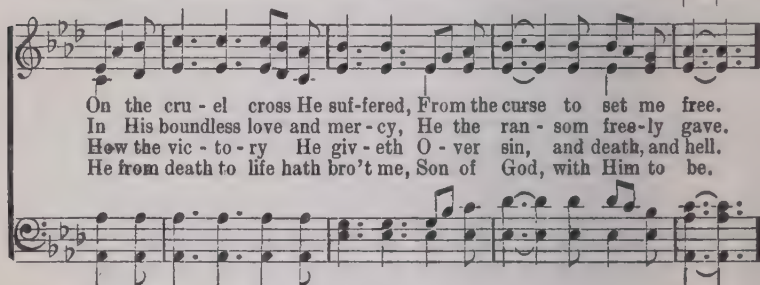
COPYRIGHT 1906. RENEWAL BY MRS. ADDIE McGRANAHAN.

TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

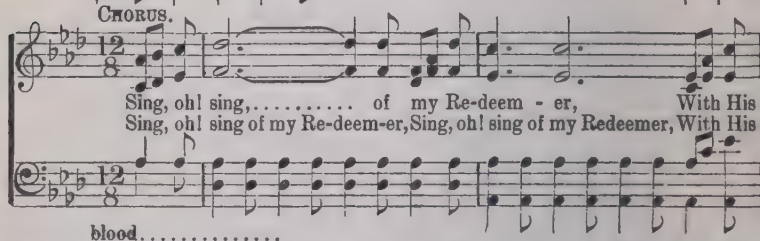
James McGranahan.



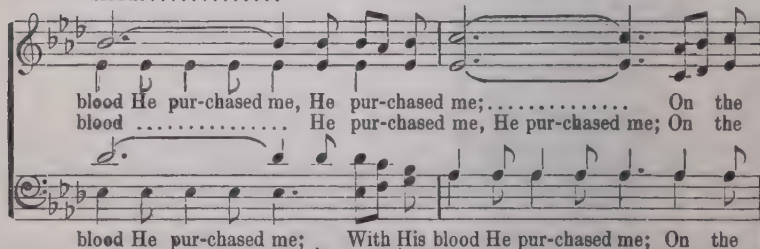
1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-drous love to me;
 2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll tell,
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;



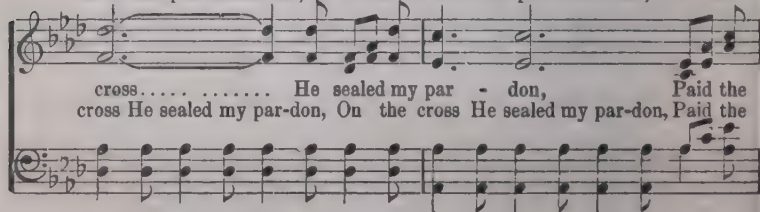
On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
 In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
 How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.



CHORUS.
 Sing, oh! sing,..... of my Re-deem-er, With His
 Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With His
 blood.....



blood He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me;..... On the
 blood He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me; On the
 blood He pur-chased me; With His blood He pur-chased me; On the



cross..... He sealed my par-don, Paid the
 cross He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don, Paid the

My Redeemer.

Repeat pp after last verse.

debt..... and made me free.....
debt, and made me free, and made me free.

No. 123. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a-side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you full-y trust-ing in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru-ci-fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flow-ing for the soul un-clean, Oh, be

D. S.—Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you

FINE. CHORUS.

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed (Are you washed) in the

washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D. S.

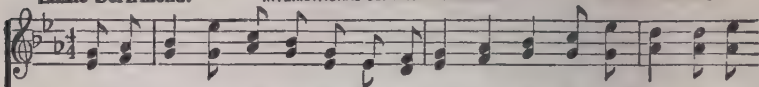
blood, (in the blood,) In the soul-cleans-ing blood of the Lamb? (of the Lamb?)

No. 124. If Your Heart Keeps Right.

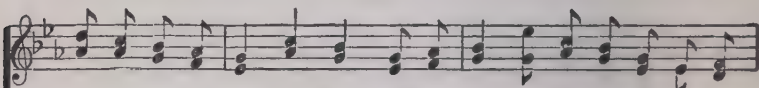
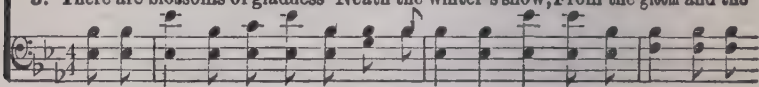
Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HOMER A. RODEMEYER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

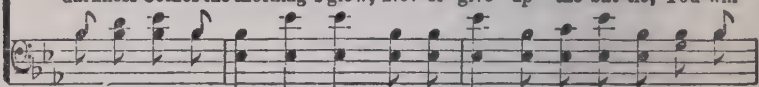
B. D. Ackley.



1. If the dark shad-ows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not grieve for their
2. Is your life just a tan-gle Full of toil and care? Smile a bit as you
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the



com-ing, Sing a cheer - y song, There is joy for the tak-ing, It will
jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur - dens share; You'll for-get all your troubles, Making
darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will



soon be light, —Ev-'ry cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps right.
their lives bright, Skies will grow blue and sun - ny If your heart keeps right.
win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.



CHORUS.



If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of



glad-ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your



If Your Heart Keeps Right.

heart keeps right, Ev - 'ry cloud will have a rain-bow, If your heart keeps right.

No. 125. On the Other Shore.

Arr. by J. H. J.

1. We have fa - thers o - ver yon - der, We have
 2. By and by we'll go and see them, By and
 3. Won't that be a hap - py meet - ing, Won't that
 4. We have moth - ers o - ver yon - der, We have
 5. We have sis - ters o - ver yon - der, We have
 6. We have broth - ers o - ver yon - der, We have

fa - thers o - ver yon - der, We have fa - thers
 by we'll go and see them, By and by we'll
 be a hap - py meet - ing, Won't that be a
 moth - ers o - ver yon - der, We have moth - ers
 sis - ters o - ver yon - der, We have sis - ters
 broth - ers o - ver yon - der, We have broth - ers

o - ver yon - der, On the oth - er shore.
 go and see them, On the oth - er shore.
 hap - py meet - ing, On the oth - er shore?
 o - ver yon - der, On the oth - er shore.
 o - ver yon - der, On the oth - er shore.
 o - ver yon - der, On the oth - er shore.

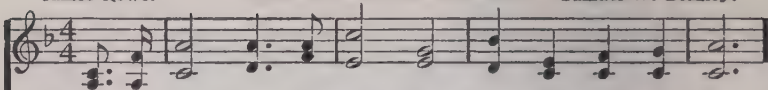
No. 126.

Our King Immanuel.

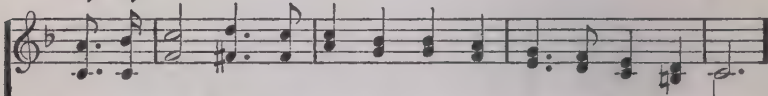
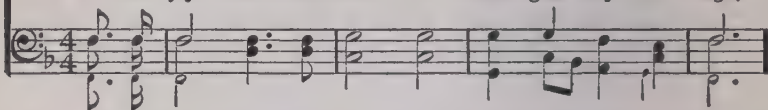
James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

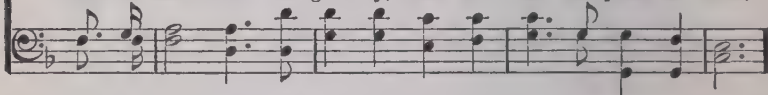
Samuel W. Beazley.



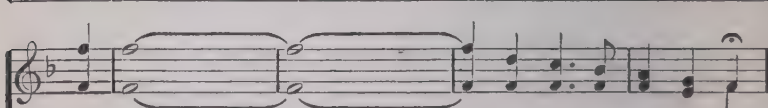
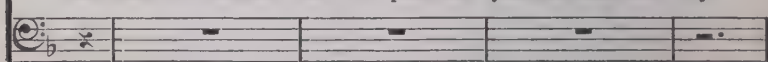
1. See! the Mon - arch of mon - archs comes in maj - es - ty!
 2. Like the waves of the o - cean rolls His praise to - day,
 3. O the joy that will thrill us some glad day on high,



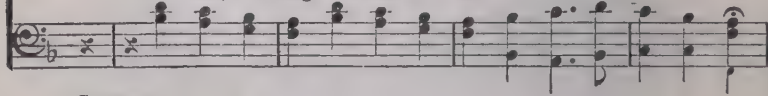
Let us bow down and wor - ship Him who do - eth all things well;
 For His won - der - ful love has helped so man - y to ex - cel;
 When we see Him in glo - ry, where ce - les - tial prais - es swell;



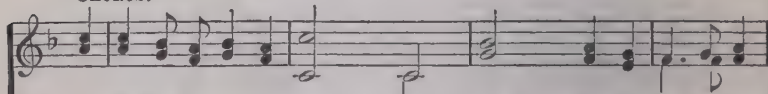
He leads the na - tions out of sin and caus - es foes to flee;
 He sends the cap - tives, free from chains, all sing - ing on their way;
 Where cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim all join us when we cry:



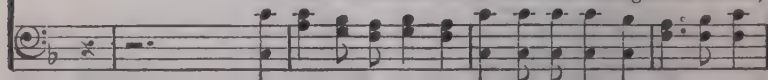
All hail, our King Im - man - u - el!
 "All hail, our King Im - man - u - el!"
 "All hail, our King Im - man - u - el!"
 All hail, our King Im - man - u - el!



CHORUS.



O hon - or His name for - ev - er for what His grace has done;
 O hon - or His name for - ev - er for what His grace has done;



Our King Immanuel.

His might-y love in ev - 'ry heart should dwell,
His might-y love, His might-y love in ev'ry heart should dwell, should dwell,

For He is the world's Re-deem - er, Je - ho-vah's on - ly Son!
For He is the world's Redeemer, Je-ho-vah's on - ly Son!

All hail, our King Im-man-u - el!
All hail, our King Im-man-u - el, our King Im - - - man-u - el!

No. 127.

I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

CHORUS D.C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

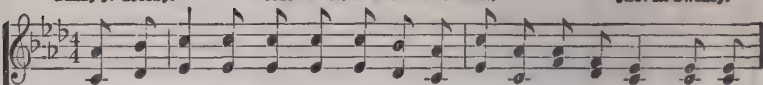
I'll live for Him who died for me. My Sav - ior and my God!

My Savior First of All.

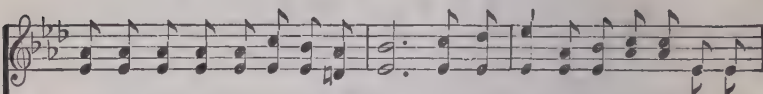
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1891 BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY,

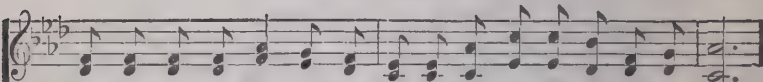
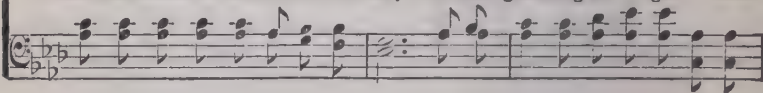
Jno. R. Sweeney.



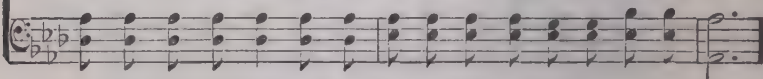
1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swell - ing tide, When the
2. O the soul - thrill - ing rapt - ure when I view His bless - ed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck - on me, to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot - less white He will



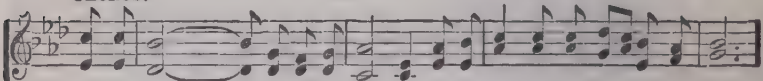
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re - deem - er when I
 lus - ter of His kind - ly beam - ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will
 lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall



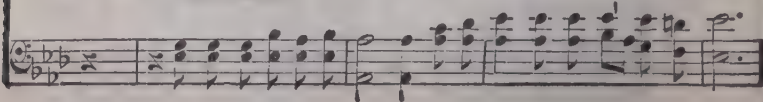
reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.
 mer - cy, love and grace, That pre - pare for me a man - sion in the sky.
 sing my wel - come home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
 min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.



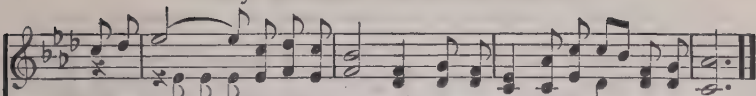
CHORUS.



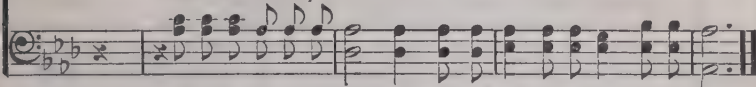
I shall know..... Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
 I shall know Him



My Savior First of All.



I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,



Copyright, 1901, by Jno. R. Sweney. By permission of Mrs. L. E. Sweney Kirkpatrick.

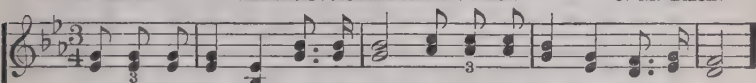
No. 128 $\frac{1}{2}$

I Remember Calvary.

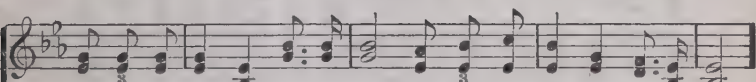
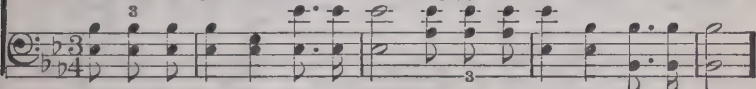
W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY JAMES M. BLACK.
TABERNACLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, OWNER.

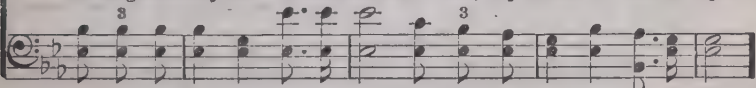
J. M. Black.



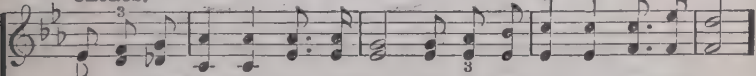
1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
2. O I de-light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand,
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap-py with Christ my Sav-ior near,



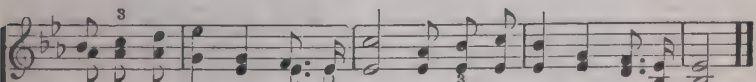
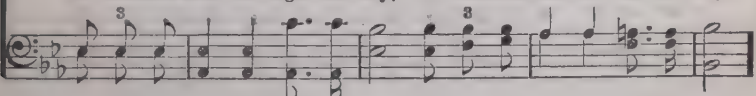
And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me That He was slain on Cal-va-ry.
His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal-va-ry.
Trusting some day that I shall see Je - sus, my Friend of Cal-va-ry.



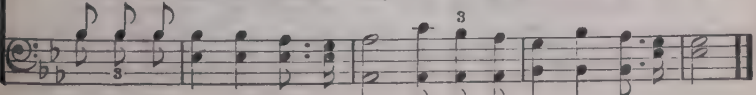
CHORUS.



Je - sus shall lead me night and day, Je - sus shall lead me all the way;



He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry.



No. 129. The Song of Wonderful Love.

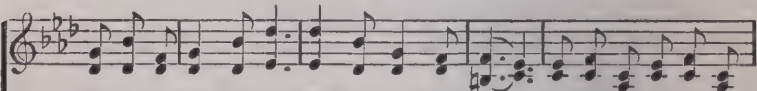
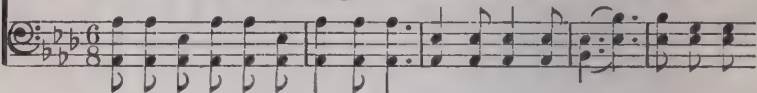
Eben E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO.

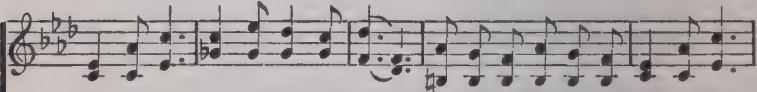
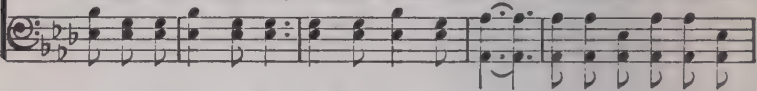
Samuel W. Beazley.



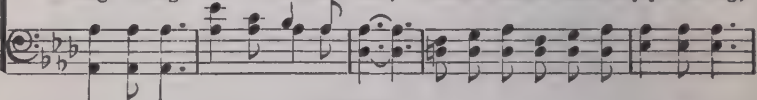
1. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Je-sus bore Calv'ry's cross for me! Said to the
2. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Why should He, God's be-lov-ed Son, Care for a
3. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Sing with me, Je-sus died for all! He from the



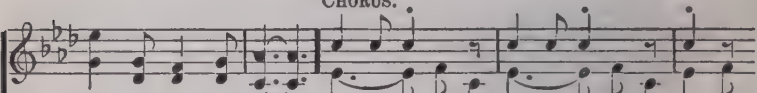
sin-ner, Go sin no more, From your sins set free! O-ver and o-ver the
sin-ner, like you and me, He the sin-less One? O-ver and o-ver one
shackles of sin set free, Those who heed His call. O-ver and o-ver the



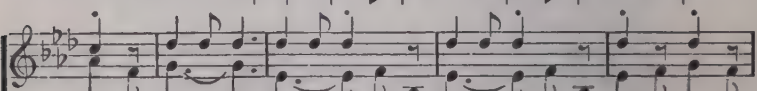
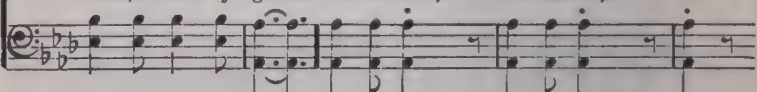
song I sing Of re-deem-ing love, Love of the Sav-ior who rules as King,
song I sing As thro' life I go, Ev-er the tho't thro' my soul will ring,
song I'll sing Till I see His face, Then how the an-them of joy will ring,



CHORUS.



In the realms a - bove. Won - der-ful, won - der-ful, is the
Je - sus loved me so.
Saved, O saved by grace. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, is



Sav-ior's love,.... Won - der-ful, won - der-ful, sent from heav'n a-
the Sav-ior's love, Wonderful, won-der-ful, sent from



The Song of Wonderful Love.

bove,.... Plead - ing love, par - d'ning love, that with time be-
 heav'n a-bove, Pleading love, par-d'ning love, that with

gan;.... Seek - ing love, sav - ing love, God's best gift to man.
 time be-gan; Seeking love, sav-ing love,

No. 129½.

Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson.

John Wyeth.

FINE

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }

D.C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

D. C.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

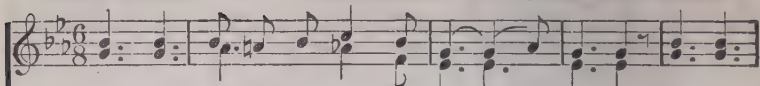
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

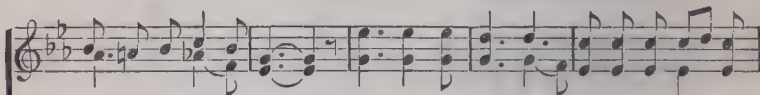
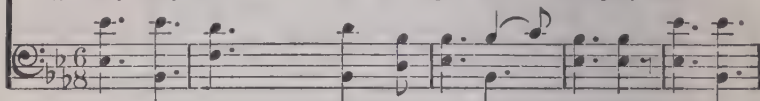
Edna R. Worrell.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE

USED BY PERMISSION. Arr. by Clarence B. Strouse.

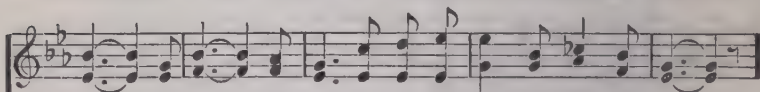
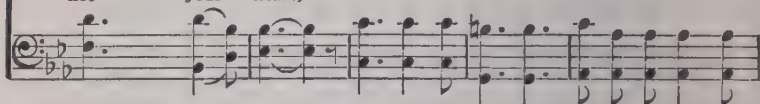


- | | | | |
|----------------|-------------------------|--------------------|------------|
| 1. Come, O | come to the bless - ed | Sav - - ior,... | List, O |
| 2. Deep, deep, | deep in the heart there | whis - - pers... | God's own |
| 3. Long, long, | long have you tried to | sti - - - fle... | Yearn-ings |
| 4. Now, now, | NOW as the Spir - it | stirs..... you, .. | Hard - en |
| 1. Come, O | come to the bless - ed | Sav - ior, | List, O |
| 2. Deep, deep, | deep in the heart there | whis-pers | God's own |
| 3. Long, long, | long have you tried to | sti - fle | Yearn-ings |
| 4. Now, now, | NOW as the Spir - it | stirs you, | Hard - en |

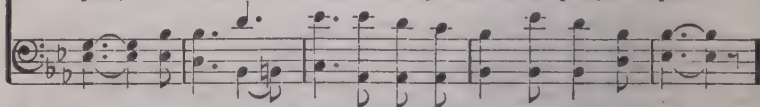


list to His lov-ing call,
voice to each wayward child;
sweet to a life more pure;
not your fast melting heart;
list to His call,
voice to His child;
tow'rd life more pure;
not your heart;

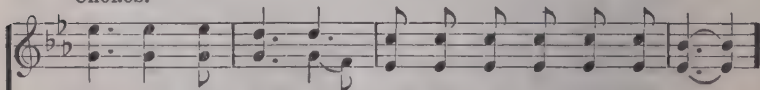
Of - fer-ing par - don, Pardon from sin to
Heed it! O heed it, Be no more sin-be-
Quench them no lon-ger, But in God rest se-
Take, take sal - va - tion, Else shall your chance de-



all; O come, He gives par-don from sin to all, to all.
guiled; O heed His voice, be now no more be-guiled, be - guiled.
cure; O strive no more, but in God rest se - cure, se - cure.
part; O take it now, else shall your chance de-part, de - part.



CHORUS.



Come, come to Je - sus, Come ere this mo-ment takes flight;



Someone's Last Call.

It may be now some-one's last call, last call to - night.

No. 130½.

Pray.

J. A. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. A. BROWN.

J. A. Brown.

1. Pray, pray, in the old - time way, Come, Christians, gath - er round;
2. Pray, pray, where two or three Are gath - ered in His name;
3. Pray, pray, and seek His face, And turn from all your sin;
4. Pray, pray, for souls are lost, Their blood is on our hands;
5. Pray, pray, O sin - ner, pray, Your heart in guilt bowed down;

Pray, pray as they used to pray, When the pow'r of God came down.
 Pray, pray, for Je - sus said, I am in the midst of them.
 Pray, pray, for grace to go And bring the wan-d'rers in.
 Pray, pray, e'en now their feet Are on death's sink - ing sand.
 Pray, pray, for God will hear, He says, "I will be found."

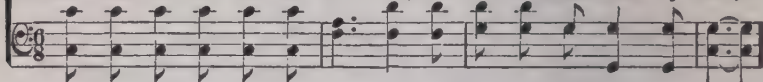
CHORUS.

Pray, pray, the on - ly way, To reach the saints' high ground;

Pray, pray, the prayer of faith Will bring God's bless-ings down.



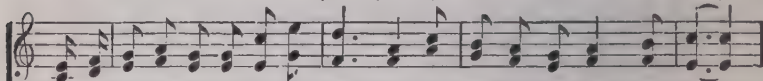
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



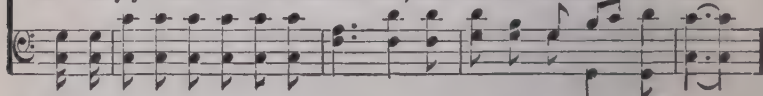
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are troubled—O, wak-en and save, I pray;
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast;



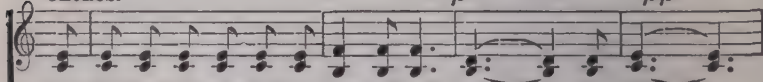
Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
 Lin-ger, O, bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;



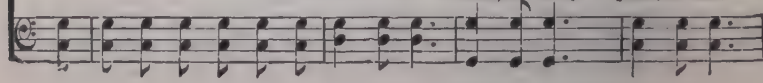
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter O hast-en, and take con-trol.
 And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



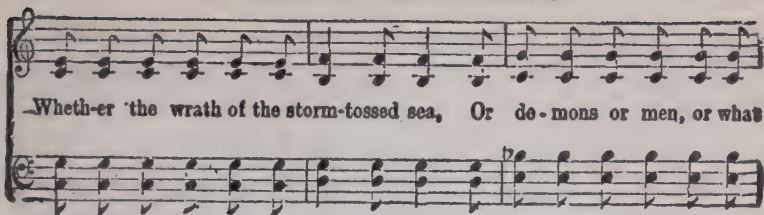
CHORUS.



The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace.... be still!.....
 Peace, be still, peace, be still!

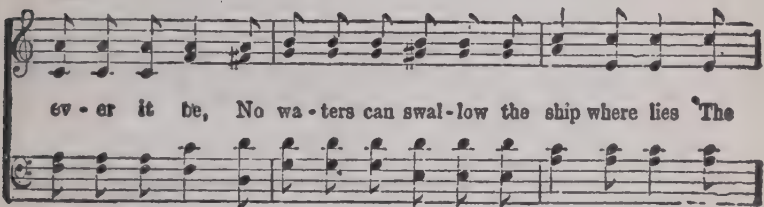


Master, the Tempest is Raging.

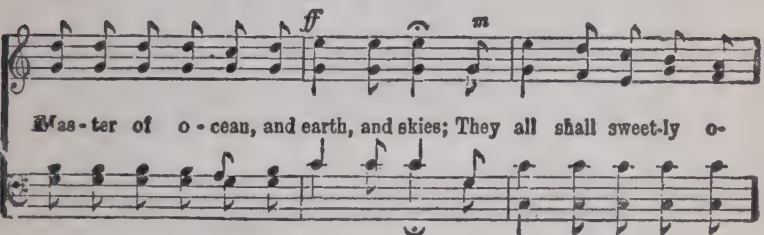


Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what

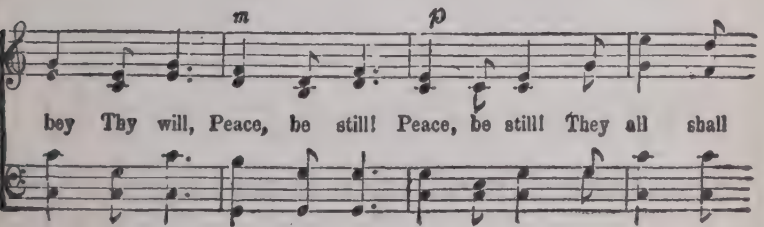
cres.



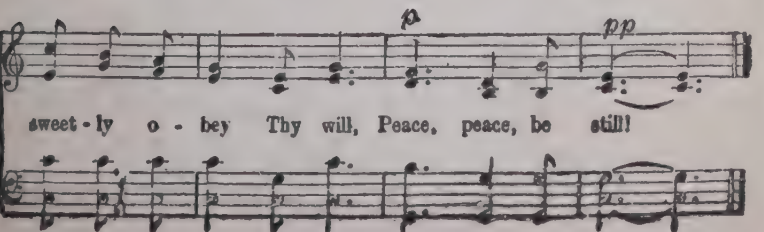
ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal-low the ship where lies The



Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o -



bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall



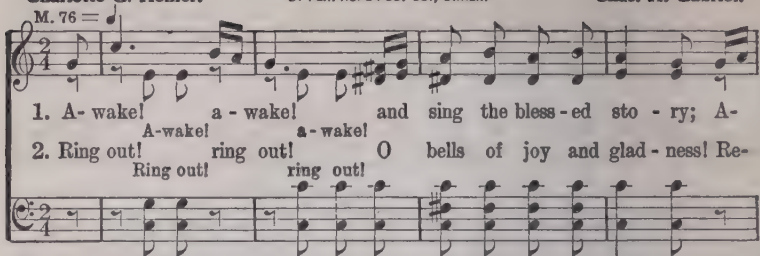
sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

Charlotte G. Homer.

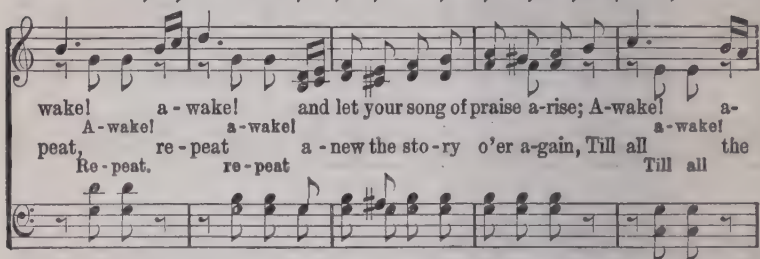
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
BY PER. HOPE PUB. CO., OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

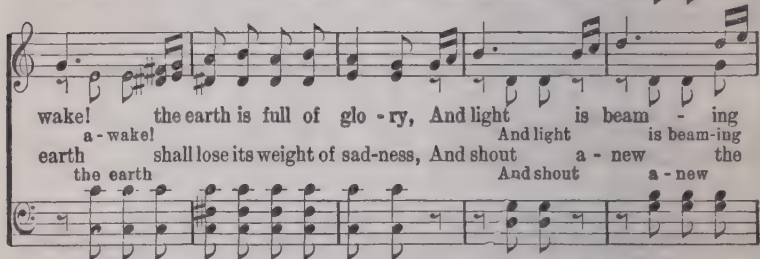
M. 76 =



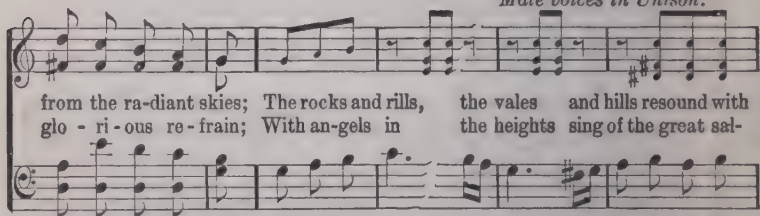
1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A -
A - wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re -
Ring out! ring out!



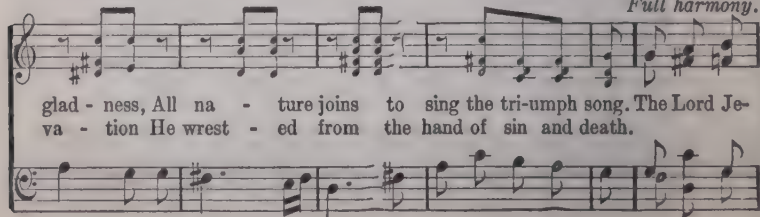
wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a -
A - wake! a - wake!
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re - peat. re - peat Till all



wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a - wake! And light is beam - ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new the
the earth And shout a - new

Male voices in Unison.


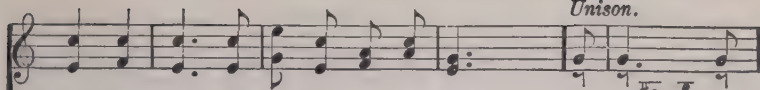
from the ra - diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills resound with
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an - gels in the heights sing of the great sal -

Full harmony.


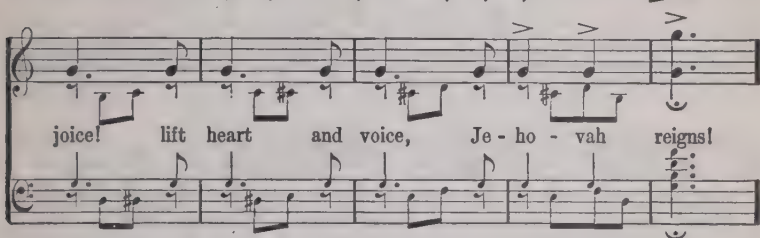
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the tri - umph song. The Lord Je -
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

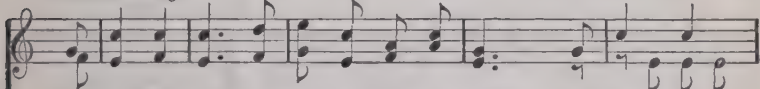
Unison.



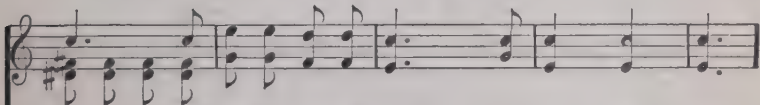
ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joice! re-
is sin backward hurled!



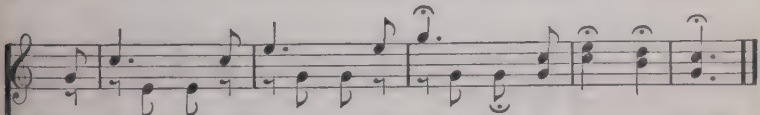
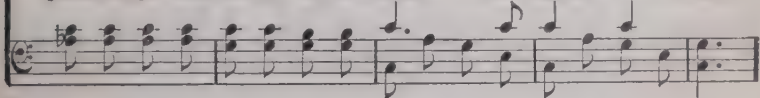
Full harmony.



Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the



glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!



Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!



No. 133. King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

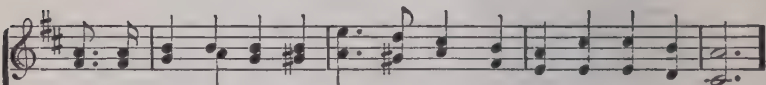
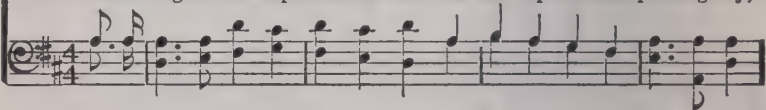
Laurene Highfield.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

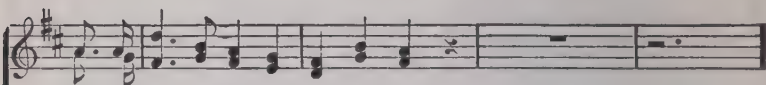
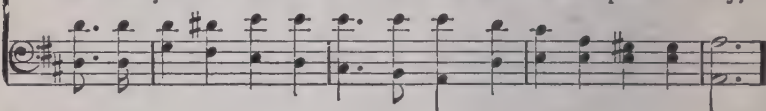
Samuel W. Beazley.



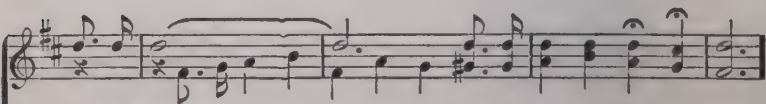
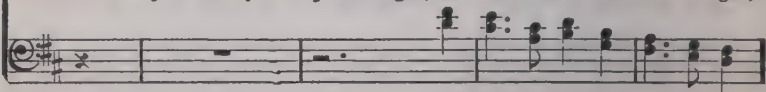
1. King of kings and Lord of lords is He, No mon-arch can dis-pute His sway;
2. Grander far than an - y po - ten-tate Who wears in pride a king-ly crown,
3. Nev-er sov'reign ruled so wide a realm As His, em-brac-ing stars and sun;
4. He shall reign in tri-umph when the sun Has set up - on life's part-ing day;



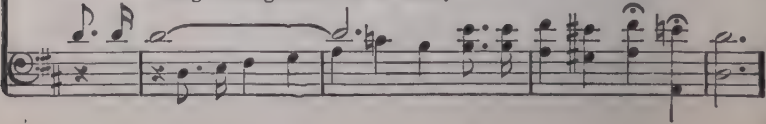
The an - gel - ic hosts His bid - ding wait, And glad His voice o - bey:
Worlds unknown are moved by His com-mand So vast is His re-nown:
Man - y cen - tu - ries have passed a - way, His reign is just be-gun:
Nei - ther jot nor tit - tle of His word Will ev - er pass a - way;



From His throne He rules the sons of earth, Who hail the Christ of roy-al birth,
But no great-er ti - tle can He wear, Than this which no one else may share,
Da - vid's scep-ter nev-er shall de-part, Till Christ shall be in ev-'ry heart,
And ar-rayed in maj-es - ty and might, He still shall rule in realms of light,

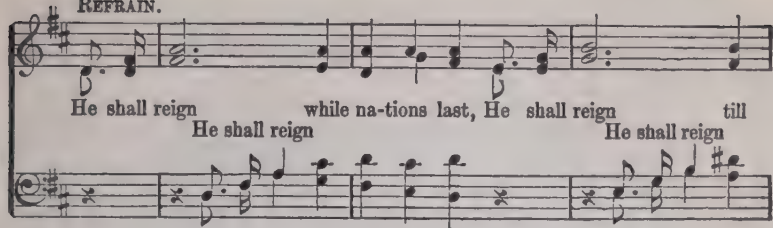


King of kings, King of kings and Lord of lords.
King of kings and Lord of lords,

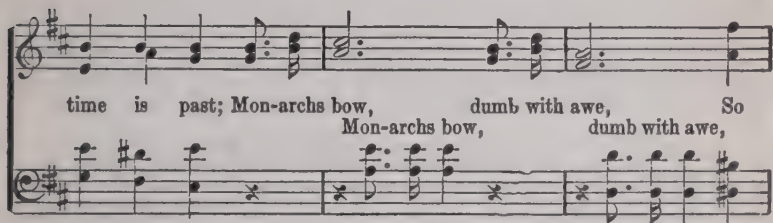


King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

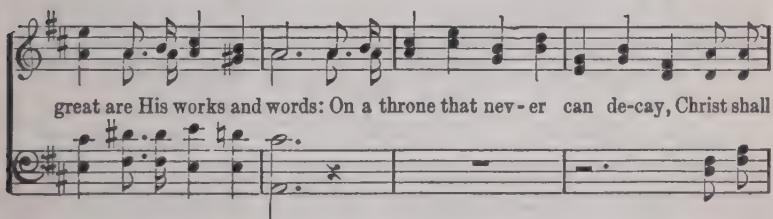
REFRAIN.



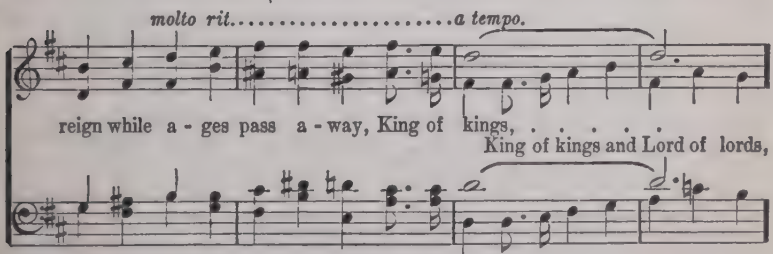
He shall reign while na-tions last, He shall reign till
He shall reign He shall reign



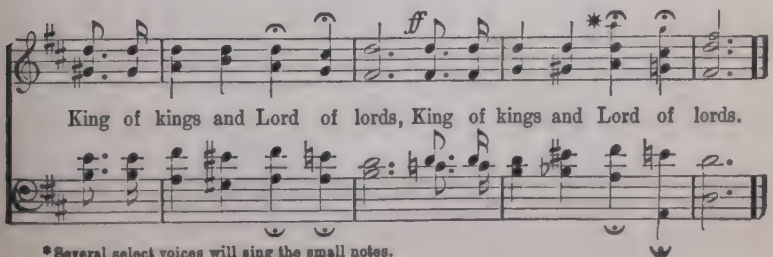
time is past; Mon-archs bow, dumb with awe, So
Mon-archs bow, dumb with awe,



great are His works and words: On a throne that nev-er can de-cay, Christ shall



molto rit. a tempo.
reign while a - ges pass a - way, King of kings, .
King of kings and Lord of lords,



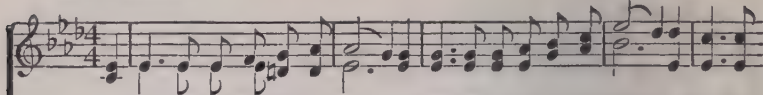
King of kings and Lord of lords, King of kings and Lord of lords.

*Several select voices will sing the small notes.

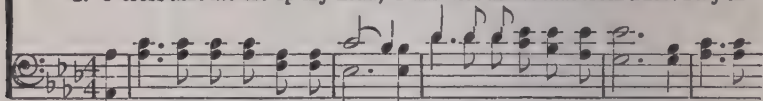
No. 134. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

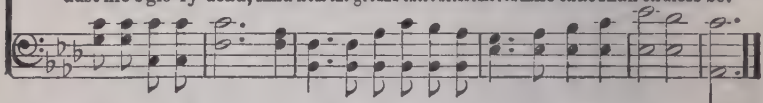
Albert L. Peace.



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee, I give Thee
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I cannot close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in



back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May rich-er full-er be.
stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter fair-er be.
rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.



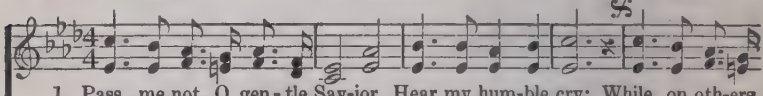
No. 135.

Pass Me Not.

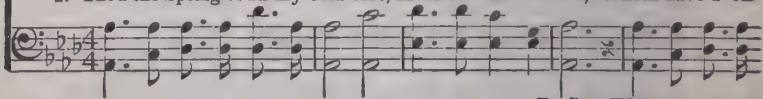
Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

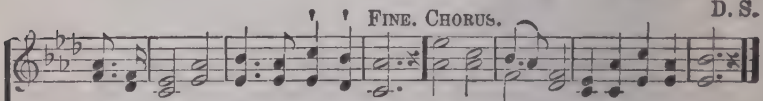


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

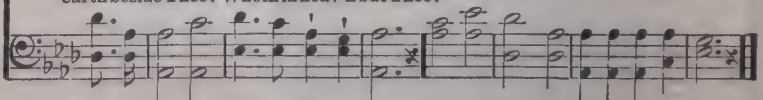


D. S.—While on oth-ers

D. S.



Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Savior, Hear my humble cry;
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?



Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 136.

Since I Found My Saviour.

E. E. Hewitt.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.

Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 66 =

1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Saviour; Rich mer-cy at the
 2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Saviour; He bro't sal-va-tion
 3. The passing clouds may in-ter-vene, Since I found my Saviour; But He is with me—
 4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Saviour; It leads me onward

CHORUS.

cross I see, My dy-ing, liv-ing Sav-iour.
 from a-bove, My dear, al-might-y Sav-iour. Golden sunbeams 'round me play,
 tho' un-seen, My ev-er pres-ent Sav-iour.
 to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav-iour.

Je-sus turns my night to day, Heaven seems not far a-way, Since I found my Saviour.

No. 137. Nothing But The Blood of Jesus.

R. L.

Copyright, 1877, by Robt. Lowry.

R. Lowry.

M. 112 =

1. What can wash a-way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
 2. For my par-don this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
 3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone, Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace, Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus;

What can make me whole a-gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.
 For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.
 Naught of good that I have done, Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.
 This is all my right-eous-ness, Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.

CHORUS.

{ Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
 { No oth-er fount I know, [Omit] } Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.

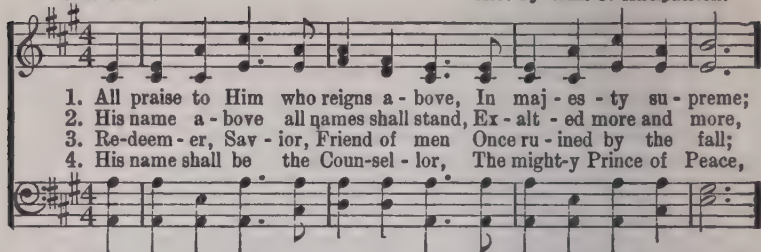
No. 138.

Blessed Be the Name.

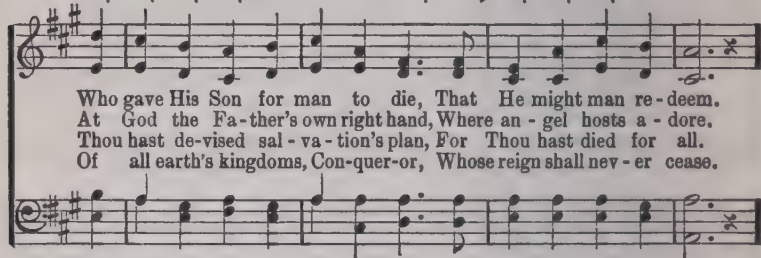
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

W. H. Clark.

Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

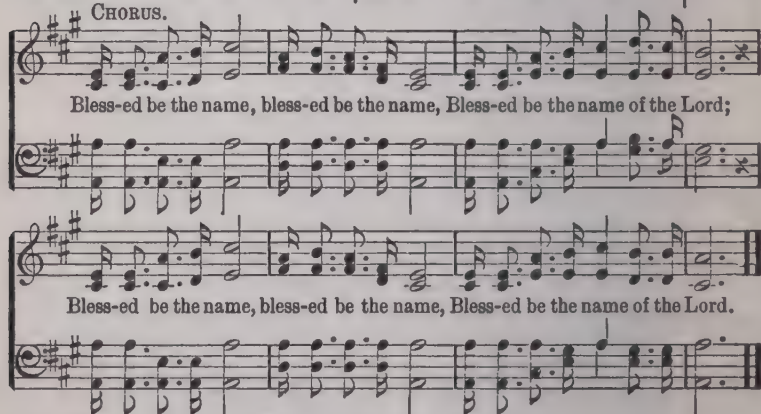


1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su - preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re-deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend of men Once ru - ined by the fall;
4. His name shall be the Coun-sel - lor, The might-y Prince of Peace,



Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re-deem.
 At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a-dore.
 Thou hast de-vised sal-va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdoms, Con-quer-or, Whose reign shall nev-er cease.

CHORUS.



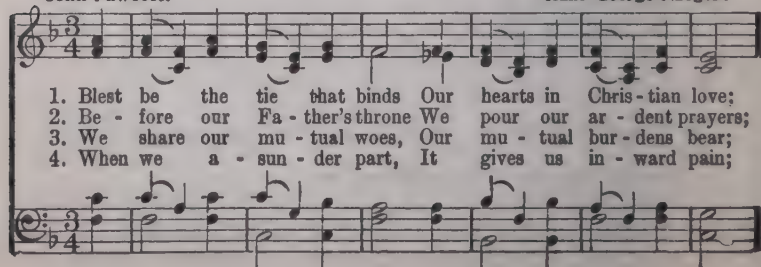
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
 Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord.

No. 139.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegeli.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent prayers;
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

Blest Be the Tie.

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 140.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op - pressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

No. 141. 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

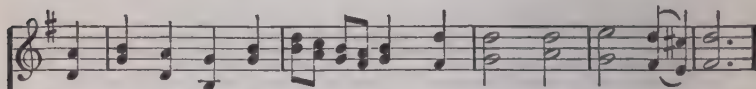
Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

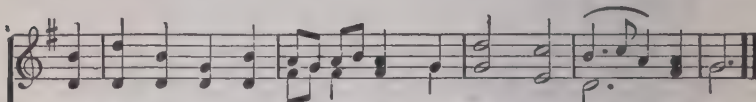
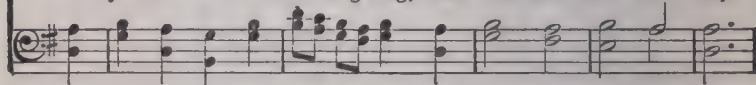
Oliver Holden.



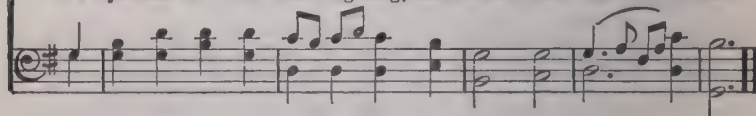
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of Light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;



- Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



- Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

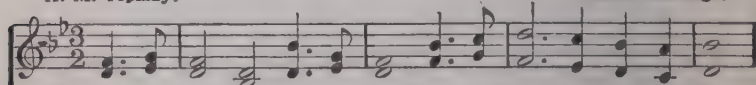


No. 142.

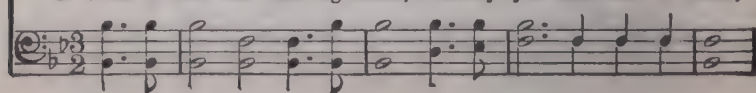
Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

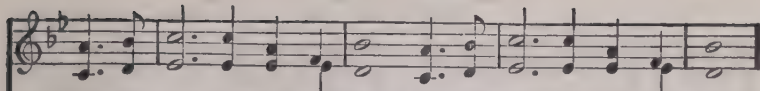
Thomas Hastings.



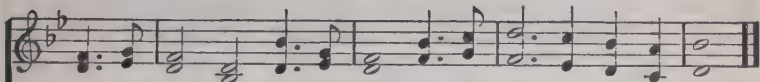
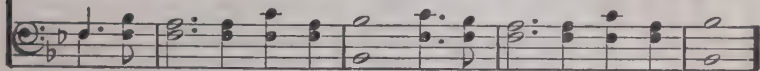
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



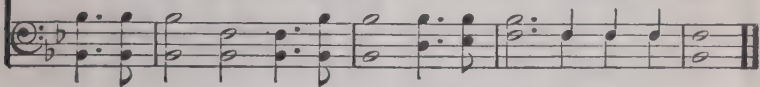
Rock of Ages.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



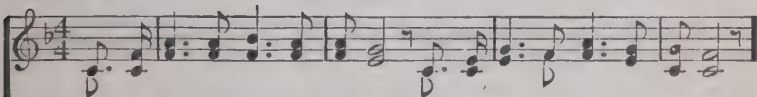
No. 143.

Where He Leads Me.

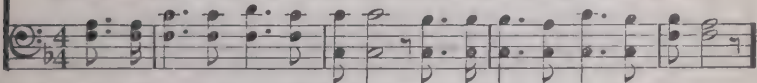
E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

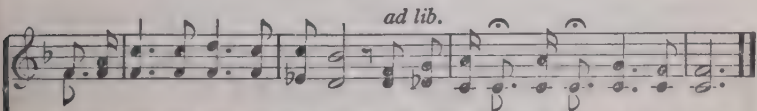
J. S. Norris.



1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

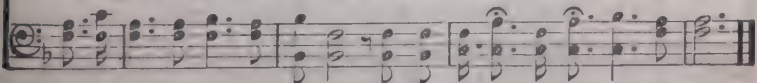


D.C. - Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,



ad lib.

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

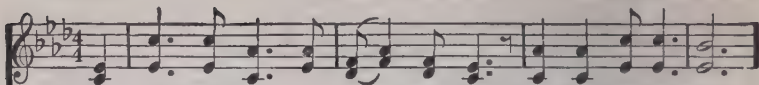
No. 144.

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

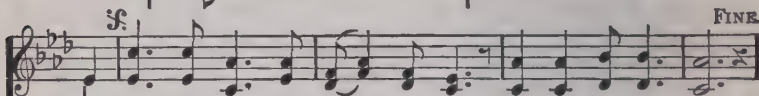
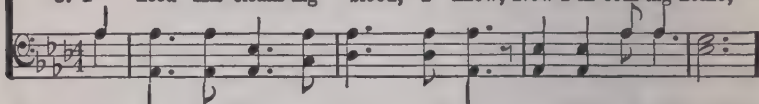
W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. RENEWAL.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

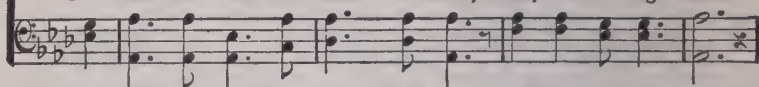


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;



FINE

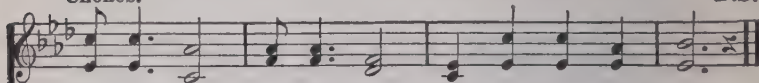
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 O wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



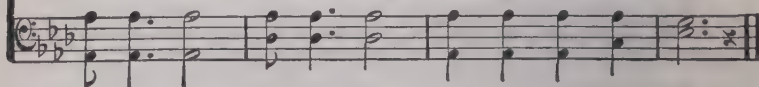
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,



No. 145.

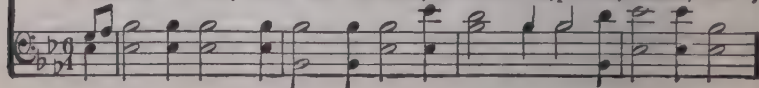
Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

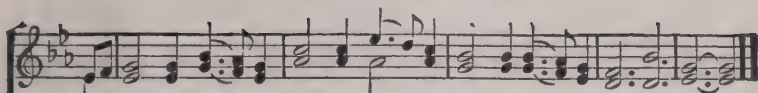
Wm. Bradbury.



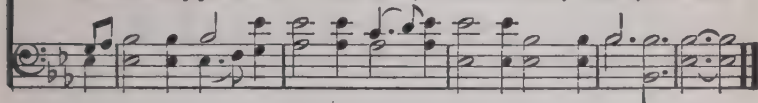
1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;



Just as I Am.



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

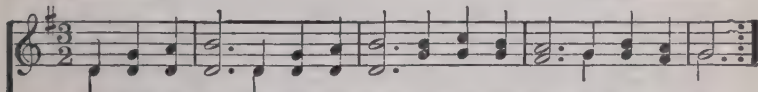


No. 146

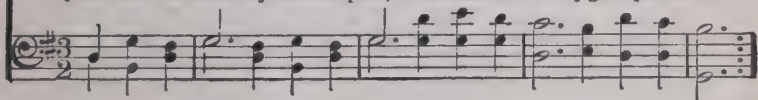
O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge.

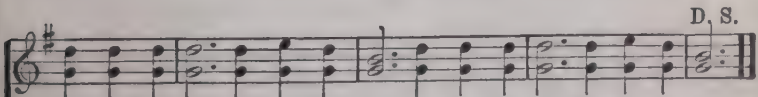
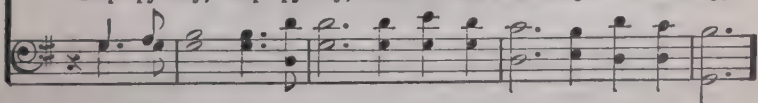
E. F. Rimbault.



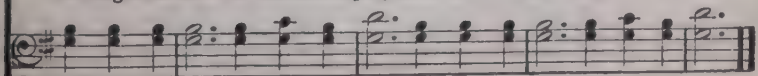
1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior, and my God! }
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }
2. { O hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love; }
 { Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done, the great transac-tion's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine; }
 { He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine. }
4. { Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest; }
 { Nor ev-er from Thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good possessed. }



Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.



No. 147.

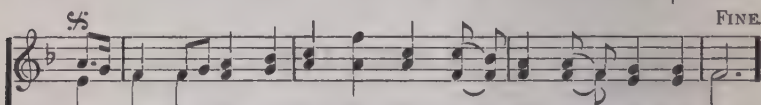
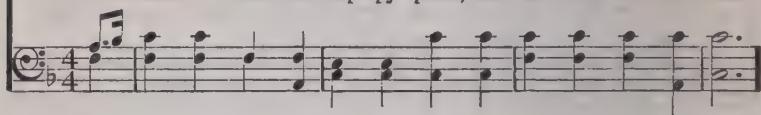
The Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

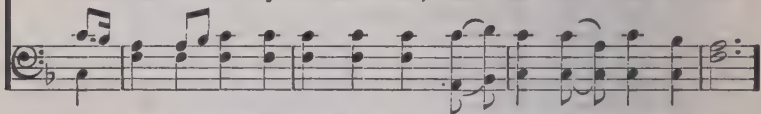


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex-ten-d-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, or pois-nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?



FINE

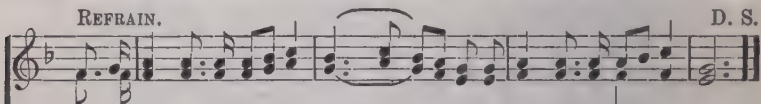
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?



D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;
 promised land,



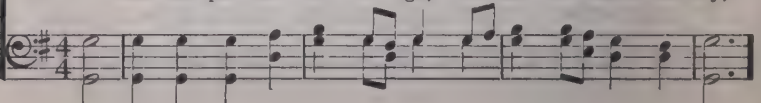
No. 148.

Come, Humble Sinner.

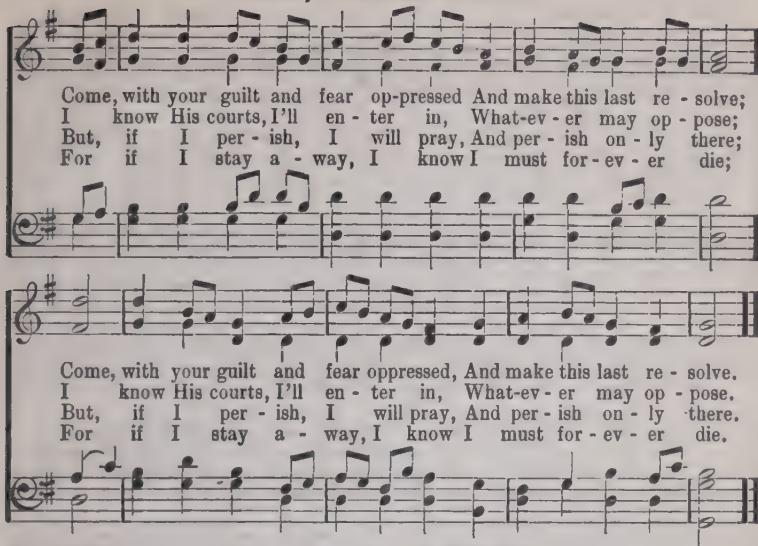
Rev. Edmund Jones.



1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re-volve,
2. I'll go to Je-sus, though my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose;
3. Per-haps He may ad-mit my plea, Per-haps will hear my prayer;
4. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;



Come, Humble Sinner.



Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed And make this last re - solve;
 I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose;
 But, if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there;
 For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die;

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve.
 I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.
 But, if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
 For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.

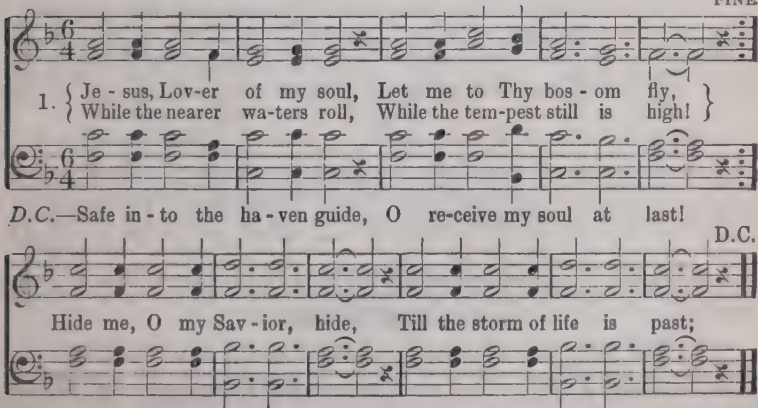
No. 149.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE



1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
 { While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last! D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

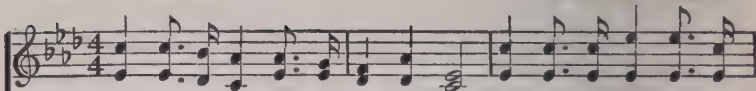
4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

No. 150.

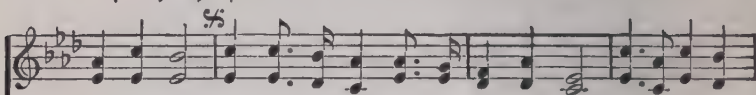
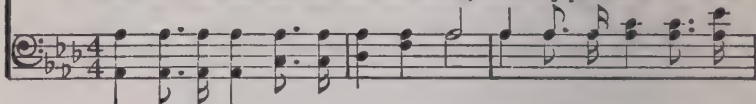
Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

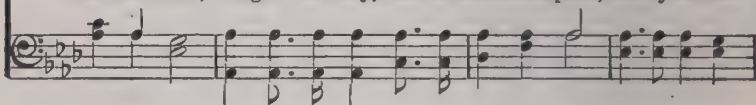
Rev. J. H. Stockton.



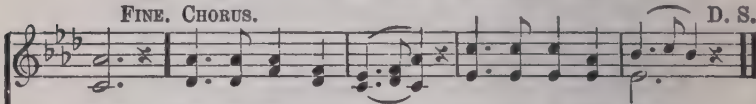
1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious fountain that saves from sin, I - am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



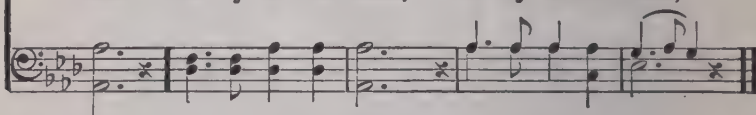
sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His
 bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
 en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His
 Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His



D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His
 FINE. CHORUS.



name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;

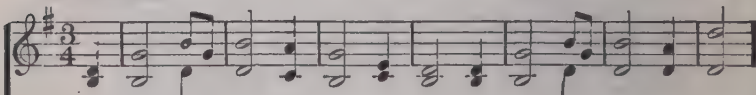


name.

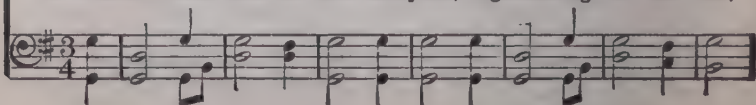
No. 151.

Amazing Grace.

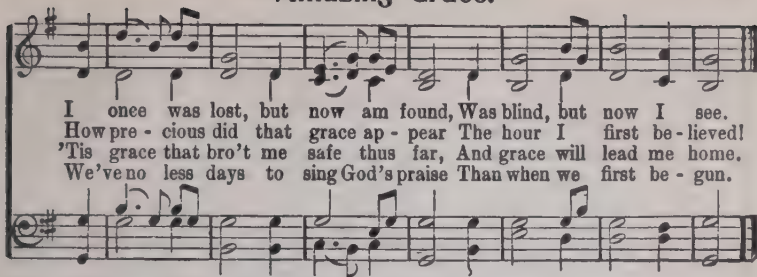
John Newton.



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' man-y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al-read-y come;
4. When we've been there ten thou-sand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun,



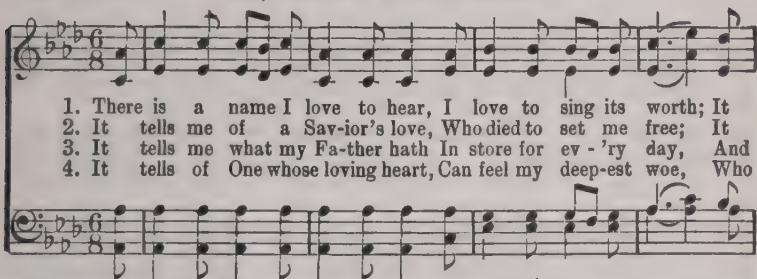
Amazing Grace.



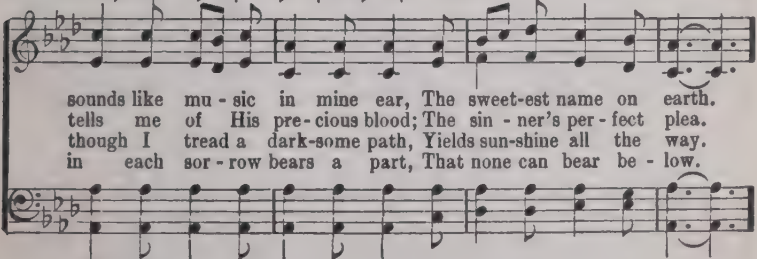
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be-gun.

No. 152.

Oh, How I Love Jesus.

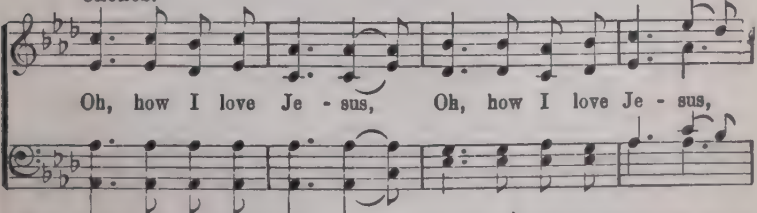


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day, And
4. It tells of One whose loving heart, Can feel my deep-est woe, Who

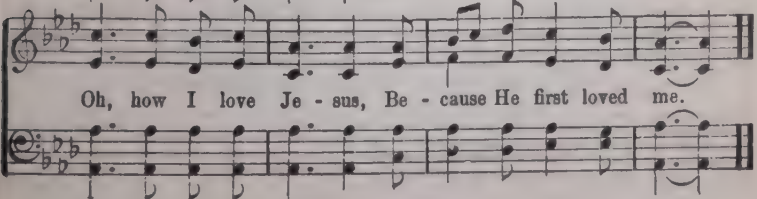


sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
tells me of His pre-cious blood; The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
though I tread a dark-some path, Yields sun-shine all the way.
in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

CHORUS.



Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus,



Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me.

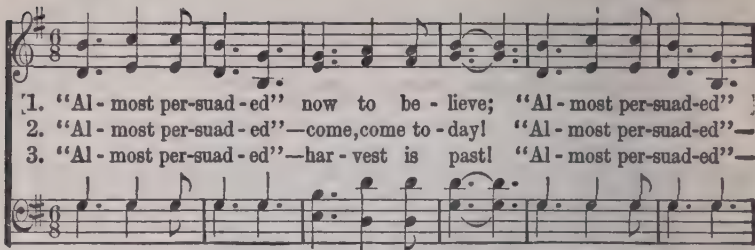
No. 153.

"Almost Persuaded."

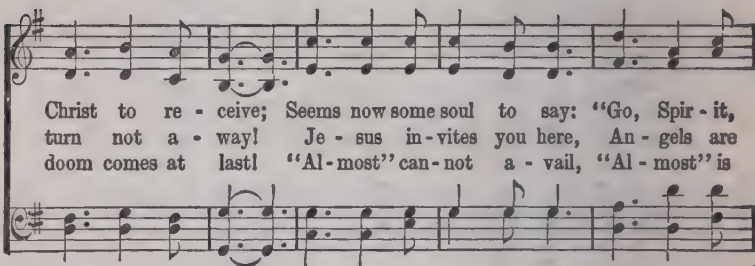
P. P. Bliss.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

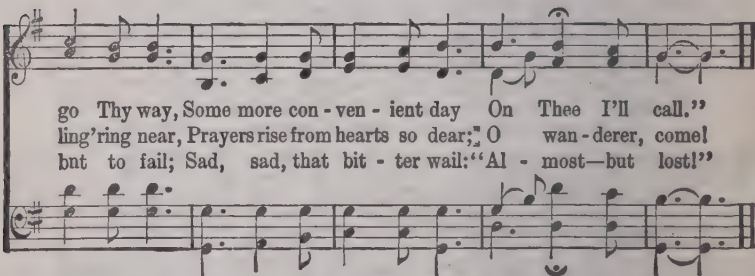
P. P. Bliss.



1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad-ed" !
 2. "Al - most per-suad - ed"—come, come to - day! "Al - most per-suad-ed"—
 3. "Al - most per-suad - ed"—har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad-ed"—



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way! Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is



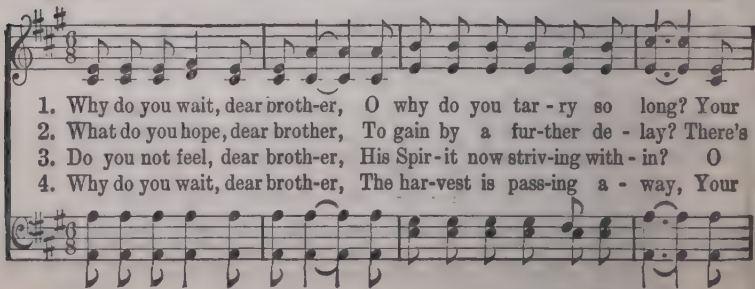
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wan - derer, come!
 but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al - most—but lost!"

No. 154.

Why Do You Wait?

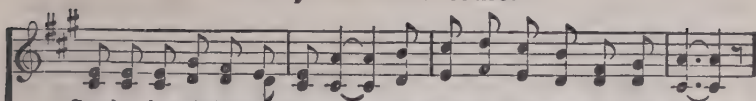
G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.

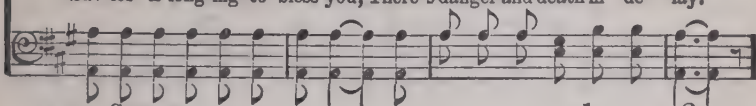


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, O why do you tar - ry so long? Your
 2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in? O
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har - vest is pass - ing a - way, Your

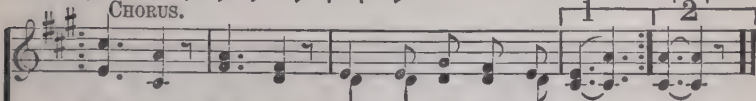
Why Do You Wait?



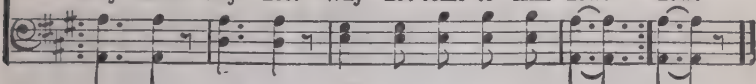
Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de-lay.



CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?



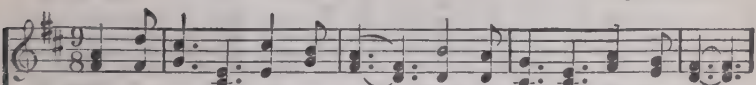
No. 155.

Why Not Now?

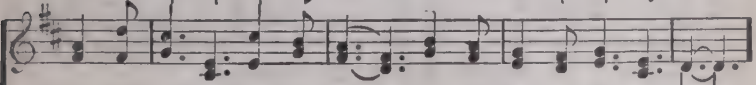
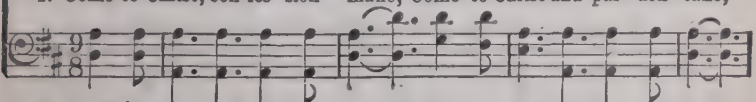
El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1991, BY C. C. CASE.

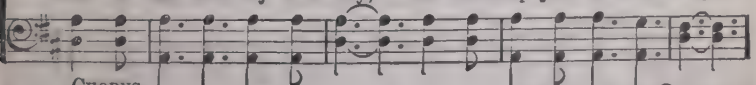
C. C. Case.



1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a-way; Do not risk an-oth-er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind:
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;



While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to-day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re-ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - - - sus now?

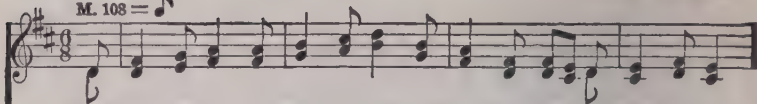



No. 156.

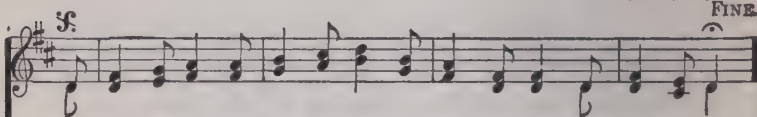
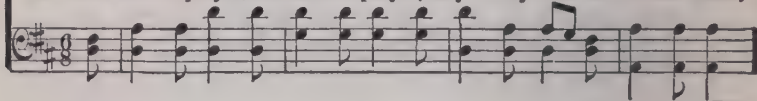
Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

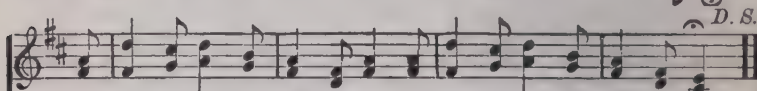
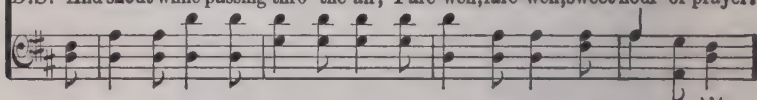
Wm. B. Bradbury.

M. 108 = 

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la - tion share,



And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known!
D.S.-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
 To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:
D.S.-I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
 Till from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height I view my home, and take my flight;
D.S.-And shout while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
 In my im-mor-tal flesh I'll rise To seize the ev-er-last-ing prize,

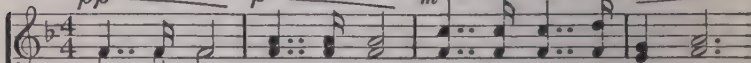


No. 157.

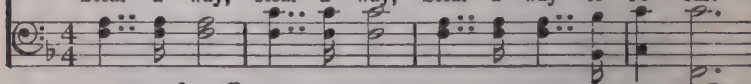
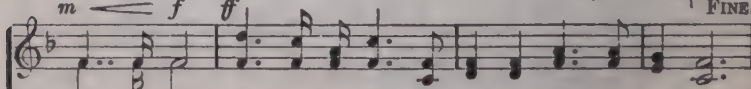
Steal Away to Jesus.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WORK BROTHERS.

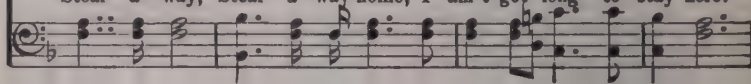
Arr. by Work Brothers.

*pp**p**m*

Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal a-way to Je-sus!

*m**f**ff*

Steal a-way, Steal a-way home, I ain't got long to stay here!



Steal Away to Jesus.

ff

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der;
 2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ner stands a - trem - bling;
 3. Tomb-stones are burst - ing, Poor sin - ner stands a - trem - bling;
 4. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - ning;

(Die away.) D. C.

The trumpet sounds with-in-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

No. 158.

Old Time Religion.

Arranged.

CHO.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
 1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
 2. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good enough for me.
 It was good for our moth-ers, And it's good enough for me.
 Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, And it's good enough for me.

3 It has sav-ed our fathers,
 And it's good enough for me.

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace,
 And it's good enough for me.

4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel,
 And it's good enough for me.

7 It was good for Paul and Silas,
 And it's good enough for me.

5 It was good for the Hebrew children,
 And it's good enough for me.

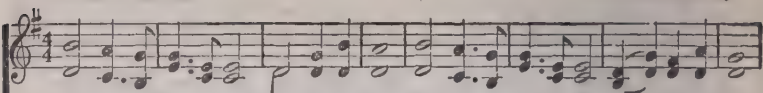
8 It will do when I am dying,
 And it's good enough for me.

No. 159.

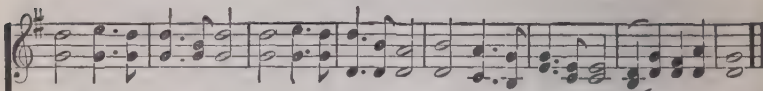
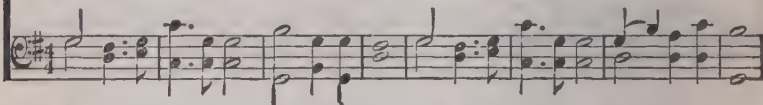
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

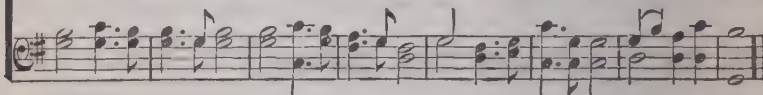
Lowell Mason.



1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me;
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;



Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!
 An - gels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

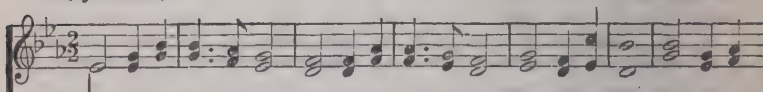


No. 160.

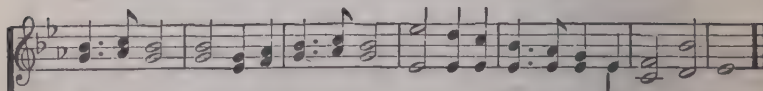
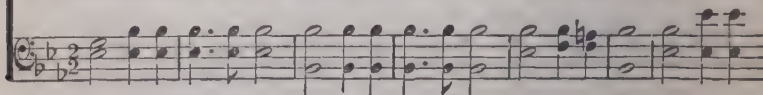
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

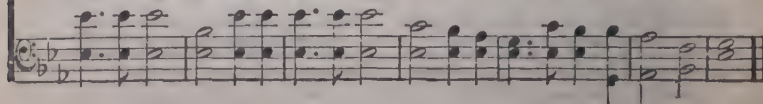
Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness



while I pray, Take all my sin a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee aside.



INDEX

SELECT SONGS OF PRAISE

| | No. | | No. |
|----------------------------|------|-----------------------------|------|
| All Hail the Power..... | 141 | I Gave My Life..... | 119 |
| All the Way My Saviour.. | 34 | I Love to Tell the Story... | 21 |
| Almost Persuaded | 153 | I Must Tell Jesus..... | 18 |
| Amazing Grace | 151 | I Remember Calvary..... | 128½ |
| America | 105 | I Surrender All..... | 50 |
| Are You Washed In the... | 123 | I Walk With the King..... | 41 |
| At the Cross..... | 36 | I Want to See Jesus..... | 29 |
| Awakening Chorus | 132 | I Will Arise and Go..... | 95 |
| | | I Would Not Be Denied... | 111 |
| Beulah Land | 38 | If Jesus Goes With Me.... | 82 |
| Blessed Assurance | 69 | If Your Heart Keeps Right. | 124 |
| Blessed Be the Name..... | 138 | I'll Be There Anyway..... | 81 |
| Blest Be the Tie..... | 139 | I'll Live For Him..... | 127 |
| Brighten the Corner..... | 47 | I'm Happy in Jesus Today. | 4 |
| | | It Pays to Serve Jesus..... | 42 |
| Calvary | 19 | In the Garden..... | 9 |
| Christ Receiveth Sinful... | 10 | It Is Well With My Soul.. | 64 |
| Christ Is All..... | 78 | | |
| Come, Humble Sinner..... | 148 | Jesus, I Come..... | 11 |
| Come Thou Fount..... | 129½ | Jesus Is Calling..... | 23 |
| Come to Jesus..... | 111½ | Jesus Loves Even Me..... | 46 |
| Crossing the Bar..... | 79 | Jesus, Lover of My Soul... | 149 |
| | | Jesus Paid It all (New)... | 102 |
| Death Is Only a Dream.... | 6 | Jesus Paid It All..... | 107 |
| Draw Me Nearer..... | 20 | Jesus Saves | 44 |
| Dreaming, Still Dreaming.. | 57 | Jesus Waits | 63 |
| Dwelling in Beulah Land.. | 86 | Jesus Will Give You Rest.. | 51 |
| | | Just As I Am..... | 145 |
| Everybody Ought to Love | | | |
| Jesus | 115 | Keep on the Sunny Side.... | 59 |
| | | King of Kings and Lord... | 133 |
| Glory to His Name..... | 150 | | |
| Go by the Way of the..... | 22 | Leaning on the Everlasting | 32 |
| God Be With You..... | 40 | Let Jesus Come Into Your. | 35 |
| God Will Take Care..... | 30 | Let the Lower Lights Be... | 97 |
| | | Lord, I Want to Be a | |
| Have Thine Own Way.... | 1 | Christian | 121 |
| He's a Wonderful Savior.. | 27 | Lord, I'm Coming Home... | 144 |
| He Keeps Me Singing..... | 62 | Love Lifted Me..... | 5 |
| He Leadeth Me..... | 72 | | |
| He Loves Me..... | 74 | Master, the Tempest Is.... | 131 |
| He Ransomed Me | 98 | More About Jesus..... | 87 |
| He Whispers His Love.... | 56 | More Love to Thee..... | 117 |
| His Mighty Hand..... | 2 | My Anchor Holds..... | 92 |
| Higher Ground | 71 | My Faith Looks Up..... | 160 |
| How Firm a Foundation.. | 113 | My Heavenly Home..... | 99 |
| | | My Jesus I Love Thee.... | 91 |
| I Am Coming Home..... | 7 | My Redeemer | 122 |
| I am Praying for You.... | 24 | My Savior First of All.... | 128 |
| I Choose Jesus..... | 118 | | |

INDEX—Continued

SELECT SONGS OF PRAISE

| | No. | | No. |
|-----------------------------|------|------------------------------|-----|
| Nailed to the Cross..... | 73 | Tell Mother I'll Be..... | 106 |
| Nearer, My God to Thee.. | 159 | The Comforter Has Come. | 26 |
| Nothing But the Blood.... | 137 | The Fight Is On..... | 104 |
| | | The Home Over There.... | 76 |
| O Happy Day..... | 146 | The Heart That Was..... | 37 |
| Old Time Power..... | 93 | The Lord Raised Me..... | 120 |
| Old Time Religion..... | 158 | The Old Rugged Cross.... | 13 |
| O Love That Wilt Not.... | 134 | The Ninety and Nine..... | 112 |
| O Why Not To-Night.... | 31 | The Pearly White City.... | 116 |
| O My Soul, Bless Thou... | 68 | The Promised Land..... | 147 |
| Oh, How I Love Jesus.... | 152 | There Is a Fountain..... | 43 |
| On the Other Shore..... | 125 | There Is Power in the.... | 33 |
| Only Trust Him..... | 140 | There Shall Be Showers... | 28 |
| Onward, Christian Soldiers. | 16 | The Song of Wonderful | |
| Our Lord's Return..... | 15 | Love | 129 |
| Our King Immanuel..... | 126 | Throw Out the Life Line.. | 96 |
| | | 'Tis So Sweet to Trust..... | 85 |
| Pass Me Not..... | 135 | To the Work..... | 110 |
| Pray | 130½ | 'Twas a Glad Day When.. | 90 |
| | | | |
| Rescue the Perishing..... | 49 | We'll Work Till Jesus..... | 75 |
| Revive Us Again..... | 103 | What a Day of Victory.... | 58 |
| Rock of Ages..... | 142 | What a Friend..... | 101 |
| | | What If It Were To-day... | 94 |
| Safe in the Arms of Jesus.. | 48 | When I Can Read My..... | 77 |
| Sail On | 60 | When Love Shines In..... | 108 |
| Saviour Like A Shepherd.. | 67 | When I See the Blood.... | 65 |
| Shall We Gather at the.... | 89 | When Morning Comes..... | 61 |
| Since I Found My..... | 136 | When They Ring the Golden | |
| Since Jesus Came Into My. | 8 | Bells | 80 |
| Since the Fullness of His.. | 84 | When the Roll Is Called... | 88 |
| Softly and Tenderly..... | 45 | When We All Get to..... | 70 |
| Some One's Last Call.... | 130 | Where He Leads Me..... | 143 |
| Standing on the Promises. | 17 | Where Is My Boy..... | 54 |
| Stand Up, Stand Up..... | 25 | Where Jesus Is, 'Tis..... | 55 |
| Steal Away to Jesus..... | 157 | Where the Gates Swing.... | 3 |
| Sweeter As the Years Go... | 100 | Whosoever Will | 14 |
| Sweet By and By..... | 39 | Whosoever Meaneth Me... | 52 |
| Sweet Hour of Prayer.... | 156 | Why Do You Wait?..... | 154 |
| Sweet Peace..... | 53 | Why Not Now?..... | 155 |
| | | Will the Circle be Unbroken. | 66 |
| Take the Home Path..... | 12 | Wonderful Grace | 114 |
| Take the Name of Jesus... | 83 | Wonderful Words of Life. | 109 |

VP60

LIVING HYMN

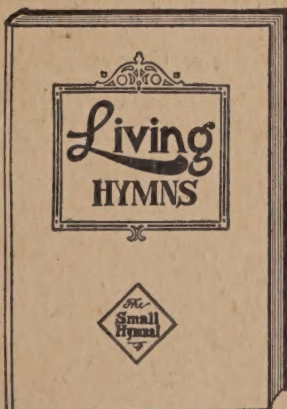
The Small Hymnal

A Book of Worship and Praise for the Developing Life

This splendid collection is the best value ever offered in a Hymn Book. It contains enough hymns and songs for any church or school. The unique feature about it is that they are ALL usable. The average Hymn Book is from ten to twenty-five per cent usable. This book is *one hundred per cent usable*.

Russell H. Conwell, Pastor Baptist Temple Church, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The Judson Press has done a wise and serviceable thing in printing this new song book and placing the price within the reach of missions, societies and all religious gatherings."

Mrs. Maud J. Baldwin, Children's Div. Supt., International S. S. Council Religious Education, says: "I think it is very fine."



Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner, formerly Children's Div. Supt., Int. S. S. Council, says: "Every selection is worthy, the Children's Day Processional alone is worth the price of the book, which is within the reach of all."

J. H. Engle, Exec. Sec., Mich. S. S. Council, Religious Education, says: "This book is fool-proof. One cannot go wrong in making selections from it. They are all good. I know of no inexpensive book to equal it."

A Book That Fills a Place all its Own

Edited by men who know the needs in the field and how to meet them

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY

Manila 15 Cents

In any Quantity

Cloth 30 Cents

Transportation Additional

THE JUDSON PRESS

1701-1703 Chestnut Street,

Philadelphia

16 Ashburton Place
BOSTON

125 N. Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO

313 W. Third Street
LOS ANGELES

1107 McGee Street
KANSAS CITY, MO.

439 Burke Building
SEATTLE

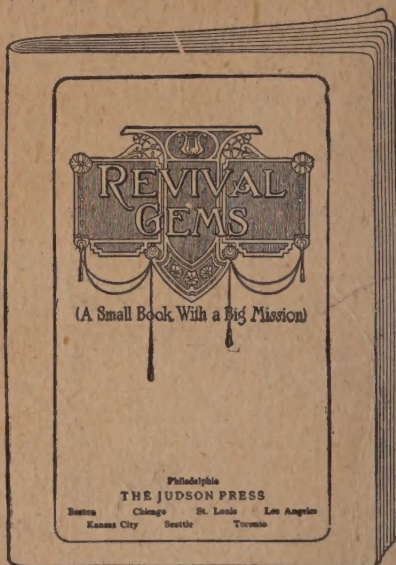
223 Church Street
TORONTO

Obtainable at any Book Store

Revival Gems

MORE THAN ONE MILLION
(1,000,000) COPIES SOLD

In less than
3 years this
little book
has reached
this unpre-
cedented cir-
culation, and
we expect its
sale to reach
the **One and
One-half**
Million mark
before its
third birth-
day.



There is a
Reason for
this unusual
sale—"It hits
the nail on
the head."

A Small Book With A Big Mission

A collection of great hymns suitable for general use, and special meet-
ings. It is unpretentious in size but it

FILLS THE BILL

Printed in both round and shaped notes.

PRICE 10 CENTS

In any Quantity

Transportation Additional

Send for Sample Copy

THE JUDSON PRESS

Order from the nearest House

1701-1703 Chestnut Street,

Philadelphia

**16 Ashburton Place
BOSTON**

**125 N. Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO**

**313 W. Third Street
LOS ANGELES**

**1107 McGee Street
KANSAS CITY, MO.**

**439 Burke Building
SEATTLE**

**223 Church Street
TORONTO**

Obtainable at any Book Store